Collated
GENERAL LIBRARY
JAN 13 1919

Notice to Reader—When you finish reading this magazine place a one-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas. No wrapping—no address. *A. S. BURLESON, Postmaster-General*

Everybody's

...azine

January
1919
20¢

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Eat More BAKED Beans

EAT more baked beans. You'll see them recommended on every food conservation list.

Don't they look appetizing in their shining little dish, brown and flaky on top, just about bursting open with flavor? They're different from raw white beans.

"Cooked" tobacco is very different from "raw" tobacco, also — about ten times more appetizing. Try Lucky Strike Cigarette—it's toasted.

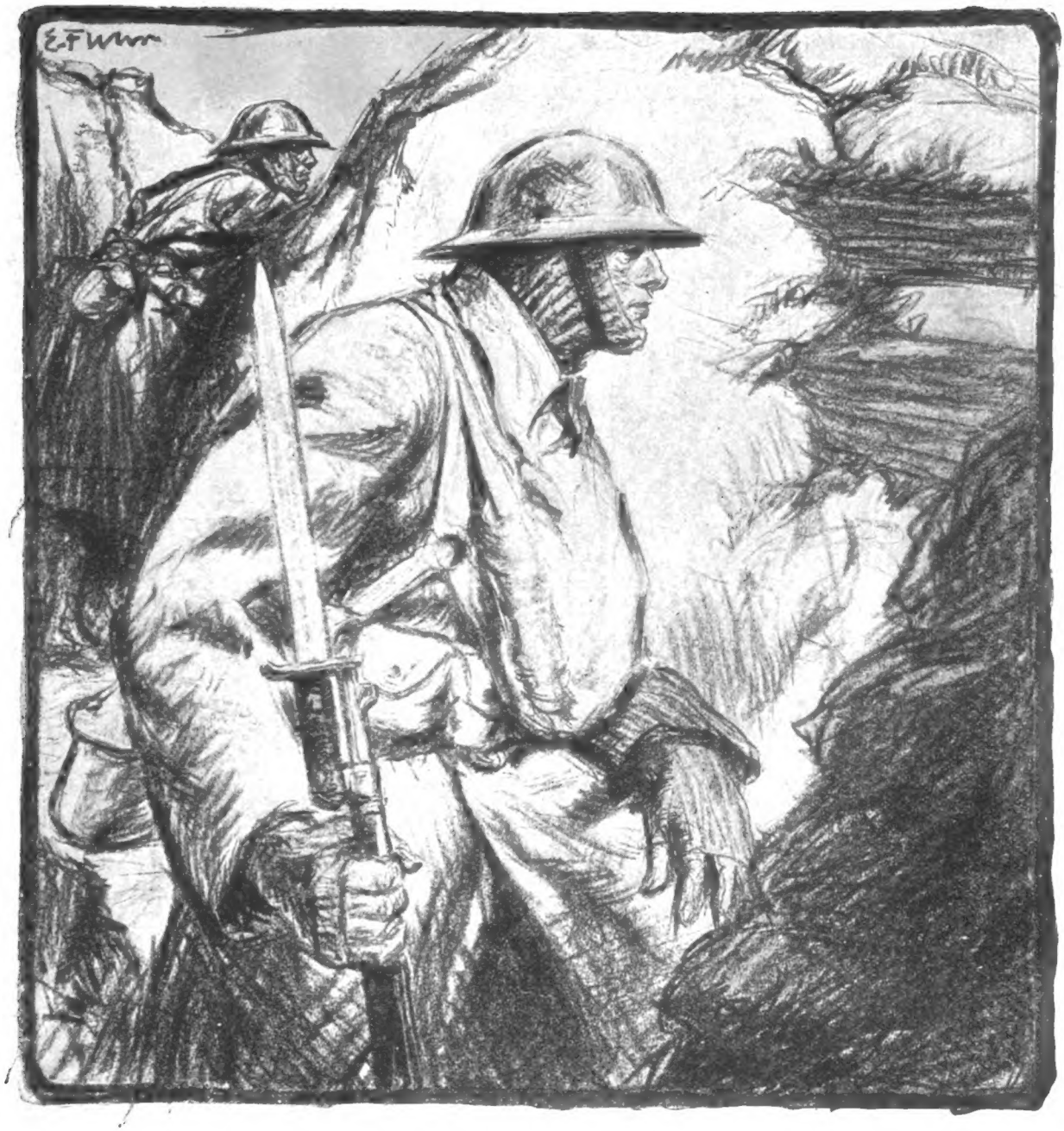
LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE

Save the tin-foil from Lucky Strike Cigarettes and give it to the Red Cross

It's toasted

© Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



NEW YEAR'S DAY OVER THERE

Cartoon by Ernest Fuhr

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

COPYRIGHT 1918 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI

IVORY Soap is essential. Its users hardly could do without it and nothing can take its place.

Once you experience the pleasure of bathing with its mild, white, bubbling lather, once you know the delightful feeling of cool cleanliness that follows its use, Ivory Soap alone will satisfy you for toilet and bath.

IVORY SOAP.. IVORY IT FLOATS .. 99 44/100 % PURE

PROCTER & GAMBLE EST. 1837 STANDARD PRODUCTS

Factories at Ivorydale, Ohio; Port Ivory, New York; Kansas City, Kansas; Hamilton, Canada

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Everybody's Magazine
NUMBER ONE JANUARY 1919 VOLUME XL

BELGIUM

By Brand Whitlock

United States Minister to Belgium

The CLOSING CURTAIN

THIS is the last instalment of Mr. Whitlock's story of Belgium under the German occupation. From the first day of this world-rousing crime down to the day when the American Minister left Brussels, it is on one side a story of outrage piled upon outrage in a demented and futile effort to crush the indomitable soul of a free people between the wheels of a soulless machine, and on the other a story of incessant and heartbreaking struggle to relieve the mute agony of a nation under a remorseless yoke, in face of a chafing neutrality and a faithless and merciless oppressor.

When, inevitably, the end came, and amid the tears and sinking hearts of the Belgian people, the American Minister left Brussels and the curtain of silence closed, he went, as he says, to join the "Greater Commission for Relief in Belgium" that the whole world had organized, and in confidence that he would some day come back to Belgium's capital with her King.

As this final instalment of his story is printed, the curtain is being swiftly lifted by that Greater Relief Commission and the yoke is crumbling, and it seems as if Mr. Whitlock's deepest wish may soon be realized.

In any case his story of those three years behind the "Frontier of Frightfulness" will remain one of the enduring epics of the war.

Gold medal presented by Belgium to the American Minister in appreciation of his heroic service.

Copyright by Brand Whitlock, 1918, under the title, "Memories of Belgium under the German Occupation." All rights reserved. Copyright in Great Britain, Canada and Australia. All rights reserved for France, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Spain, Russia and the Scandinavian countries.

Copyright, 1918, by The Ridgway Company in the United States and Great Britain.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

XCIII

LATE in the evening on the last day of January, 1917, Ruddock, our first Secretary of Legation, sent me word that von der Lancken wished to see me at ten o'clock on the morrow. He had not said what is was about, but it was very urgent. He did not need to say; I knew that at last it had come.

I drove to the Political Department the next morning before ten o'clock and when I went into the little room where Conrad sat I read in his grave face the reflected seriousness of the situation. I asked him what was up, but he, dutifully keeping his secret, pretended not to know. I was shown into that yellow salon, the scene of so many anxious, so many difficult, so many painful hours during those preceding years. I stood in the embrasure of the window looking out across the Rue Ducale into the park, watching the white sea-gulls that were there all that winter as they were before the Palace of the King. They had been driven in from the North Sea by the rigors of the terrible winter to seek their food, and the people used to feed them, standing in the cold, and flinging them the crumbs they could hardly spare. The gulls, wheeling with consummate grace on wings of silver and of pearl, there over the snow in the cold winter's sunlight, were concerned about their food, too, poor little things!

And there was Villalobar, just come, standing beside me.

"It's the submarine war," he said. Von Moltke had told him. And, somehow, for a second I was glad that the moment at last had come, glad that a situation so long impossible was at last made clear. Van Vollenhoven arrived, in Dutch calm; he had been summoned to hear the announcement. He waited.

After a while von der Lancken entered in his gray uniform and the well-worn puttees, evidently from a morning canter in the Bois. He was pale, with those black circles under his eyes that always showed there when he was troubled or concerned. He made a little apology for having kept us waiting and then waved us out to familiar seats at that marble topped center table. Doctor Brohn appeared in a long double-breasted blue coat with silver buttons, and enormous boots, as big as Bismarck's, and then Doctor Reith, in a long morning coat, extremely high collar and brilliant cravat. They were seated and then Lancken began formally:

"Gentlemen," I have an important announcement to make to you concerning the submarine warfare. I address you in your quality of protectors of the relief-work."

And then he asked Doctor Reith to read, and opening a great brief-case Reith read to us the note addressed by Herr Zimmermann to Mr. Gerard, declaring Germany's intention to blockade the coasts of Great Britain, France and Italy, and after he had read this he read a statement to the effect that the German Government did not wish the C. R. B. to cease functioning, and asking us to consider what could be done to insure the continuance of the relief-work.

Then for three-quarters of an hour we discussed the new situation, which was so far beyond any discussion or decision of ours, or beyond any hope of change, since it represented the will of the military party whose steady rise to autocratic power in Germany had been revealed by the successive measures of the deportations, and who must be consulted even before the decision in so small a matter as the granting of permission to a few English nurses and governesses to leave Belgium could be reached.

Bissing, dying at Wiesbaden, was evidently no longer the depository of sovereign power in Belgium but a mere figurehead in whose name the General Staff governed Belgium, as it governed the military district and the north of France. And behind all there loomed the figure of the burly hero, Hindenburg, and his chief of staff, Ludendorff, the most distinguished military genius in Germany, perhaps in all Europe, the inevitable secondary figure that mankind always searches out in every great action as deserving the credit nominally given to his chief.

Courtesy of the American Numismatic Society.

Medal made by the American Numismatic Society commemorating the aerial crossing of the English Channel by King Albert and Queen Elisabeth of the Belgians.

No one there was surprised; it was a logical conclusion on the German side of the whole question raised by the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and nobody who was not the dupe of his own vain illusions ever would have supposed that Germany, possessing such a weapon as the submarine, would be capable of restraining herself from using it. It was the moment that decided the fall of von Bethmann-Hollweg, the rise of Hindenburg and the vindication of every extravagance of von Tirpitz.

Lancken in giving us copies of the documents gave us also little maps showing the lines drawn around Great Britain, Spain and Italy, those dead lines across which—incredible insolence!—American ships were not to pass. Looking at them I thought I knew what America would say, and one would have been deceived and disappointed in America if she had not said what she did; and yet looking at the maps, studying them for the moment we did not discuss that question. We looked at the narrow and tortuous lane that had been traced for the C. R. B. ships to follow, around the Orkneys and John o' Groat's House and around Italy and Spain, then Villalobar said, with his finger on the map of his own country:

"You haven't left us room enough even to go in swimming!"

We sent for M. Francqui, of the *Comité National* and Mr. Gregory, of the C. R. B., and for an hour we discussed the situation. What was to be done? Could the relief-work be preserved? I was glad of Gregory's presence, for his legal mind, his perfectly clear conceptions, his logical thought, always pertinent and to the point, helped us all to a decision that meant much for Belgium. He had intended to go to Rotterdam on the following day; he decided, instead, to go at once, and it was determined that M. Francqui should go with him to communicate with his own people in an effort to induce Great Britain to permit the work of the C. R. B. to continue. I suggested that we telegraph to the heads of our respective states to ask them to arrange with the British Government a means whereby the C. R. B. boats could land at Rotterdam without having to stop at English ports to be searched for contraband, the control to be exercised at Rotterdam or at New York. While we were discussing this and agreeing to it, Brohn whispered to me:

"What will the President say? That is the important thing."

It was not for me to answer that question, though I thought that I might answer it and answer it correctly, but I had the impression that the Germans, with their persistent misunderstanding of American psychology and character, were convinced, even then, that they could tack around this point by cleverly trimming the sails of long and tortuous diplomatic discussions. I had another impression and that was that the Germans were certain that the submarines, thus unleashed and set free to work their cruel and reckless will, would win the war and win it quickly for Germany.

"It is hard," said Brohn, "but in the end it is kind, for we must end it. It is like a surgical operation." Brohn spoke generally in English; he had been much in America. And Lancken added:

"Yes, it must end."

And so we separated to send off our telegrams to Washington and Madrid.

It was very cold and clear the next day, what enthusiasts call fine winter weather. We waited and watched. And yet I was perfectly certain of the answer; it would be war, inevitable from that moment in August, 1914, when the two old systems clashed once more in a world that by the many inventions which man, originally made upright, had wickedly sought out, had grown too small for both to live in any longer together. It had been inevitable from the moment the war brought face to face at last two civilizations, two ideas, two faiths—on the one hand the ideal of liberty and human justice, on the other that of force and material success. And war, as the Germans conceived it and forced it on the world, was more hideous than it had ever been. As the old Emperor Franz Josef, said, in the last sad hours of his tragic life:

"*Der Krieg hat gar nichts elegantes mehr.*"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

(There is nothing elegant about war anymore.)

I was always sorry that I had not sent that presumptuous telegram to Washington in these first nights of the war—how long ago it seemed! I might have had the petty human satisfaction of being on record, of posing as a vindicated prophet, of saying, "I told you so." Strange that so many in my own country had not seen it! But then, they had not seen Germans, things, though never on such a broad and scientifically organized scale, had been done before; Germany, in her development in that respect, was passing through the stone age. One could imagine some ultimate, sophisticated German, two centuries hence, sadly shaking his head and saying, "Oh, yes, our forefathers did brutal things when our empire was being founded." But the great difficulty was, that the ultimate German could never exist physical force to prevent others from interfering with his doing it.

What was worse, he could prepare to do it by all sorts of pious hypocrisies so as to throw those whom it would injure off their guard, and afterward deny having done it at all. When he wished to invade Belgium he could say that French aviators had thrown bombs on Nuremberg; when he wished to sack and destroy Louvain, he could say that the civilians had fired on

Underwood & Underwood.

The latest photographs of the Belgian King and Queen, whose simple courage and self-sacrifice through their country's trials has made enduring the glory of their people, of whom it has been said from earliest days: "The bravest of these are the Belgians."

modern, imperialistic, super-Germans. They knew only the old kind of the Sunday afternoon beer-garden, the long pipe and the band playing sentimental waltzes. No sentimental waltz now, but another tune to dance to!

No one who knew war as we had come to know it, could wish his country to go to war as long as there was an honorable way of avoiding it. And yet, much as I loathed war myself I had come to realize that there was a peace far more loathsome, and that was a peace bought by acquiescence in a monstrous, hideous injustice.

We were coming to realize what this modern Germany was, what ruin and havoc it would create in the world if it was allowed to go unhindered on its way. And the fact, that in that process it would naturally destroy itself, was not sufficient reason for letting it first destroy the structure that mankind had been so long in rearing.

It was deeper than the atrocities; these at this rate, because the principle upon which such character is based was not only wholly lacking but derided and denied.

"Your democracy, your idea of liberty, bah!" said a German officer to me one day; and another remarked, with more mildness:

"It doesn't suit us; we have another way of looking at things."

Precisely; and that way of looking at things deprived them of that moral discipline, that inner subjective restraint independent of all external sanctions, which deters men from doing certain evil things. That subtle sense which we define and recognize as honor, however imperfectly we may live up to it, seemed to be unknown to them.

"There are things a fellow can not do," says a character in one of Kipling's stories; it is a sentiment that Germans did not seem to understand; there was nothing a German fellow could not do, provided he could say to himself that it was for the *Vaterland*, and provided, too, he had the

him; when he wished to use asphyxiating gas; he could say that the French were using it; when he wished to divide and annex Belgium, he could pretend to fly to the relief of the persecuted Flemings; when he wished to restore slavery, he could bewail the sad condition of the Belgian unemployed.

The thing that vitiated the whole character of modern Germany and set at naught and canceled all its other qualities was the subtle and implicit lie—the lie of the French airplanes over Nuremberg; the lie of alliance of Belgium with France or England; the lie of the *francs-tireurs;* the lie of the ninety philosophers about Louvain; the lie of asphyxiating gas, the lie that was ever ready and available in any emergency. The lie was far worse than the gas, was indeed a noxious vapor in itself, which poisoned first of all those who invented it and stooped to its use.

The rise of the Prussian state over that old Germany, the blond, gentle and dreamy

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Germany of idealism and humanitarianism, celebrated by Madame de Staël so long ago, was predicted by Edgar Quinet, the French historian, in 1831, but the danger to civilization was neutralized by France until 1871. It was not realized by England until 1914, and in 1916 America had not yet realized it.

XCIV

I SPENT the whole of that next day, Saturday, at the Legation, waiting for word from Washington, and in the meantime sorting out and picking up papers, preparing to go. Sunday came, and we waited all day at the Orangerie, our villa outside Brussels, where it was still so peaceful, the great park all in the white solitude of the crisp snow. At tea time Villalobar arrived, and even before he had spoken a word I could read in his face the news he had brought. The President had broken off diplomatic relations; he had it from Lancken, who had sent for him to tell him and had shown him the Reuter and Wolff dispatches. The Marquis had hardly spoken the words before Ruddock arrived with Gregory, just back from Holland.

"Yes," said Gregory, in his business-like way, "the President has recalled Gerard and given Bernstorff his passports."

We sat there in what for the moment was futile discussion of the event, wondering what we should do with the relief-work.

The next morning I drove with my wife to the Legation through the bleak deserted streets; no one was abroad, save that at the King's stables on the boulevard, in the fog, scores of people were gathered to watch the seizure of horses; a great round-up was in progress under guard of gray Uhlans, sitting on their horses, with long lances and soiled guidons.

At the Legation I heard that von der Lancken had gone to Berlin, but I went to see von Moltke. He was very grave; Lancken would not be back until Thursday, but he had left word saying that he hoped to see me then, "to shake hands." They were all depressed at the Political Department—evidently they had had no notion that the President would act so promptly and so decisively. They were under no illusions as to what a rupture in diplomatic relations must lead to; von Moltke said, it would soon be war. He could not understand why America so misunderstood Germany. Von Moltke translated the President's address for me from the German text into French, and we talked a while but to no purpose, since neither of us knew anything as yet officially. I told him of my wish to go out by Switzerland, but he was not sure, he said, that we might not have to go with the Berlin Embassy.

"My Legation," I said "is not a branch of the Embassy at Berlin."

All morning long the Legation was crowded with callers and the callers continued all that afternoon, asking for news—Blancas, my Argentine colleague, and Burgomaster Lemonnier; Villalobar was in and out, and toward evening Mr. Gregory came with M. Francqui. M. Francqui wished the C. R. B. to remain and to continue its work, and even as we talked a telegram came from London, asking that I announce to the Belgian people that the relief-work would go on. And then for the first time that day we smiled, and shook our heads in the old hopelessness of ever making those "outside" understand the conditions under which we lived in Belgium, where was no free public life such as the Occident knew, and where no one, except the German authorities, made public announcements.

We reestablished ourselves at the Legation that day. It will do no harm to repeat that it was bitterly cold, and that the Legation, with the confusion of callers and cards, with trunks and packing-boxes everywhere, doors fanning icy blasts on one, all the bustle of preparation to leave, was not a cheerful place. There is sadness in all parting, and there was something peculiarly saddening in this; men came to bid me good-by, tears in their eyes as they had grown very dear in the suffering we had shared. And now that we were going, that very fact made it all the harder.

Paul Thompson.

Queen Elisabeth distributing chocolates to Belgian children.

But though we said good-by we did not go, nor could we plan to go; I was waiting for instructions from Washington, and for Lancken's return from Berlin. And though there was anxiety and uncertainty, there was at least something like repose, for the news had stricken all action with a paralysis; we could only sit about and wait, while Ruddock and I wondered what to do with the cipher codes when we went, whether to burn them or to risk taking them with us.

My communication with my Government and with the outside world had been suspended; my cablegrams were refused, and while we were speculating as to when and how we should go I had a telephone message from Count Harrach saying that there was a press dispatch from Washington which indicated that I might stay in Brussels if the Germans made no objections. Then on the heels of this unexpected news came a polite note from Count Moltke transmitting a package of telegrams in cipher. We seized them eagerly and Ruddock and Herter set themselves to the task of deciphering them. We stood anxiously by, Mrs. Ruddock, my wife, Swift and I, hanging eagerly on the cipher groups as slowly they disclosed their secrets—surely the instructions would be among them!

The first dispatch was from Mr. Hoover, who was in Washington, ordering the men of the C. R. B. to remain at their posts. There were other dispatches, then, at last, the one, the principal dispatch. Ruddock and Herter were deciphering it.

It was very still in that room, the atmosphere of which had palpitated with so many sensations during those long months and years since, in the hot August nights, the dispatches deciphered there had come to have an interest almost historic; the words came out slowly, one after another, Ruddock swiftly turning the leaves of the code, Herter writing down the translation.

Yes, it was the dispatch for which we had been watching and waiting; only it was remarkably brief. There was some difficulty with the ciphers, but finally, they decoded a sentence to the effect that the Legation and the archives and the protection of American interests were to be transferred to—and Herter suddenly tossed his pencil to the desk, Ruddock slammed the code-book shut with a dull report; they sat back in their chairs—and laughed. The dispatch ended there. We knew no more than we knew before.

It was, as it proved after the work of rectification and verification had been accomplished, a correction of some previous dispatch, one that had not reached us, so there was nothing to do but wait.

Count Harrach called that afternoon, on behalf of the Governor-General who had just returned from Wiesbaden; the Governor-General was still ill and had taken to his bed at the château of Trois Fontaines. Count Harrach presented the Governor-General's compliments and expressed his hope that I arrange to stay in Belgium.

"His Excellency says it would be a calamity if the relief work were to come to an end," said the Count. "He wishes very greatly that you stay, to insure its continuance. In Germany," he paused a did so; and that evening when we escaped for dinner to the Allards, our good de Sincay, lifting his glass to propose my wife's health, made a touching little speech which he could not finish. Our situation had ever this unique quality, of which I fear I have not made enough in these pages, we were among friends who

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Press Illustrating Service.

La Panne, the idyllic little village on the sand dunes near Ostend, which was the first refuge of the Belgian Royal Family after the invasion.

moment, looked at me a moment, and went on—"in Germany, we have hardly enough to eat ourselves; we have none to give to the Belgians."

Through my mind there flashed the recollection of the logical arguments of all those theorists who had spoken so wisely on the Hague conventions and the duty of the occupant to nourish the population.

"Our belts are drawn rather tight," the Count was saying, and he gave a little laugh as if to cover whatever embarrassment there was in the admission.

I asked the Count to give my compliments and my thanks to the Governor-General and to say that I should do all in my power to aid in sustaining the relief, but that I could say nothing definitely until I had received instructions. It was a curious sensation, finding myself at last in a position I had long anticipated, and prepared for; I had thought it out in the watches of the night, and decided that in that emergency we should replace the American delegates by Dutch and Spanish delegates, and Hoover had been of that mind; thus the relief might go on.

But now that the long anticipated emergency had arisen, my solution was not so simple. That is the way with emergencies; try how we will to prepare for them, the imagination cannot envisage all the possibilities; the expected never happens; the one thing certain in any situation is that it will never be what one thought it would be. I had never had any illusions as to that euphemism, the rupture of diplomatic relations; it meant war, soon or late, and I had felt from the beginning that it would be impossible for the Americans long to remain in Belgium; they could not safely continue their work in the enemy country. But for me there was another complication. Diplomatically my position was simple enough; I had only to leave Belgium and proceed to Havre, where the Belgian Government was; but I could not go and leave the men of the C. R. B. behind. I had thought of that, too, in the watches of the night, and decided what I should do. Thus, while Harrach sat there, and after he had gone, I was turning the old problem over in my mind; the feeding of the Belgians must go on, the brave little nation must be kept alive—and the men of the C. R. B. must be got out of Belgium.

The weather seemed to grow colder with each day, a veritable *froid de loup*, (wolf-cold) as the French say. The corridors of the Legation resounded with the sound of hammer and saw as Gustave packed up the archives, and there were callers in such throngs as we had not known since those August days of 1914, men asking for news, men to bid farewell, members of the C. R. B. come to have their passports put in order. Among the callers one morning was M. Louis Franck, the eloquent deputy and acting Burgomaster of Antwerp, the leader of the Flemish movement in Belgium; a striking man in appearance, Franck, with his full reddish beard; he could be eloquent and convincing in four languages. He came on behalf of the provincial committee of Antwerp to ask me to remain.

"Your presence will be a comfort to the people," he generously said. "They will be less hungry with you here than with your way. In remote villages in Flanders humble folk are praying to-night that you remain."

His musical voice, like some deep-toned instrument of many melodious strings, the rich, rolling accents in which he spoke French, made his plea very moving.

"Even if the relief-work continues, stay with us, for the moral comfort you will give us will be good."

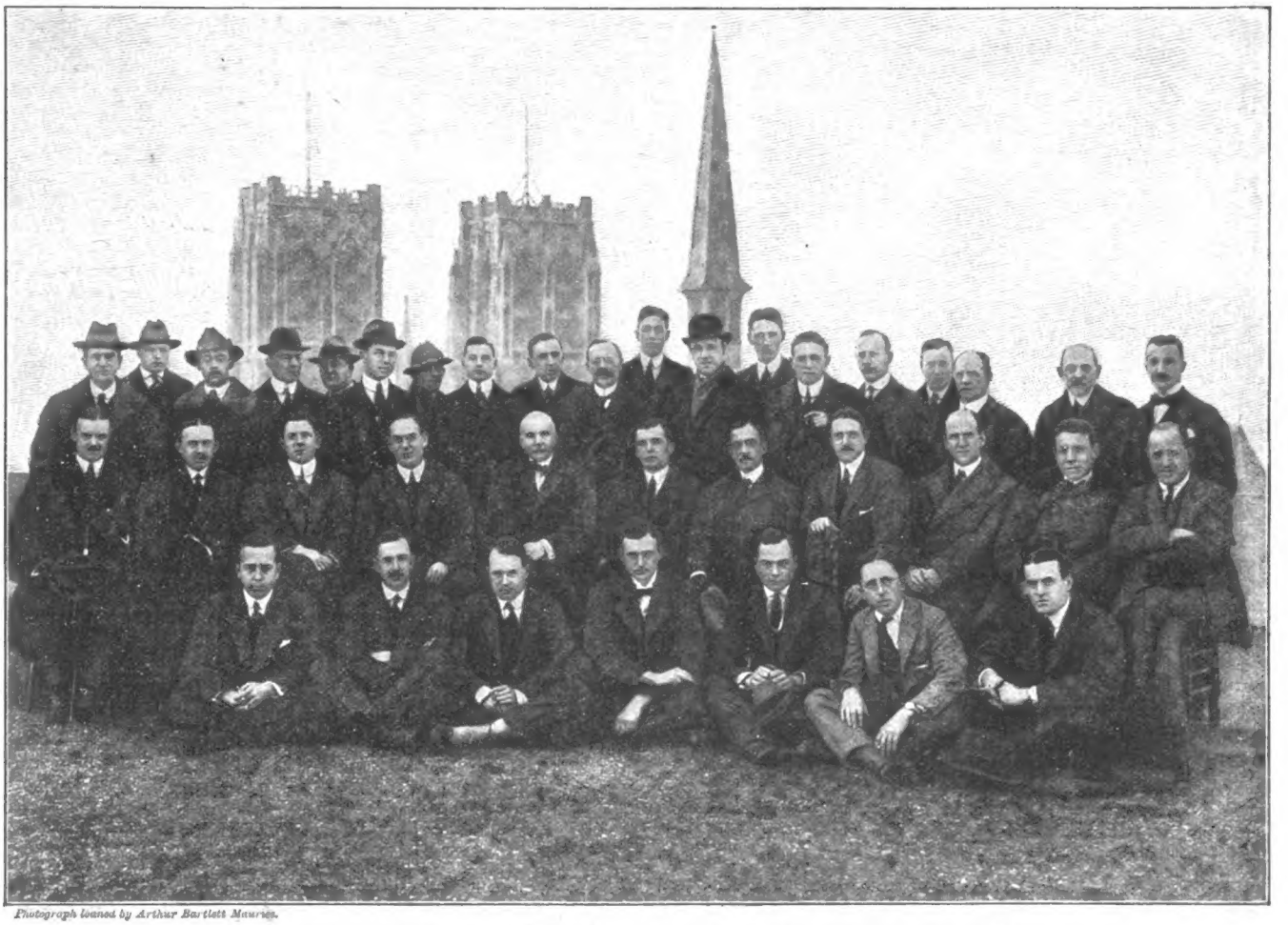
Count von Moltke continued to send me my cablegrams, and finally the important one arrived, the long one instructing me to turn American interests over to Villalobar, to leave Belgium at once and proceed to Havre to take up my residence near the Belgian Government; there were many details as to closing the four consulates in Belgium. Mr. Diederich, the Consul-General at Antwerp, Mr. Johnson, Consul at Ghent, Mr. Heingartner, Consul at Liège, were to accompany me. Mr. Watts, Consul-General at Brussels, had gone to America in January and was already happily out of it all; Nasmith, Vice-Consul, was to go to Amsterdam.

But this dispatch, altered by another, a correction of the correction we had received a few days before, authorized me to remain in Brussels.

When Lancken returned from Berlin I went at once to see him. He received me cordially, and seating himself at his littered desk said that the rupture in diplomatic relations had greatly surprised him and, as if he felt again the shock of that surprise, he sank back in his chair and flung up his hands and exclaimed: "And great Heavens! Why? To what purpose?"

His blue eyes fixed me with their question, and he went on:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Photograph loaned by Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

The last picture of the men of the American Commission for Relief in Belgium.

This photograph was made only a few days before the breaking of diplomatic relations. It was taken on the roof of the building in which the Brussels offices were located, by special arrangement with the Germans, who usually shot all persons seen on Belgian roof-tops. The towers of Ste. Gudule are in the background.

"I was expecting a very strong protest, yes! But not this!"

I thought that there were yet other surprises in store for those minds at Berlin that had so persistently misunderstood America and America's character, and that of her patient President, but the time was past for any explanation of mine to avail; what of the relief work? I asked.

The Baron wished me to remain, and he said that the Governor-General would be grateful if I should remain.

But in what capacity?

Oh, evidently not as Minister; he made that clear, but as, shall we say, Honorary Chairman of the C. R. B.! They would consent to half a dozen members of the Commission remaining to supervise the work, say, Gregory and Gray and some others, perhaps Ruddock and Consul-General Diedrich. He would feel in my presence an assurance and would personally assume the responsibility for my treatment. The freedom of the men in the C. R. B. would meanwhile be restricted; they could no longer have the use of their motor cars. And besides, he would permit himself merely to mention the fact that since my nation had broken off diplomatic relations with Germany I was guilty of a diplomatic incorrection in keeping my flag flying on the Legation.

I suspected that in this last observation he had etiquette and usage all on his side, but as I listened to all the rest I grew sick at heart, for under the conditions he proposed we could not with dignity remain, and I knew the processes of German thought so well that I had little hope, after that, of our reaching an agreement that would insure the continuance of the relief. The conversation, so far as many practical ends were concerned, had been all futile. I asked the Baron to put his proposal in writing, and went away.

I sent for Gregory and told him of the official attitude with respect to the C. R. B. and he decided to cable Hoover at once; Gray was going out to Rotterdam that afternoon, he could send the dispatch from there. The threat to curtail the privileges of the C. R. B. was unexpected, however little there was in the rest to surprise us, for Gregory had been told that the whole of the C. R. B could remain with all their privileges unimpaired, and Gregory had already sent seven men from the north of France back to their posts.

We were very much disturbed and undecided as to what we could do, and I recall that Ruddock, as though in search of some ultimate criterion, took down and dusted an old volume, and read the treaty between America and Prussia, with no more satisfaction, alas! than that of the academic and perhaps patriotic pleasure we could take in the English in which it was written. J—— was there; "How beautiful it is! And clear; what style!" he said.

"Yes," I replied, "it was written by Benjamin Franklin."

But even the wisdom of Poor Richard was unavailing in those days; we must seek some practical solution for a situation which even his sagacity could not forsee.

Young Herter's problem was settled, at any rate, for that evening the Germans sent him passports to leave via Switzerland. Mr. Gerard was leaving Berlin that evening and as Herter was attached to the Berlin Embassy he must go with his chief, and the word that accompanied the passports told Herter to go as soon as possible. He did not stand upon the order of his going but was off by an early morning train, and though he was arrested *en route* and confined for hours in some sort of German prison or *Kommandantur*, he did finally, after two or three days, reach Switzerland in safety.

It is not a safe rule to go by, and I should hesitate to recommend it to any one, but there are moments of complication in life when it seems that there is but one thing to do and that is to sit down and wait, in the hope, too often illusory and vain, that opposing tendencies will by their mutual reaction neutralize their own contradictions. The wires that lay under three thousand miles of troubled seas seemed for awhile to be as hopelessly crossed and entangled as the purposes they were endeavoring to harmonize.

I shall not set myself the tiresome and tedious task of describing how their conflicting expressions, oftentimes ludicrous enough to laugh at had we not been so worn by the nervous strain that we felt

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

like weeping over them, complicated our problems. Every one interested in the relief-work wished me to stay, and was trying desperately to hit upon some expedient to keep the Americans there. I was willing to stay if there could be devised any means consistent with dignity and honor that would permit me to do so, and at the same time to insure the continuance of the relief.

The written statement of his proposal that I remain and that the C. R. B. continue to function, which I had asked the Baron von der Lancken to prepare, took the form of a letter addressed by him to the Marquis de Villalobar, and by him transmitted to me. It was a letter in which the desire was expressed that the relief work continue, that the members of the C. R. B., or some of them, remain in Belgium, and that I remain as well, but there was a sedulous avoidance of any reference to my official capacity and a marked omission of any of those official forms of respect usual in diplomacy, forms to which the Germans themselves always attached the greatest importance, and the disregard of which in their own case they would instantly have resented. There was no reason why they should continue to have diplomatic intercourse with me after my Government had expressed its unwillingness to have any further diplomatic relations with Germany.

Had my position alone been involved it would all have been very simple, as simple as Mr. Gerard's of course in Germany; I should only have had to ask for my passports and go. But nothing was ever simple in Belgium; each situation there was complex, involved, complicated, novel and without precedent. The work of relief which America had undertaken remained, and the need of it remained more urgent than ever, and there were threescore Americans engaged in that work still in Belgium, for whose safety I was responsible.

It was evident from Baron von der Lancken's letter to me through the Marquis of Villalobar that the first concern of the German authorities was that if the relief ceased and the Belgians were left to starve, the onus should not rest on the Germans, and I was equally anxious that it should not rest on the Americans, so I replied to it in a letter to the Marquis in which I set forth the American position as I conceived and interpreted it.

At five o'clock in the afternoon of the day I wrote my reply to the Marquis we assembled again at the Ministry of Industry to discuss the situation. The Baron von der Lancken, Doctor Reith and Doctor Brohn were there, and the Marquis of Villalobar, M. van Vollenhoven, and I. There was a new and vital complication; the question of the route to be taken by the ships of the C. R. B. had been raised. The Germans had originally insisted that the ships follow the narrow passageway which they had marked out around the northern part of the British Isles to Rotterdam, and the British Government had insisted, as always, that the ships touch at a British port to be overhauled for contraband. The British Government had been induced to concede this point, but it still insisted that the ships be given safe conduct through the danger zone. And this the Germans refused.

"We are not going to have the English putting the C. R. B. flag on their ships," said von der Lancken, "and thus passing through the danger zone."

It was a point that could be settled only at Berlin and we decided to invoke the services of the Spanish Ambassador at that capital.

Then Baron von der Lancken disclosed a plan whereby his Government proposed to replace the American delegates by delegates of other nationality.

"The Swiss Government has offered Swiss delegates and the German Government has accepted," he said.

But Villalobar promptly resented this as an interference:

"The German Government has nothing to do with the delegates," he said; "that is for the Protecting Ministers to decide."

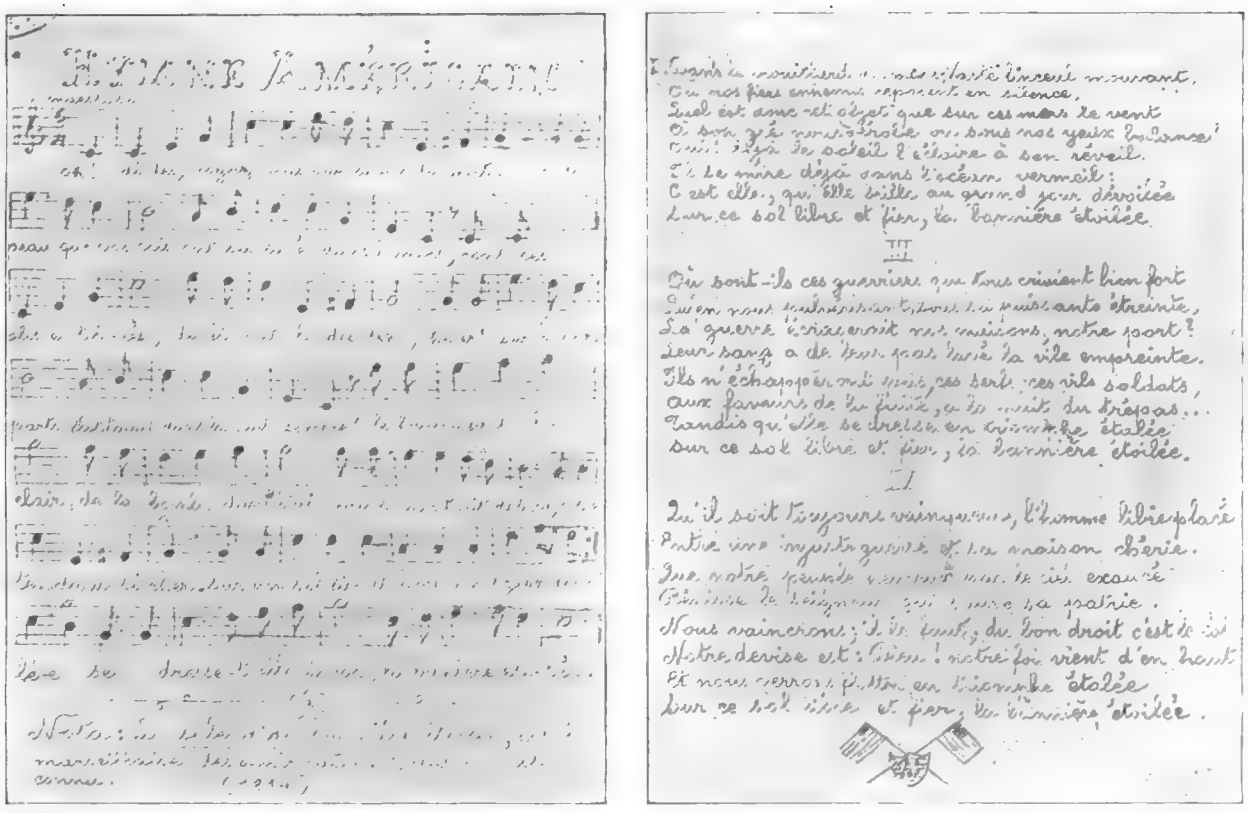
There was a lively discussion between the Marquis and the Baron, which I could enjoy, my new position, after all, not lacking its compensations. I cared little whether the new delegates were Spanish or Dutch or Swiss if only they would come quickly and let my Americans go. The question was not settled and the meeting dissolved, as meetings will, with nothing decided.

Then Lancken asked me to step aside

Paul Thompson.

The Gare du Nord, Brussels, from which Mr. Whitlock and his party took their departure

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Paul Thompson.

A French version of the "Star-Spangled Banner," copied by hand and distributed by Belgian priests to be sung in the schools.

with him and we went into the little dining-room and sat down at the long table of the officers' mess where the cloth was always spread.

"And now," he said, "your position!"

He must know at once; must telegraph Berlin immediately—that was the impatient German way; he must have a decision on the spot, which I told him he could not have; I would see him on the morrow.

I called on Baron von der Lancken at half past four o'clock that next afternoon and told him that in case of war I should go at once, taking with me members of the C. R. B., but that otherwise I was willing to remain until the American delegates could be replaced by delegates of some other nationality, or until the relief work was in some way assured. He asked me if I intended to leave when the transfer of delegates was completed, and I told him that would depend on the situation at the time, that I reserved the right to depart on any day, with my staff, household, servants, etc., with all the honors and consideration due my rank, and to this he agreed.

"I say it to you now officially, as I said it to Villalobar yesterday or the other day," he said.

I told him that when I went I should like a special train to go via Switzerland, and he said that there was a great scarcity of men and of railroad equipment because of the military requirements and that it was therefore difficult to provide a special train, but he would have first-class accommodations for the Legation. He repeated and reiterated it all, tapping his pencil on the table as he emphasized each point:

"You will leave whenever you wish, whether it be to-morrow, next week, or six months from now, as if you had left the same day that Mr. Gerard left Berlin."

He took his pencil and a long sheet of official note-paper:

"And now, what are we going to say to the newspapers?"

I had forgotten that there were such things as newspapers in the world—and I dictated this simple statement which he wrote out:

The American Minister will remain in Brussels provisionally to render service while changes in the personnel of the C. R. B. are being effected.

I went away thinking of Gerard, out of it all and in Switzerland.

The next day was Valentine's Day and Hoover remembered the Germans. Gregory was at the Legation early in the morning with a long cablegram brought in by the courier from Rotterdam, a cablegram that said that in view of Lancken's statement that the privileges of the C. R. B. would be abridged the Americans would be withdrawn at once from Belgium. And Gregory was given detailed instructions to close the books of the C. R. B. as of midnight of the fifteenth of February. We both smiled in the pleasure the dispatch gave us: at least it was positive and might define the situation.

Hoover's telegram ordering the withdrawal of the C. R. B. came in Villalobar's pouch that afternoon, and that afternoon we assembled once more. Lancken, Villalobar, Brohn, Reith, Gregory and I. The Germans had the telegram themselves. Lancken innocently said that he could not understand it, he did not like its reference to him, did not, it was plain, wish to be held responsible for the retirement of the Americans.

I can see him now. He had the reputation of being one of the cleverest diplomats in the German service, and deserved his reputation. He was blushing like a girl as he said, turning toward Gregory and speaking in English, with evident embarrassment, that it was a very delicate matter to talk about, but that when he had spoken to me he had been under the impression that war was inevitable. He thought it less likely then, and with this there was a complete change of position; the delegates could do as they had done before, precisely and in all respects, and under these circumstances Mr. Gregory said that he would recommend to Mr. Hoover that they remain. M. Francqui had been invited to the meeting, but the problem was so quickly solved that when he arrived the dénouement had been reached. When we went outside—Villalobar, Francqui, Gregory and I—some one laughed, and Villalobar said:

"Hoover is the best diplomat of us all."

The days wore on, with their constant frictions, the difficulties, embarrassments, humiliations and dangers of position rendered impossible by the ineluctable demands of the diplomatic situation on the one hand and the needs of the relief-work on the other. The first was simple enough, had it not been complicated by the second; and then as to the second the final word seemed to rest with Mr. Hoover, who was three thousand miles away, with communications slow and difficult, out of touch and lacking knowledge of that most important element of every situation—its atmosphere. Telegrams, often in apparent conflict, orders which when they arrived were no longer applicable, came daily to perplex Mr. Gregory, and while I have never been able to bring up the long arrears of my ignorance of what was transpiring in the world outside during those trying days, I had a feeling that there

(Continued on page 64)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The BRANDING-IRON

By Katharine Newlin Burt

Part One: The Two-Bar Brand

Illustrated by Charles Sarka

THIS is the first instalment of the first novel by a remarkable new writer. It is a story of the West—with a difference. For the Wyoming wilderness in which this story opens is not the conventional Wild West by any means; and Joan and Pierre are characters from a world new in fiction—a world of exquisite beauty, of amazing simplicities and primitive emotions. Mrs. Burt knows this life she pictures—half of each year Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Struthers Burt, both writers, live on their Wyoming ranch, spending the other half in the East. "The Branding-Iron" was written during a snowed-in Wyoming winter, and the terrible incident that gives the story its name was an actual happening told to Mrs. Burt by a Wyoming cowboy.

CHAPTER ONE
Joan Reads by the Firelight

THERE is no silence so fearful, so breathless, so searching as the night silence of a wild country buried five feet deep in snow. For thirty miles or so, north, south, east and west of the small, half-smothered speck of gold in Pierre Landis's cabin window, there lay, on a certain December night, this silence, bathed in moonlight. The cold was intense; below the bench where Pierre's homestead lay there rose from the twisted rapid river a cloud of steam, above which the hoar-frosted tops of cottonwood trees were perfectly distinct, trunk, branch and twig, against a sky the color of iris petals. The stars flared brilliantly, hardly dimmed by the full moon, and over the vast surface of the snow minute crystals kept up a steady shining of their own. The range of sharp, wind-scraped mountains uplifted fourteen thousand feet, rode across the country, northeast, southwest, dazzling in white armor, spears up to the sky, a sight, seen suddenly, to take the breath, like the crashing march of archangels militant.

In the center of this ring of silent crystal, Pierre Landis's logs shut in a little square of warm and ruddy human darkness. Joan, his wife, made the heart of this defiant space—Joan, the one mind living in this ghostly area of night. She had put out the lamp, for Pierre, starting townward two days before, had warned her with a certain threatening sharpness not to waste oil, and she lay on the hearth, her rough head almost in the ashes, reading a book by the unsteady light of the flames. She followed the printed lines with a strong, dark forefinger and her lips framed the words with slow, whispering motions. It was a long, strong woman's body stretched there across the floor, heavily if not sluggishly built, dressed rudely in warm stuffs and clumsy boots, and it was a heavy face, too, unlit from within, but built on lines of perfect animal beauty. The head and throat had the massive look of a marble fragment stained to one even tone and dug up from Attic earth. And she was reading thus heavily and slowly by firelight, in the midst of this tremendous northern night, Keats's version of Boccaccio's "Tale of Isabella and the Pot of Basil."

The story for some reason interested her. She felt that she could understand the love of young Lorenzo and of Isabella, the hatred of those two brothers and Isabella's horrible tenderness for that young murdered head. There were even things in her own life that she compared with these; in fact, at every phrase, she stopped and, staring ahead, crudely and ignorantly visualized, after her own experience, what she had just read and, in doing so, she pictured her own life.

Her love and Pierre's—her life before Pierre came—to put herself in Isabella's place, she felt back to the days before her love, when she had lived in a desolation of bleak poverty, up and away along Lone River in her father's shack. This log house of Pierre's was a castle by contrast. John Carver and his daughter had shared one room between them, Joan's bed curtained off with gunny-sacking in a corner. She slept on hides and rolled herself up in old dingy patchwork quilts and worn blankets. On winter mornings she would wake

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Will you be comin' home with me, gel?" asked Pierre.

covered with the snow that had drifted in between the ill-matched logs. There had been a stove, one leg gone and substituted by a huge cobblestone; there had been two chairs, a long box, a table, shelves—all rudely made by John; there had been guns and traps and snowshoes, hides, skins, the wings of birds, a couple of fishing-rods—John made his living by legal and illegal trapping and killing. He had looked like a trapped or hunted creature himself, small, furtive, very dark, with long fingers always working over his mouth, a great crooked nose—a hideous man, surely a hideous father. He hardly ever spoke, but sometimes, coming home from the town, which he visited several times a year, but to which he had never taken Joan, he would sit down by the stove and go over heavily, for Joan's benefit, the story of his crime and his escape.

Joan always told herself that she would not listen; whatever he said she would stop her ears, but always the story fascinated her, held her, eyes widened on the figure by the stove. He sat huddled in his chair, gnomelike, his face contorting with the emotions of the story, his own brilliant eyes fixed on the round, red mouth of the stove. The reflection of the scarlet circle was hideously noticeable in his pupils.

"A man's a right to kill his woman if she ain't honest with him," so the story began, "if he finds out she's been trickin' of him, playin' him off for another man. That was your mother, gel; she was a bad woman." There followed a coarse and vivid description of her badness and the manner of it. "That kinder thing no man can let pass by in his wife. I found her—" again the rude details of his discovery—"and I found him and I let him go for the white-livered coward he was, but her I killed. I shot her dead after she'd said her prayers and asked God's mercy on her soul. Then I walked off, but they kotched me and I was tried. They didn't swing me. Out in those parts they knowed I was in my right; so the boys held, but 'twas a life sentence. They tuk me by rail down to Dawson and I give 'em the slip, handcuffs 'n' all. Perhaps 'twas only a half-hearted chase they made for me. Some of them fellers mebbe had wives of their own." He always stopped to laugh at this point. "And I cut off up-country till I came to a smithy at the edge of a town. I hung round fer a spell till the smith had gone off and I got into his place and rid me of the handcuffs. 'Twas a job, but I wasn't kotched at it and I made myself free." Followed the story of his wanderings, and his hardships and his coming to Lone River and setting out his traps. "In them days there wa'n't no law ag'in' trappin' beaver. A man could make a honest livin'. Now they've tuk and made laws ag'in' a man's bread and butter. I ask ye, if 'tain't wrong on a Tuesday to trap yer beaver, why, 'tain't wrong the follerin' Tuesday. I don't see it, jest becos some fellers back there has made a law ag'in' it to suit theirselves. Anyway, the market fer beaver hides is still prime. Mebbe I'll leave you a fortin', gel. I've saved you from badness, anyhow. I risked a lot to go back and git ye, but I done it. You was playin' out in front of yer aunt's house when I come fer you. You was a three-year-old and a big youngster. Says I, 'What's yer name?' Says you, 'Joan Carver,' and I knowed you by yer likeness to *her*. By God! I swore I'd save ye. I tuk ye off with me, though you put up a fight and I hed to use you rough to silence you. 'There ain't goin' to be no man in yer life, Joan Carver,' says I, 'you and yer big eyes is agoin' to be fer me, to do my work and to look after my comforts. No pretty boys fer you and no husbands either to go shootin' of you down fer yer sins.'" He shivered and shook his head. "No, here you stays with yer father and grows up a good gel. There ain't agoin' to be no man in *yer* life, Joan."

But youth was stronger than the man's half-crazy will, and when she was seventeen Joan ran away. She found her way easily enough to the town, for she was wise in the tracks of a wild country, and John's trail townward, though so rarely used, was to her eyes plain enough; and very coolly she walked into the hotel, past the group of loungers around the stove, and asked at the desk, where Mrs. Upper sat, if she could get a job. Mrs. Upper and the loungers stared, for there were few women in this frontier country and those few were well known. This great, strong girl, heavily graceful in her heavily awkward clothes, bare-headed, shod like a man, her face and throat purely classic, her eyes gray and wide and as secret in expression as an untamed beast's—no one had ever seen the like of her before.

"What's yer name?" asked Mrs. Upper suspiciously. It was Mormon Day in the town, there were celebrations and her house was full; she needed extra hands, but where this wild creature was concerned she was doubtful.

"Joan. I'm John Carver's daughter," answered the girl.

At once comprehension dawned, heads

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

were nodded, then craned for a better look. Yes, the town, the whole country even, had heard of John Carver's imprisoned daughter. Sober and drunk, he had boasted of her and of how there was to be "no man" in her life. It was like dangling ripe fruit above the mouths of hungry boys to make such a boast in such a land. But they were lazy—it was a country of lazy, slow-thinking, slow-moving and slow-talking adventurers—you will notice this ponderous inevitable quality of rolling-stones—and though men talked with humor not too fine of travelin' up Lone River for John's gel, not a man had got there. Perhaps the men knew John Carver for a coward, that most dangerous animal to meet in his own lair.

Now here stood the "gel," the mysterious secret goal of desire, a splendid creature, virginal, savage, as certainly designed for man as Eve. The men's eyes fastened upon her, moved and dropped.

"Your father sent you down here fer a job?" asked Mrs. Upper incredulously.

"No. I come." Joan's grave gaze was unchanging. "I'm tired of it up there. I ain't agoin' back. I'm most eighteen now and I kinder want a change."

She had not meant to be funny, but a gust of laughter rattled the room. She shrank back. It was more terrifying to her than any cruelty she had fancied meeting in the town. These were the men her father had forbidden, these loud-laughing, crinkled faces. She had turned to brave them, a great surge of color in her brows.

"Don't mind the boys, dear," spoke Mrs. Upper. "They will laf, joke or none. We ain't none of us blamin' you. It's a wonder you ain't run off long afore now. I can give you a job and welcome, but you'll be green and unhandy. Well, we kin learn ye. You kin turn yer hand to chamber work and mebbe help at the table. Maud will show you. But, Joan, what will Dad do to you? He'll be takin' after you hot-foot, I reckon, and be fer gettin' you back home as soon as he can."

Joan did not change her look.

"I'll not be goin' back with him," she said.

Her slow, deep voice, chest notes of a musical vibration, stirred the room. The men were hers and gruffly said so. A sudden warmth enveloped her from heart to foot. She followed Mrs. Upper to the initiation in her service, clothed for the first time in human sympathies.

CHAPTER TWO

Pierre Lays His Hand On a Heart

MAUD UPPER was the first girl of her own age that Joan had ever seen. Joan went in terror of her and Maud knew this and enjoyed her ascendency over an untamed creature twice her size. There was the crack of a lion-tamer's whip in the tone of her instructions. That was after a day or two. At first Maud had been horribly afraid of Joan. "A wild thing like her, livin' off there in the hills with that man, why, Ma, there's no tellin' what she might be doin' to me."

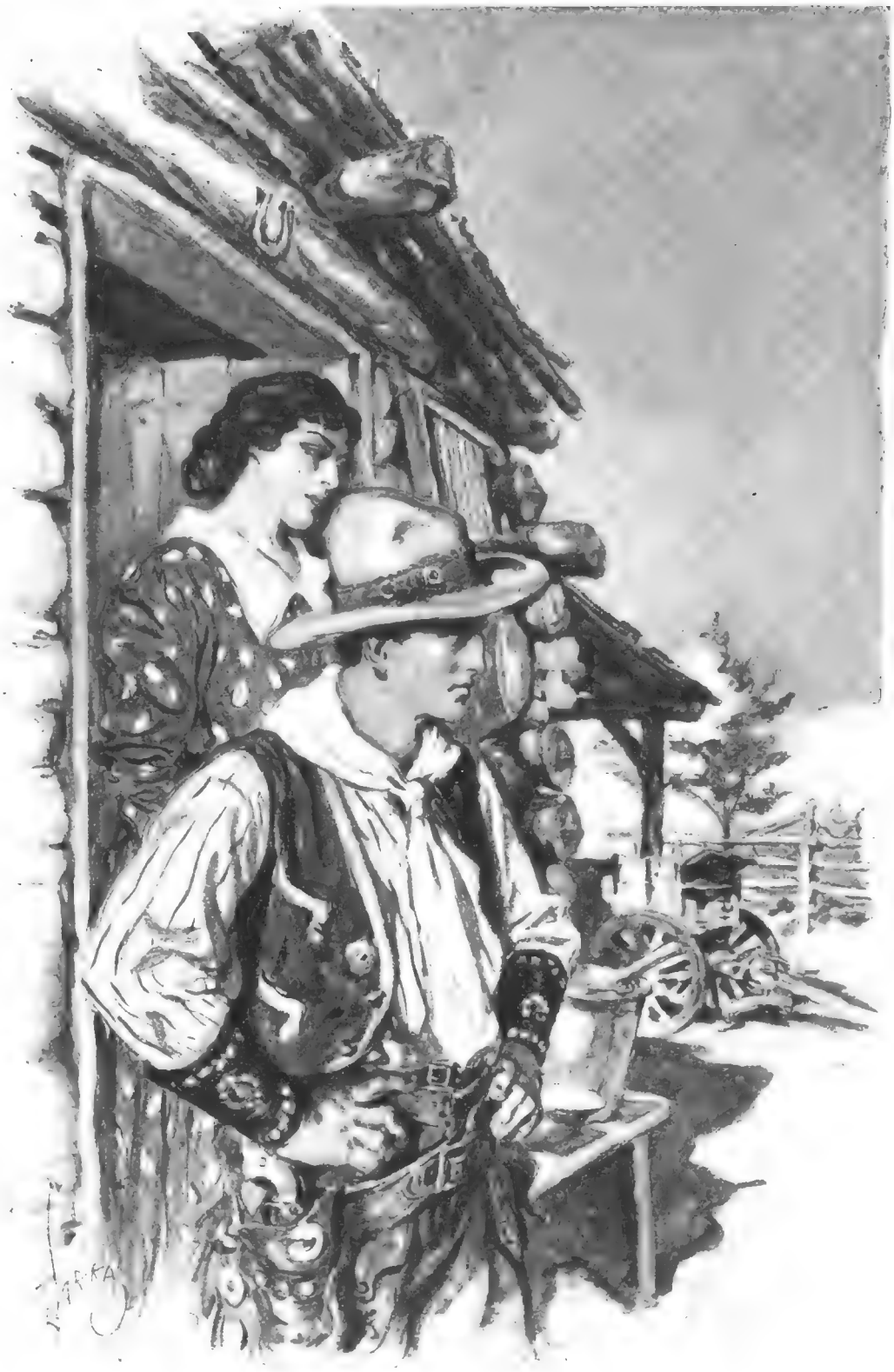
"She won't hurt ye," laughed Mrs. Upper, who had lived in the wilds herself, having been a frontiersman's wife before the days even of this frontier town, and having married the hotel-keeper as a second venture. She knew that civilization—this rude place being civilization to Joan—would cow the girl, and she knew that Maud's self-assertive buoyancy would frighten the soul of her. Maud was large-hipped, high-bosomed, with a small round waist much compressed. She carried her head, with its waved brown hair, very high and shot blue glances down along a short, broad nose. Her mouth was thin and determined, her color high. She had a curiously shallow, weak voice that sounded breathless. She taught Joan impatiently and laughed loudly but not unkindly at her ways.

"Gee, she's awkward, ain't she?" she would say to the men; "trail like a bull moose!"

The men grinned, but their eyes followed Joan's movements. As a matter of fact, she was not awkward. Through her clumsy clothes, the heaviness of her early youth, in spite of all the fetters of her ignorance, her wonderful long bones and her wonderful strength asserted themselves. And she never hurried. At first this apparent sluggishness infuriated

"Over yonder's my ranch," said he.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Maud. "Get a gait on ye, Joan Carver!" she would scream above the din of the rough meals, but soon she found that Joan's slow movements accomplished a tremendous amount of work in an amazingly short time. There was no pause in the girl's activity. She poured out her strength as a python pours his, noiselessly, evenly, steadily, no haste, no waste. And the men's eyes brooded upon her.

If Joan had stayed long at Mrs. Upper's, she would have begun inevitably to model herself on Maud, who was, in her eyes, a marvelous thing of beauty. But just a week after her arrival, there came to the inn Pierre Landis, and for Joan began the strange and terrible history of love.

In the lives of most women, of the vast majority, the clatter and clash of housewifery prelude and postlude the spring song of their years. And the rattle of dishes, of busy knives and forks, the quick tapping of Maud's attendant feet, the sound of young and ravenous jaws at work, these sounds were in Joan's bewildered ears, and the sights which they accompanied in her bewildered eyes, just before she heard Pierre's voice, just before she saw his face.

It was dinner-hour at the hotel, an hour most dreadful to Joan because of the hurry, the strangeness and the crowd, because of the responsibility of her work, but chiefly because at that hour she expected the appearance of her father. Her eyes were often on the door. It opened to admit the young men, the riders and ranchers, who hung up their hats, swaggered with a little jingle of spurs to their chairs; clean-faced, clean-handed, wet-haired, murmuring low-voiced courtesies: "Pass me the gravy, please," "I wouldn't be carin' for any, thank you," and lifting to the faces of waiting girls now and again their strange young brooding eyes, bold, laughing, and afraid, hungry, pathetic, arrogant, as the eyes of young men are, tameless and untameable, but full of the pathos of the untamed. Joan's heart shook a little under their looks, but when Pierre lifted his eyes to her, her heart stood still. She had not seen them following her progress around the room. He had come in late and, finding no place at the long central table, sat apart at a smaller one under a high, uncurtained window. By the time she met his eyes they were charged with light; smoky-blue eyes they were, the iris heavily ringed with black, the pupils dilated a little. For the first time it occurred to Joan, looking down with a still heart into his eyes, that a man might be beautiful. The blood came up from her heart to her face. Her eyes struggled away from his.

"What's yer name, gel?" murmured Pierre.

"Joan Carver."

"You run away from home?" He, too, had heard of her.

"Yes."

"Will your father be takin' you back?"

"I won't be goin' with him."

She was about to pass on. Pierre cast a swift look about the table, bent heads and busy hands, eyes cast down, ears, he knew, alert. It was a land of few women and of many men. He must leave in the morning early, and for months he would not be back. He put out a long, hard hand, caught Joan's wrist and gave it a queer, urgent shake, the gesture of an impatient and beseeching child.

"Will you be comin' home with me, gel?" asked Pierre hurriedly.

She looked at him, her lips apart, and she shook her head.

Maud's voice screamed at her from the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Joan leaned against the door and watched, as silent and unconsulted as any squaw, while the two men settled their property rights in her.

kitchen door. Pierre let her go. She went on, very white.

She did not sleep at all that night. Her father's face, Pierre's face, looked at her. In the morning Pierre would be gone. She had heard Maud say that the "queer Landis feller would be makin' tracks back to that ranch of his acrost the river." Yes, he would be gone. She might have been going with him. She felt the urgent pressure of his hand on her arm, in her heart. It shook her with such a longing for love, for all the unknown largess of love, that she cried.

The next morning, pale, she came down and went about her work. Pierre was not at breakfast, and she felt a sinking heart, though she had not known that she had built on seeing him again. Then, as she stepped out at the back to empty a bucket, there he was!

Not even the beauty of dawn could lend mystery to the hideous, littered yard, untidy as the yards of frontier towns invariably are, to the board fence, to the trampled half-acre of dirt, known as the Square, and to the ugly frame buildings straggled about it; but it could and did give an unearthly look of blessedness to the bare, gray-brown buttes that ringed the town, and a glory to the sky, while upon Pierre, waiting at his pony's head, it shed a magical and tender light. He was dressed in his cowboy's best, a white silk handkerchief knotted under his chin, leather "chaps," bright spurs, a sombrero on his head. His face was grave, excited, wistful. At sight of Joan, he moved forward, the pony trailing after him at full length of its reins; and, stopping before her, Pierre took off the sombrero, slowly stripped the gauntlet from his right hand, and, pressing both hat and gloves against his hip with his left hand, held out the free, clean palm to Joan.

"Good-by," said he, "unless—you'll be comin' with me after all?"

Joan felt again that rush of fire to her brows. She took his hand and her fingers closed around it like the frightened, lonely fingers of a little girl. She came near to him and looked up.

"I'll be comin' with you, Pierre," she said, just above her breath.

He shot up a full inch, stiffened, searched her with smoldering eyes, then he held her hard against him. "You'll not be sorry, Joan Carver," said he gently and put her away from him. Then, unsmiling, he bade her go in and get her belongings while he got her a horse and told his news to Mrs. Upper.

That ride was dreamlike to Joan. Pierre put her in her saddle and she rode after him across the Square and along a road flanked by the ugly houses of the town.

"Where are we goin'?" she asked him timidly.

He stopped at that, turned, and resting his hand on the cantle of his saddle, smiled at her for the first time.

"Don't you savvy the answer to that question, Joan?"

She shook her head.

The smile faded. "We're agoin' to be married," said he sternly, and they rode on.

They were married by the justice, a pleasant, silent fellow who, with Western courtesy, asked no more questions than were absolutely needful, and in fifteen minutes Joan mounted her horse again, a ring on the fourth finger of her left hand.

"Now," said Pierre, standing at her stirrup, his shining, smoke-blue eyes lifted to her, "some clothes?"

"No," said Joan; "Maud went with me

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

She began to recite: "'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.'"

and helped me to buy things with my pay yesterday. I won't be needin' anything."

"All right," said he; "we're off then!" And he flung himself with a sudden wild boyish whoopee! on his pony, gave a clip to Joan's horse and his own and away they galloped, a pair of young wild things, out from the town through a straggling street to where the road boldly stretched itself toward a great land of sage-brush, of buttes humping their backs against the brilliant sky. Down the valley they rode, trotting, walking, galloping, till, turning westward, they mounted a sharp slope and came up above the plain. Below, in the heart of the long narrow valley, the river coiled and wandered, divided and came together into a swift stream, among aspen islands and willow swamps. Beyond this strange, lonely river-bed, the cottonwoods began and, above them, the pine forests massed themselves and strode up the foothills of the gigantic range, that range of iron rocks, sharp, thin and brittle, where they scraped the sky.

At the top of the hill, Pierre put out his hand and pulled Joan's rein, drawing her to a stop beside him.

"Over yonder's my ranch," said he.

Joan looked. There was not a sign of house or clearing, but she followed his gesture and nodded.

"Under the mountains?" she said.

"At the foot of Thunder Cañon. You can see a gap in the pines. There's a waterfall just above—that white streak. Now you've got it. Where you come from's to the south, away yonder."

Joan would not turn her head. "Yes," said she, "I know." Suddenly tears rushed to her eyes. She had a moment of unbearable longing and regret.

Pierre said nothing; he was not watching her.

"Come on," said he, "or your father will be takin' after us."

They rode at a gallop down the hill.

CHAPTER THREE
Two Pictures in the Fire

THE period that followed had a quality of breathless, almost unearthly, happiness. They were young, savage, simple, and their love, unanalyzed, was as joyous as the loves of animals; joyous with that clear gravity characteristic of the boy and girl. Pierre had been terribly alone before Joan came, and the building-up of his ranch had occupied his mind day and night except, now and again, for dreams. Yet he was of a passionate nature; Joan felt in him sometimes a savage possibility of violence. Two incidents of this time blazed themselves especially on her memory: the one, her father's visit; the other, an irrelevant enough picture until afterevents threw back a glare upon it.

They had been at Pierre's ranch for a fortnight before John Carver found them; then, one morning, as Pierre opened the door to go out to work, Joan saw a thin, red pony tied to the fence and a small figure walking toward the cabin.

"Pierre, it's father!" she said, and Pierre stopped in his tracks, drew himself up and waited, hands on his cartridge-belt.

How mean and old and furtive her father looked in contrast to this beautiful young husband! Joan was entirely unafraid; she leaned against the side of the door and watched, as silent and unconsulted as any squaw, while the two men settled their property rights in her.

"So you've took my gel," said John Carver, stepping a foot or two in front of Pierre, his eyes shifting up and down, one long hand fingering his lips.

Pierre answered courteously: "Some man was bound to hev her, Mr. Carver, soon or late. You can't set your face ag'in' the laws of natur'. Will you be steppin' in? Joan will give you some breakfast."

Carver paid no attention to the invitation. "Hev you married her?" said he.

The blood rose to Pierre's brown face. "Sure I hev."

"Well, sir, you hev married the darter of a ——"; Carver used a brutal word. "Look out for her. If you see her eyes lookin' and lookin' at another man, you kin know what's to come." Pierre was white. "I've done with her. She kin never come to me for bite or bed. Shoot her if you hev to, Pierre Landis, but when she's kotched at her mother's game, don't send her back to me. That's all I come to say." He turned with limber agility and went back to his horse. He was on it and off, galloping madly across the sage-brush flat. Pierre turned and walked into the house past Joan without a word.

She still leaned against the door, but her head was bent. Presently she went

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

about her housework. Every now and then she shot a wistful look at Pierre. All morning long, he sat there, his hands hanging between his knees, his eyes full of brooding trouble. At noon he shook his head, got up, and, still without word or caress, he strode out and did not come back till dark. Joan suffered heartache and terror. When he came, she ran into his arms. He kissed her, seemed quite himself again and the strange interview was never mentioned by either of them. They were silent people, given to feelings and to action rather than to thoughts and words.

The other memory was of a certain sunset hour when she came at Pierre's call out to the shed he had built at one side of their cabin. Its open side faced the west and, as Joan came, her shadow went before her and fell across Pierre at work. The flame of the west gave a weird pallor to the flames over which he bent. He was whistling and hammering at a long piece of iron. Joan came and stood beside him.

Suddenly he straightened up and held in the air a bar of metal, the shaped end white-hot. Joan blinked.

"That's our brand, gel," said Pierre. "Don't you fergit it. When I've made my fortune there'll be stock all over the country marked with them two bars. That'll be famous—the Two-Bar Brand. Don't you fergit it, Joan."

And he brought the white iron so close that she felt its heat on her face and drew back, flinching. He laughed, let it fall and kissed her. Joan was very glad and proud.

CHAPTER FOUR

The Sin-Buster

IN THE fall, when the whole country had turned to a great cup of gold, purple-rimmed under the sky, Pierre went out into the hills after his winter's meat. Joan was left alone. She spent her time cleaning and arranging the two-room cabin, tidying up outdoors and in, "grubbing" sage-brush, a gigantic task, for the one hundred and fifty acres of Pierre's homestead were covered for the most part by the sturdy, spicy growth, and every bush had to be dug out and burned to clear the way for plowing and planting. Joan worked with the deliberateness and intentness of a man. She enjoyed the wholesome drudgery. She was proud every sundown of the little clearing she had made, and stood, tired and content, to watch the piled brush burn, sending up aromatic smoke and curious, dull flames very high into the still air.

She was so standing, hands folded on her rake, when, on the other side of her conflagration, she perceived a man. He was steadily regarding her and when her eyes fell upon him, he smiled and stepped forward—a tall, broad, very fair young man in a shooting-coat, khaki riding-breeches and puttees. He had a wide brow, clear blue eyes and an eager, sensitive, clean-shaven mouth and chin. He held out a big, white hand.

"Mrs. Landis," he said in a crisp voice of an accent and finish strange to the girl, "I wonder if you and your husband can put me up for the night. I'm Frank Holliwell. I'm on a round of parish visits and, as my parish is about sixty miles square, my poor old pony has gone lame. I know you are not my parishioners, though, no doubt, you should be, but I'm going to lay claim to your hospitality, for all that, if I may?"

Joan had moved her rake into the grasp of her left hand and had taken the proffered palm into the other, all warm and fragrantly stained.

"You're the new sin-buster, ain't you?" she asked gravely.

The young man opened his blue and friendly eyes.

"Oh, that's what I am, eh? That's a new one to me. Yes. I suppose I am. It's rather a fine name to go by—sin-buster," and he laughed very low and very amusedly.

Joan looked him over and slowly smiled. "You look like you could bust anything you'd a mind to," she said, and led the way toward the house, her rake across her shoulder.

"Pierre," she told him, when they were in the shining, clean log house, "is off in

She writhed away from him, silent in her rage and fear, and fighting dumbly.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Who called for help?" it said.

the hills after his elk, but I can make you a bed in the settin'-room and serve you a supper and welcome."

"Oh, thanks," he rather doubtfully accepted. Evidently he did not know the ways and proprieties of this new "parish" of his. But Joan seemed to take the situation with an enormous calm impersonality. He modeled his manner upon hers. They sat at the table together, Joan silent, save when he forced her to speak, and entirely untroubled by her silence, Frank Holliwell eating heartily, helping her serve, and talking a great deal. He asked her a great many questions, which she answered with direct simplicity. By the end of dish-washing, he had her history and more of her opinions, probably, than any other creature she had met.

"What do you do when Landis is away?" She told him.

"But, in the evenings, I mean, after work. Have you books?"

"No," said Joan, "it's right hard labor, readin'. Pa learned me my letters and I can spell out bits from papers and advertisements and what not, but I ain't never read a book straight out. I dunno," she added presently, "but as I'd like to. Pierre can read," she told him proudly.

"I'm sure you'd like to." He considered her through the smoke of his pipe. He was sitting by the hearth now, and she, just through with clearing up, stood by the corner of the mantelshelf, arranging the logs. The firelight danced over her face so beautiful, so unlighted from within.

"How old are you, Joan Landis?" he asked suddenly, using her name without title for the first time.

"Eighteen."

"Is that all? You must read books, you know. There's so much empty space there back of your brows."

She looked up, smiling a little, her wide, gray eyes puzzled.

"Yes, Joan. You must read. Will you —if I lend you some books?"

She considered. "Yes," she said. "I'd read them if you'd be lendin' me some. In the evenings when Pierre's away, I'm right lonesome. I never was lonesome before, not to know it. It'll take me a long time to read one book, though," she added with an engaging mournfulness.

"What do you like—stories, poetry, magazines?"

"I'd like real books in stiff covers," said Joan, "and I don't like pictures."

This surprised the clergyman.

"Why not?" said he.

"I like to notion how the folks look myself. I like pictures of real places, that has got to be like they are—" Joan was talking a great deal and having trouble with her few simple words, "but I like folks in stories to look like I want 'em to look."

"Not the way the writer describes them?"

"Yes, sir. But you can make up a whole lot on what the writer describes. If he says her eyes is blue, you can see 'em dark blue or light blue or jest blue; an' you can see 'em shaped round or what not, the way you think about folks that you've heard of and have never met."

It was extraordinary how this effort at self-expression excited Joan. She was rarely self-conscious, but she was usually passive or stolid—now there was a brilliant flush in her face and her large eyes deepened and glowed. "I heerd tell of you, Mr. Holliwell. Fellers come up here to see Pierre oncet in a while and one or two of 'em spoke your name. And I kinder figured out you was a weedy feller, awful solemnlike, and of course you ain't, but it's real hard for me to notion that there ain't two Mr. Holliwells, you and the weedy sin-buster I've been picturin'. Like as not I'll get to thinkin' of you like two fellers." Joan sighed. "Seems like when I oncet get a notion in my head it jest sticks there some way."

"Then the more wise notions you get, the better. I'll ride up here in a couple of weeks' time with some books. You may keep them as long as you will. All winter, if you like. When I can get up here, we can talk them over, you and Landis and I. I'll try to choose some without pictures. There will be stories and some poetry, too."

"I ain't never read but one pome," said Joan.

"And that was?"

She had sat down on the floor by the hearth, her head thrown back to lean against the cobbles of the chimneypiece, her knees locked in her hands. That magnificent long throat of hers ran up to the black coils of hair which had slipped heavily down over her ears. The light edged her round chin and her strongly modeled, regular features; the full, firm mouth so savagely pure and sensuous and self-contained. The eyes were mysterious under their thick lashes and dark, long brows. This throat and face and these strong hands were picked out in their full value of line and texture from the dark cotton dress she was wearing.

(Continued on page 74)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Creel

An Announcement

Copyright, Harris & Ewing. From Paul Thompson.

WHEN America took up arms against the Hohenzollern, President Wilson reached out into the world of the press and selected George Creel as the man to keep the millions of America informed of their Government's activities in the handling of the war—a war which in magnitude and complexity was never dreamed of.

From the very moment of his appointment Creel became the object of severe attack. This was nothing new to George Creel. In all his public career, neutrality toward him has been the one impossible attitude. To some he was a fearless crusader, untamed, untamable. To others he was the obnoxious muckraker, with a record of spectacular conflicts in print and in public office. Creel is a man who always attracts bitter enmities and wins ardent support. But in the gigantic new task, so far as the public could discern, his enemies far exceeded his friends.

Creel tackled his mammoth assignment with that daring and seemingly exhaustless energy which has marked his whole career. From the bare offices in the old building at 10 Jackson Place, in Washington, there began to spread out, first through America, then all over the world, an organization, elaborate and intricate, which was to respond to the convictions and personality of George Creel—the Committee on Public Information.

His job, as he saw it, was to carry the aims and ideals of America not only to every man, woman and child in the United States, but to every corner of the world. To do this, he reached out and took possession of every known medium—the written word, the spoken word, the poster, the signboard, and the motion picture. He mobilized the artists, writers and historians of America; he commandeered the cables and wireless; he built up an organization of seventy-five thousand speakers—the Four-Minute Men; organized traveling war expositions; issued pamphlets which were translated into every language; established offices in every capital of the world, outside of the Central Empires.

For the most part, Creel has been looked upon as *The Censor*, and as such, he has been damned by a large portion of the press, and distrusted by a certain portion of the public. For the first year his removal was demanded almost daily; first for one cause and then another.

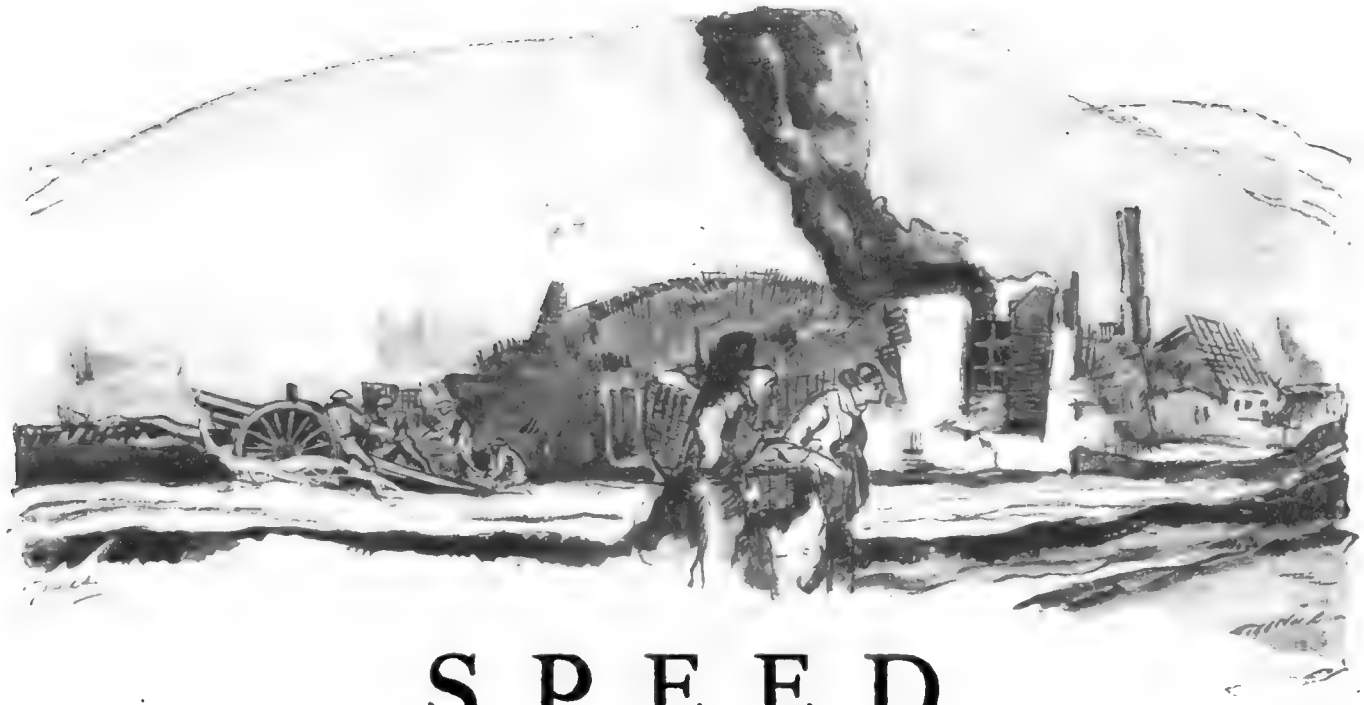
But the war went on—and so did George Creel.

Whatever may be thought of Creel, the fact remains that he is occupying one of the most interesting and important positions in the history of America, at one of the most interesting and important periods in this history. Whether one agrees or disagrees with him, the fact remains that this man can, if he will, speak with authority, by reason of his work, in connection with some of the most vital problems of American life.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE has been fortunate in securing from Mr. Creel a series of three articles in which he will discuss frankly and completely certain aspects of the war that have been under his intimate observation.

The first article has to do with the work of Mr. Creel's Committee in foreign countries. It will appear in the February number.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



SPEED

By Herbert Corey

Everybody's Correspondent at the Front

Decorations by Charles B. Falls

SPEED was the essence of the American fighting in France last summer. Then more speed. Every one was habitually breathless and red-eyed from want of sleep. The doughboys outran their kitchens. Then they outran the cold rations. Then they outran headquarters and the telephone wires. The poor balloons were dragged out of all shape trying to keep up. The artillerists used to swear pathetically. They begged people to wait and give them a chance to show what they could do. They said they were not gunners any more—only a lot of livery-stable hands, lost in the woods without a livery-stable. They were always hitching up.

Spirit and Speed

THERE was spirit, too. The speed was based on spirit, of course. The boys did not seem to believe that a bullet directed by a slave of autocracy could possibly be dangerous against royal American flesh and blood. When they discovered their mistake they were angry but never discouraged. They took machine guns sidewise by preference, but cheerfully attacked in front when they had no other choice. They resented delay of any sort. They rushed the German lines back from the Marne to the Vesle at a rate that must have been irritating to the German. They needed no general to tell them that speed is worth paying for. Every time they passed a German dump, freshly abandoned, or saw a new curl of German smoke on the horizon they realized that for themselves.

One might tell stories of the American fighting for ages. The needs of space shall not deprive me of one story, for it illustrates the way the American doughboys fight. There was a hillside just outside of Seringes on the Ourcq. A little on our side of the bare hill was a tongue of woodland. Through that frazzled-out little grove—its shell-whipped trees looked like the ragged ends of the besoms used in sweeping the Paris streets—the American advance guard hunted eagerly at the double. Days before, they had dropped overcoats and blankets and extra equipment. All that superfluous stuff interfered with speed. They fought in their shirt sleeves, American fashion—God bless them—and only carried cartridges and water.

On top of that hill was a German machine gun. The Germans who worked the machine guns in their retreat from the Marne to the Vesle were as brave as ever men could be. Their job was to die, and they knew it. They were told so, in cold, precise, soldierly fashion in the orders assigning them position. But before they died they were to kill as many pursuers as possible and retard the pursuit. The Americans panted out into the open to see that gun. On the other side of the gun were long strings of gray-green figures, trotting heavily toward the cover on the other side of the valley. Until you have seen enemy soldiers trotting in retreat you can have no idea how ungainly and awkward—and above all how slow—human animals can be. There is about them an uncanny suggestion of tame bears.

"We gotta get that gun," shouted a private.

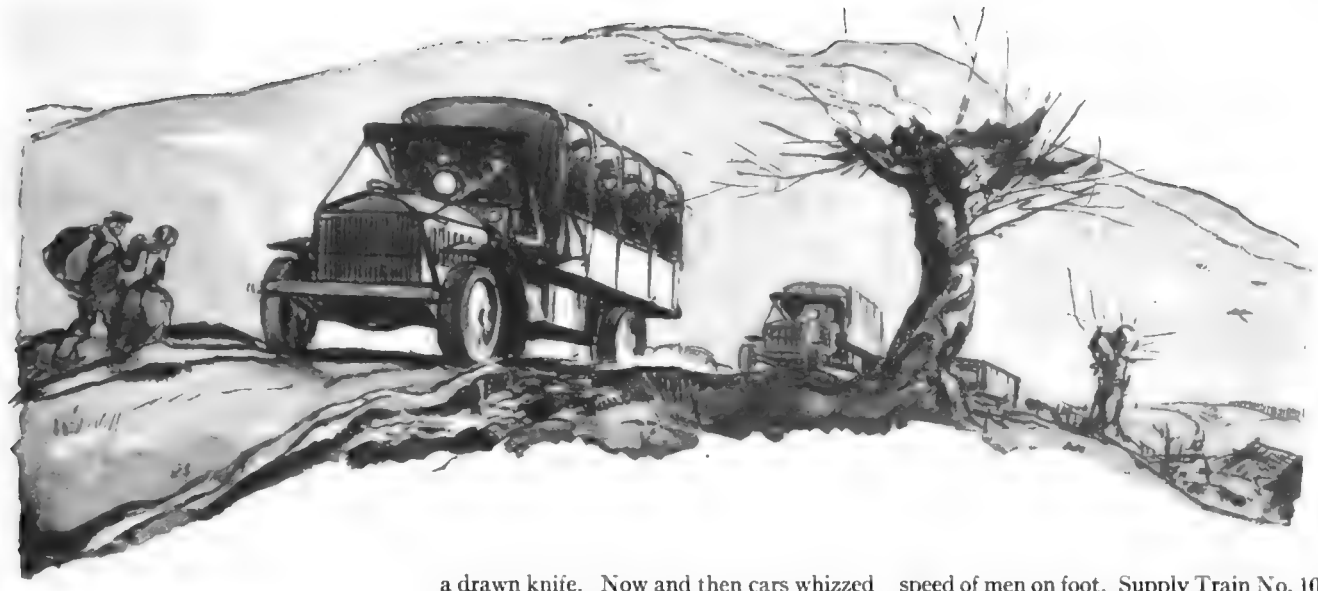
There was no officer with them. No blame to the officers. Shells had landed in the platoon and every time a shell landed each man threw himself flat on his face. By and by the fragments stopped whizzing about. Then every one jumped up and ran forward again. By the time that process had been repeated a dozen times each platoon in the line was mingled with its neighbors. There was no time to straighten them out. The job was to go forward. Every one shouted to every one else to hurry. The New York boys had a locality slogan. They yelled at each other to "watch your step."

So the doughboys ran forward at that gun, each doughboy conducting his own private war. His job was to kill the men at the gun and keep from getting killed if he could do so without seriously interfering with the outfit's speed. That statement may be slightly modified. They usually fight in pairs, these American youngsters. When one bunkie is killed the other is a dangerous man to the enemy. One feels emotions more keenly when one is young, and grief and anger raged in the breasts of those boys on the Seringes hill.

On Seringes Hill

I SAW that hill next day. An irregular line of bodies marked out the platoon's progress. Fifteen men had died face down, just as each had plunged forward toward the gun when the bullet struck Three men had won through to bayonet the gunners. Then they turned the gun on that long line of gray-green that trotted through the valley. That was speed—speed of thought as well as of action. It would have been unprofitable just to take the gun and kill the gunners. That would have been to take the German bait, for he baited the machine-gun hook with his own

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



soldiers, in order to catch enemy lives. A second's delay in thought and action would have lessened the profit of the transaction. But when one saw that dribble of gray-green lumps across the dusty green of the pasture the military jargon seemed to fit:

"The loss was not excessive for the results obtained."

Speed has cost American lives, beyond doubt. The doughboys have plunged across open places at machine guns and torn through wire and taken well-defended strong points by attacks through bare fields. They might have done the same thing in a more leisurely fashion at a far less cost. They might have worked around those well-defended strong points. That was what a desperate and subtle enemy expected them to do. Retreat had been forced upon the German, but he did not want to be rushed out of a conservative walk. His plan was to drop back slowly, leaving machine guns behind to kill Americans. On his way he would salvage everything and set booby traps everywhere, and between times spring unexpected artillery surprises on his adolescent foe.

Rushing the Prussian

THE doughboys fooled him.

I am not so sure that it was generalship that did it. I do not mean that I am decrying the quality of our generalship. Quite the contrary. Our generals saw the chance to overbalance the Boche and keep him tipping backward. But they could not have pressed him so hard if our young soldiers had been of a different quality. They streamed along the country roads and through the tame and petted forests of France like Lee's Foot Cavalry and Grant's Blue Racers. They were so impetuously on his heels that he was forced to keep on pulling back his guns and abandoning his dumps and setting fire to the stores that mean more to the German than to any other belligerent. Depend upon it, that American speed paid big dividends this summer in the lives to be saved later on.

Let me give an example of the manner in which these youngsters galloped on. There was a road on the Vesle which lay between the two armies, but in the American lines. It was as open to the enemy as a drawn knife. Now and then cars whizzed along it—they were usually cars in which our reckless young generals rode—but before a chauffeur left the shadow of the forest he drew a long breath, as a man does before diving into a tank of ice-water. The cars were always shelled. On the second day a big truck owned by the Knights of Columbus jolted out of the woodland and out upon the road.

"Get back!" the men yelled at the driver from their shell holes and dugouts. But the noise of the gears kept him from understanding. He thought they were welcoming the chocolate and cigarets he had to give away, and hammered trustfully out upon that open road. The boys gave him up for lost. His exploit seemed as safe as leading an elephant out upon thin ice. But he rode on—and rode on—and no shell dropped near him. He stopped midway and offered chocolate by pantomime to soldiers at a distance. Still no shells fell. An inspiration came to the men in the forward shell holes.

"Let's find out," they called to each other and they ran forward toward the line in which the Germans had been. The Germans had retired but a few moments before. Our boys were so venomously on their heels that they picked up a pair of machine guns and a little handful of prisoners before they stopped. It might well have gone the other way—but when a retreating army is pressed by men who attack in that fashion, the lot of the retreater is not a happy one. Nor do the men themselves believe that their losses exceed those of the Germans on this drive back from the Marne to the Vesle. There may never be an official statement of comparative losses, but the men declare almost without exception that when each field was taken, more German dead than American were to be found upon it.

Keeping Up with Ourselves

PERHAPS other armies have shown equal speed. I do not know. If other armies have, there has been lamentably little bragging about it. Supply Train No. 107 thundered up to that place at the rear of the army to which it had been ordered to carry supplies, with its hundred big trucks. There was no army there. There was not even the rear of an army there. There were only some cynical officers present who made remarks about supply trains and the speed of men on foot. Supply Train No. 107 had not had a wink of sleep in thirty-six hours. The chauffeurs had not even been out of their seats. They had driven through two nights on roads packed with artillery and cavalry and other irritable branches.

"We'll roll along," said the drivers. "We'll catch up. Those guys up there may be hungry."

The cynical officers said they certainly were hungry on ahead, for nothing had kept up with them. The day before, most of them had eaten the last of their tinned rations and they were still going on. They now had nothing to drink except the river water, and there were many excellent reasons why that water should not be touched. The rolling kitchens had stuck in the mud days' marches before. Not even the mule wagons with "monkey meat" and hardtack on board had been heard from lately. The chauffeurs drove for twenty-four more hours without sleep—making a total of sixty hours for them—but they got the chow to that front line. Dozens of other supply trains did as well.

Tom and Jerry

MULES have always been and always will be miracles to me. Time after time I have seen mule wagons on these packed roads on which the men were asleep. The riders on the mules were asleep. The mules themselves slept at every pause. Their ears depended in that soft and hopeless fashion that is the invariable sign of great fatigue on the part of a mule. Yet they managed to keep going on. Some of them became very thin and some of them died, but they kept walking until death came. Half of that mule courage and mule strength was supplied by the men. They rustled grub for the animals when they could. They stole oats passionately, and pulled handfuls of grass and carried water for the mules during the halts in the long procession. Somehow, they kept Tom and Jerry going when other transport animals gave up and died.

There was an odd angle to this American speed. Usually the artilleryman and the infantryman hate each other cordially. The footslogger says the other fellow starts trouble, but that he must go in and finish it. The gunner alleges that the doughboy would be helpless without the guns. Sometimes this distaste for the rival

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

branch of the service is carried to such a pitch that samples of the rivals are confined in the guard-house. That did not happen on this drive from the Marne to the Vesle. The gunner was loud in his admiration of the infantryman:

"They go so dern fast that we can't keep up," he would complain. "It's a deuce of a job to drag a mess of guns through these muddy roads—and just as you've got 'em set get an order to move four miles farther on."

The foot soldier returned this admiration by a perfect trust. He relied upon the American artillerist in a sort of placid fashion. Once the guns were in place he knew that he would get the particular sort of shell shower he wanted and get it when he wanted and where he wanted. Gunner and rifleman knew each other and talked each other's language and did not misunderstand each other's cusswords. By and by the relations between them became so intimate that a thing became a commonplace which, so far as I know, has rarely been done before in this war.

Sniping with Cannon

THE Yanks used to snipe machine gunners with their seventy-fives. Perhaps a score or so of dusty brown little riflemen had searched forward at a trot, their rifles held at the ready. They always remind one of gunners for quail, except that the quail they were looking for fought back desperately. There would be an hysteric *tat-tat-tat* on ahead. The sound is that of an insane carpenter wildly nailing boards on a garden fence. The dusty brown little riflemen would drop in the grass and begin to burrow in holes. They got so they could dive under the grass roots like moles. Some one would get word back to the nearest battery.

This, according to the statement of the men of the battery, is "where they lived." A gun would come jingling up across the bare fields or through the thin scrub of second-growth trees in the little woodlands. It was "good old Civil War stuff" the men said, ecstatically. The picture was precisely what one sees on the walls of museums and in State Houses back home. Horses galloping, riders flogging, wheels skidding sidewise in a furrow, an officer swearing delightedly, men hanging on to the limbers tooth and toenail. That gun would be swung around so that it faced the machine gun and the horses would be cut loose and gallop away, the men bending low over the saddle horns, and the gun crew would work frantically behind the steel shield.

Then that machine gun would go out of action and the dusty little riflemen would hurry forward to another slope under the muzzle of death and begin to dig in again and send back for the seventy-five to come up and snipe the rattle-gun out of existence. It did not always work out so smoothly, but the principle has been demonstrated. That is perhaps why the artillerist loved the doughboy with such absolute devotion. They worked with each other like a team. Each knew the other would be on hand just as set forth in the prospectus. Now and then the gunner got a chance to do some fancy work on a strong point or a town or a trench angle, and then all the infantrymen who had been able to possess themselves of German field-glasses would be pestered by borrowing friends. It was a show for them—a lovely show.

Mind you, we did not invent the speed idea. The French did that. I am not sure that we are able to move as rapidly as the French, when rapid movement is necessary. But no infantrymen in the world can outmarch our men. A good deal was said in the early part of the war of von Kluck's thirty-five kilometers a day during his rush on Paris, but no one even speaks of the many times American amateurs in marching and fighting have done as well—but the French motorized artillery is wonderful.

They have many batteries of big guns mounted on huge rubber-tired wheels and drawn by behemoths among camions. We have been courageously sticking to our mules, but are beginning to learn better. The day will come when we will have as fast an army in every department as the world has ever seen.

The War of Movement

BUT the new way of fighting is mighty upsetting to the mind of the observer. For three years we have been used to a set fashion of warfare. Trenches marked out the limits of either antagonist, just as box hedges do the stately promenades of a formal garden. I rather like that simile, on looking it over. Now and then garden-parties were given, which were called battles, and then the observer sat on the porch out of harm's way. There were certain programs of courtesy. Neither side shelled villages in which the other had headquarters. Sometimes by informal agreement one side took the air in the forenoon and the other flew after lunch.

Suddenly this dignified way of making war blew up. The painfully learned rules went to smash. Years of ponderous immobility were succeeded by weeks of breathless hurry. One never quite caught up with the procession. Yesterday one found the headquarters for which one searched pleasantly located in a village. Headquarters had just arrived. The chimneys were still stopped up with the rags the Germans had thrust down them upon leaving. There were still dead men in the cellars. The doctors were still putting the black curse of typhoid upon those who drank out of the wells, and the thirsty doughboys were still drinking out of the wells.

Still, one had arrived, one had found, so to speak, a peak of dry land for the sole of his foot in this flood and flux of movement. The general was in the parlor of the château and the chief of staff in the kitchen and there were military police in front of the house. The cook was regaining control of himself. The dead horse had been hauled out of the front yard. There were indications of stability and permanence. Field desks were being dumped out of combat wagons and various sergeants were taking loud-voiced exception to the manner in which they had been dumped. One felt that this might go on forever. It was like getting back to New York after a trip in the wilderness.

Hustling Fritz

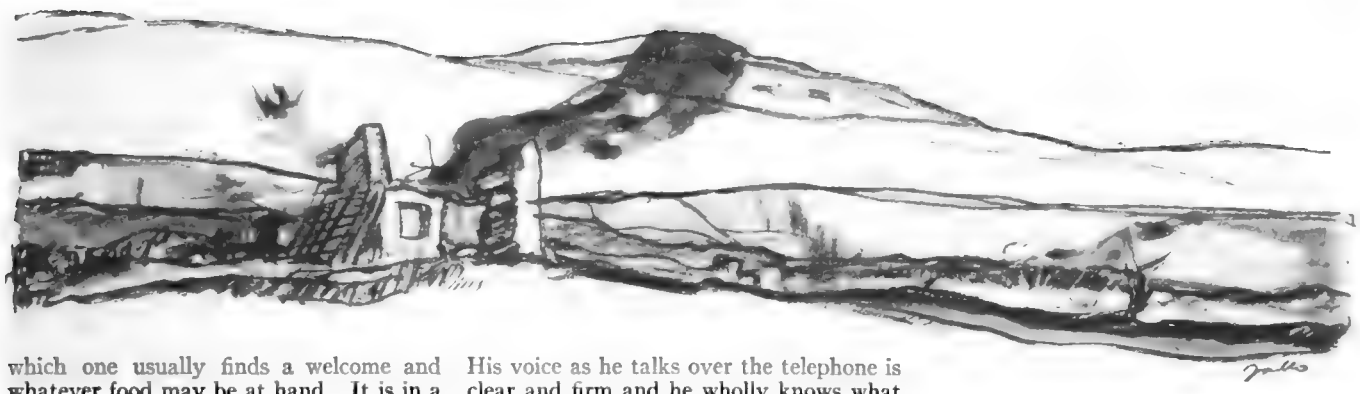
TO-DAY all that has disappeared. The village is deserted. Long wagon-trains are hammering past the château as nonchalantly as though the road had not been shelled this very morning. One goes into a very fever of hurry and works madly through the traffic toward the front. The roads are incredibly jammed. By and by the general is found in his automobile. His head is out of the window and he is asking feverishly why the telephone wires are not yet up. The major whose duty it is to string wires is making a pretense of courtesy, but one can see that he is wondering why the angel Azrael does not come down and strike this old man dead.

"How can I find out what is going on?" the general asks, hitting a sharp point on the automobile with his fist and getting madder. "Where are your wires and your men and your this-and-that? Why, why, why?"

"Two full brigades of artillery ran over my wires this morning just after I got 'em down," the major is reporting in a voice that crackles and breaks from sheer fatigue. "And when I had patched up these breaks, along came two balloon wagons, towing a couple of accursed balloons, and I had to cut the wire to let them through. And four times we've been shelled out. How the——?"

One looks for the headquarters mess, at

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



which one usually finds a welcome and whatever food may be at hand. It is in a stable, along with young staff officers, mules, cooks, wounded men and flies. Now and then runners come in, deliver their messages, sit down with their backs against a wall and promptly go to sleep. Sergeants dash out of doors which lead into smelly cellars and thrust orders into their hands. The runners start off automatically. The chief of staff passionately demands food. It has just occurred to him that he has not eaten for quite a long time—a day, he thinks, or maybe two days—and that he really ought to eat. He does not mind going without sleep, he says. This is his fourth night.

"Well, well, I'm glad to see you," says the general.

It is his fourth night without sleep also. He does not mind, he says. He declares that fatigue has no effect on him whatever. His hands shake and his face is gray and he stumbles a little as he walks. Nevertheless he seems to be on the job. His voice as he talks over the telephone is clear and firm and he wholly knows what is going on and what he wants done. One is rather proud of him, for he was a colonel when America got into the war, and our colonels were not young men. He certainly is standing the strain well. Pretty soon he looks our way again.

"Well, well," he shouts cheerily. "It certainly is good to see you. When did you come?"

When he does that for the fourth time we go away. There is no reason why a general should be entirely overcome with happiness, just because we are there. Brigade headquarters is discovered to be up the road somewhere, in a gray car. It was in a black car this morning, but a shell hit it. We will know brigade headquarters, we are told, because the telephone wires go into the window. Also because there are runners asleep somewhere near it. The officer who gives us this information begins to tell us what wonderful men these runners are.

"Some of them have been on the job for four days now without rest," he declares. "They have the meanest job of any one. They have to go through the barrage and all that—and find their way. It's hard to find one's way in this country. We're all lost."

The major-surgeon has been listening with a cynical smile. Not for the world, we understand him to say, would he depreciate the quality of the colonel's runners, but before he brags any more we really ought to have a look at his—the major-surgeon's—stretcher-bearers. The major-surgeon becomes angry about it. He waves his hands and declaims loudly. The runners, he says, only have to run, but his boys take every chance the runners take, and work as many hours and then have to carry wounded men on stretchers.

"You don't know how damned heavy

Copyright by Press Illustrating Service.

One of the big U. S. guns going forward to hustle Fritz out of France.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

a man gets until you have carried men all day long," he says bitterly. "Your arms pull out almost. Your wrists swell——"

The colonel has heard no word of this, for he has gone to sleep. The major-surgeon comments that his own voice was rather loud in his recent talk. Effect of fatigue, he says. We are all overdoing. Some of us will break down, but he does not think it will permanently affect any one. A little soldier comes up and asks the major-surgeon for a cigaret and then for a match, and then begins to tell of the night before. He had been very sleepy, for he had been without sleep for two nights. He wrapped himself in his poncho and made himself a bed in a barn.

"Then we got orders to pull tail," said he. "I wasn't even asleep yet. Ain't that tough, Doc?"

The major-surgeon nodded and the little soldier wandered away. The major-surgeon said he was a fine little soldier, who would never have dreamed of smashing through all rules of discipline in that fashion, except that he was tired out. Other men seem taken by a pest of conversation. They talk and talk interminably. Sometimes they hold the newcomer by the elbow and tell him about it. Others have become mere automatons. They move about lifelessly. It is only after long dredging in their brains that they bring up the "yes" or "no" with which they answer questions. Yet they can go on. The major-surgeon says the comfort is that the Germans are getting it worse than we are. It is always hardest on the retreating army.

It was only the other day that camouflaging was one of the most flourishing industries in war. Everything was painted in delirious designs. Guns and camions and tents were trimmed up like stick candy. An enormous business was done in fish-netting in which tufts of green cloth had been tied. This was a fetish which protected the things on the ground from the eyes in the air. All the world went on hiding behind hedges and going abroad only at night. Suddenly this war that we knew was changed. All effort at concealment was thrown away. Instead of hiding, the armies hurried. They found that precisely the same end was gained.

Out in the Open

MEN and guns and horses appeared shamelessly in the open. Columns of dust from the jammed roads might be seen for miles. Hungry men sat down comfortably in pasture fields and fried little messes over twinkling fires and looked up at the Boche planes that circled like hawks over chicken-yards. Thousands of little brown pup-tents made scrofulous patches on the clean hills. Staff officers swore in loud, comforting tones, instead of making complaints in whispers. Batteries were placed in places in which a weasel could not find shelter and banged away venomously at other equally exposed batteries on the other side. From being a surreptitious and hidden plague, war had suddenly become as candid as a regatta. Innocent strangers hardly need passes nowadays. It is highly improbable that they will ever be asked for in the forward area. If papers are demanded, though—the innocent strangers had best have them. Speed is the word.

So far as we are concerned this translation from a jellied to a highly fluid state of war began about the first of June. The other parties to this trouble had had it before. The British had their first true experience—the first upheaving smash—when the German army broke down the Fifth British Army in March. It was by the mercy of Providence that General Foch had been named as generalissimo just a little while before. People suspect now that while he had been named as the master of all the Allied armies there was a sort of a subterranean agreement that he was not to do any mastering. He was to have the name—and the Allies were to go on fighting in the same old futile and scattered way. For four years Germany had been able to take up one Ally after another. She was to be permitted to continue——

But, when that Fifth British Army was smashed, Foch began to show speed.

There was two or three days' delay, while various little fences were broken down so that Foch could get into complete control. Then he rushed his French fighting men to the aid of the British by every sort of means. Men marched, and rode in camions and on trains and in side-barred buggies. The motorized artillery rumbled day and night. It was a tremendous job to arrange for gasoline for the great gun-trucks, but the gasoline was arranged for.

(*Continued on page 80*)

Copyright by Press Illustrating Service

American artillery preparing the St. Mihiel blow.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Her eyes were blue, with the blue of the sky at dawn.

The Mildest-Mannered Man

By Ben Ames Williams

Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth

I HAVE myself seen and talked with Eben Lewis, and when I say what manner of man he is—and was—it is from my own knowledge. As for Slag Harshmeyer and Hulda Lingstrom, they were of the stuff from which legends are woven; heroic figures, both of them, dominating the imaginations of the folk among whom they dwelt. He was a big man; and she was a big woman. There never were two, so they say, so perfectly mated to please the eye. He was dark, and strong, and reckless; she, fair and turbulently calm.

As for Eben, he is a red Welshman; and the red Welsh are all mild men. There are black Welsh, and red. The black are small, quick of wit and tongue, with some thing of the Frenchman in them; but the red Welsh are larger, with hair that may be red or brown, and blue eyes, and a slow, mild stolidity about them that is like the inertia of a great stone. The black Welsh are more spectacular; they catch and hold the eye. But the red Welsh are the real strength of the breed. And such was Eben Lewis; a man of medium height and solid body, with blue eyes, and hair between red and brown, and huge brown freckles on the backs of his big hands. A man slow-spoken and mild.

Eben's father was a pioneer. He and a ship-load of the country folk sailed from Aberystwith, were weeks upon the ocean, were weeks more among the mountains, and so came at last to the river, and by boat to Gallipolis, and thence by road and path up through Gallia County to hew out their homes upon the hills. In one such log home Eben was born; on those hills he passed from boy to man. His father prospered. There was red iron outcropping on the flank of every hill; and the Welsh pioneers built them a furnace, carving it from the solid rock; and they called the furnace Sharon, and in it brewed from the rusty ores such iron that men came many miles to buy.

But their manner of life did not change with this prosperity. They rose before day to their chores; they knelt in family prayers at morning and night; they toiled the day through, and they slept the hard sleep of those who are stoutly tired. On

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Sunday they put aside worldly things and drove across the hills to the church they had builded. The narrow straight-backed pews gave them no comfort. Stiffly erect, they listened to the long, singsong sermon, and afterward they ate fried chicken beneath the trees in the churchyard while the women made tea or coffee at the stove in the "*ty bach.*" Then there was Sunday-school for old and young; and so, in the late afternoon, they would drive off home again across their hills. Simple folk, godly, living their own lives, and content so to do.

After the third year at college in Athens, Eben came home and found his father dying. They had told him nothing, so that he might finish his year undisturbed; but when he came home his mother took him into the hot front bedroom, where the windows were tight shut the whole year round, and showed him his father lying, shrunken and weak, upon the bed. Then his mother began to cry. But his father's weak hand motioned her away and beckoned Eben, and Eben brought a chair and sat down beside the bed, and leaned over to hear. Eben was the only son.

The English tongue had never come easily to Eben's father, and he spoke now in Welsh, the soft gutturals scarce more than whispers in Eben's ears. "Eh, Eben *bach*, I'm going," he said huskily.

Eben protested gently: "No, father——"

But the old man shook his head back and forth upon the pillow. His eyes filmed. "Going—soon," he whispered. "So you must be your mother's man, Eben——"

HE LAY quiet for a little while, with closed eyes, as though he would have gathered strength, and his old fingers gripped Eben's stout hand, and when he spoke again his voice was firmer. "Eben," he said, "you'll take the furnace. That has been agreed with the others. You take it, Eben, and make it prosper, and make it grow." And after a little, conjuring up the ancient memories, he whispered: "I made it, Eben. Dan Lloyd, and Homer Evans—he's dead eleven years, Eben—and the others. Young men, all of us, sweating at our toil— We all labored; but I was always the head and the front of it, Eben. I'm a furnace man. I made it— And now you——"

"I'll care for it, Father," Eben promised.

"Dan Lloyd's old now, Eben," the old man murmured, his voice only a little more than a sigh. "But he knows iron, Eben. Old Dan knows iron, and knows men—cling to him, Eben. And—take Sharon, and make its fires roar, and keep its iron fine and clean— Guard it, Eben. Guard— And tend——"

Eben hushed the old man. "Yes, Father. Now—rest."

The third night afterward his father died. They bestowed his body by the church he had helped to build. Eben's mother and his two sisters drove home with neighbors, but Eben chose to walk, and struck off along a path he knew. A towhee with glorious plumage fluttered through the ground brush ahead of him; in a hillside meadow, he flushed a covey of quail; and when he had climbed Red Hill to watch the sun go down, a yellow-breasted chat in a thicket below him poured out its soul in a medley of stolen songs.

The spot to which Eben had come looked squarely down upon the furnace, a dingy blot upon the lovely valley. But it was not ugly in Eben's eyes. It had gripped his boy's imagination so that he used to steal away from home to look down upon its wonders. On the slope of the hill below him were scattered the cabins of the furnace men; and the furnace store stood beside the road. The level floor of the valley was dotted with ranked piles of pig iron; and at one side, by the muddy stream, half a dozen wrecked charcoal wagons were rotting into dust.

THERE is magic in raw iron. Since the first naked savage blocked up his fire with a random chunk of red hematite, and then found among the ashes a bit of pasty stuff that yielded without breaking beneath his hammer of flint, the workers in iron have been a people set apart. There is a magic in this metal like the magic of the sea. It sets its mark upon those who live by it. It forms their bodies stoutly—"The smith, a mighty man was he"—and in some measure it shapes their souls as well. Such men are fire-tough and iron-hard; and they love the raw iron upon which they toil.

This magic had caught Eben when he was a boy. He could never hope nor ever wish to break the spell. And so now, from the top of Red Hill, he looked down upon his heritage, and his heart was proud. He went home at last, slowly, through the woods, with shining, thoughtful eyes.

On the way to the furnace next morning, Eben scorned the road, and took a path through the fields that brought him out on the hill above the valley. He dropped down a steep bank there from path to road, and as he straightened and paused for a moment, he heard a charcoal wagon coming up the farther slope of the hill, toward the crest fifty yards above him.

The creak and whine of the wheels and the lunging stamp of the oxen came clearly to his ears, so he waited till the beasts came in sight. When they lifted their copper-tipped horns above the crest of the road, he saw that one of the oxen was red, and one was black, and both were white marked. He knew them. They were Olaf Lingstrom's oxen; and he expected to see Lingstrom appear, walking beside the wagon.

But instead of Lingstrom, he saw a girl.

The girl did not at first discover Eben. She stopped the oxen at the top of the hill, and took a six-foot hickory stick from where it was thrust inside the basket-ribs of the wagon, and with this stick she wedged its right-hand rear wheel so that it would serve as a brake on the down-grade to the furnace. Then she called to the oxen in a soft throaty voice:

"Aie—Scar! Red!"

Their great bodies swayed as they lifted their weight from one forefoot; they thrust forward, surging into the bows of the huge yoke on their necks; the wagon started with a creak and a groan, and the big beasts, heads swinging from side to side with each step, came slowly down toward the spot where Eben still stood.

Eben did not know that he was still standing there. He was looking at the girl.

He had never seen this girl before, but this was not surprising, for he had been much away from home. He had never seen her before, but he could not take his eyes away from her.

She was tall; taller, perhaps, than he. She wore a sunbonnet and a loose dress of blue-and-white calico; but the bonnet could not hide the loveliness of her head, and the misshapen garment could not conceal the strong, fluent lines of her body. Her movements were slow and powerful, and her arms, bare to the elbow, were muscled like a man's, without losing the round grace of a woman. As she came nearer, Eben saw that she was milky fair, her skin a creamy white through the red dust of the road. Her eyes, in the shadow of her bonnet, were blue with the blue of the sky at dawn, and there was a superb quality of womanhood about her. The very sight of her choked Eben. Something rich and warm rose in his throat, and he felt his heart pound. He could not breathe.

He stood so still that the girl did not see him until she had come half-way down from the crest of the hill. When she did discover his motionless figure, she halted for the faintest instant with surprise; then she came on beside her oxen, watching him. After the first start of surprise she was perfectly composed, and Eben, watching, marked that she neither blushed, nor giggled, nor frowned. She kept her eyes upon him till she was abreast of the spot where he stood, the lurching backs of the oxen between them. Then she turned her head, her eyes looked forward along the road, the high wagon cut her off from his view, and Eben could breathe once more.

He had spoken no word, he had not even progressed so far as to want to speak. He had merely stood, drinking her in with his eyes; and when she had passed, he remained standing in the same place for minutes on end, staring after the swaying, teetering wagon.

Not until she was out of sight, around the shoulder of the hill below, did Eben move. Then, because the furnace was his destination as well as hers, he followed her down the hill.

IT WAS still early when Eben met Hulda Lingstrom on the road above Sharon, and when he rounded the hill and saw the furnace below him, old Dan Lloyd, in the engine-house, had just tugged at the looped wire that blew the whistle for the morning's casting. Eben saw the girl swinging her oxen toward the scales where her wagon-load of charcoal would be weighed; and he watched her for an instant more, and then turned aside and took the path around the engine-house and down the hill to the casting-shed. It was a sultry morning in midsummer, and the heat lay like a damp blanket over the valley, and overhead the black smoke from the chimneys billowed out and spread and settled in a sooty cloud, staining the very earth a dingy, ugly hue.

The casting-shed huddled against the base of the stack at the foot of the bluff The shed was open on all sides; and in it the wet, black sand waited in geometric pattern to receive the molten metal and mold it into those thick bars called "pigs." When Eben came to the corner of the shed and stopped by the post there, he saw Slag Harshmeyer tearing with a steel lever at the clay that closed the opening in the base of the stack.

Harshmeyer, tearing at the clay with his bar, was a figure for sculptors. A big man, with a shock of black hair, and cheeks seared lean and hard by the fires, his thin

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Slag was a figure for sculptors.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

shirt clung to his wet chest and outlined every cord and muscle in his torso in a glorious symmetry of strength and power. He lunged with the bar as though it were a harpoon; he sank it into the fire-toughened clay, pried and twisted and wrenched it free, and stabbed it into the obstruction again and again. His movements had the indescribable grace that comes from perfect muscular control, and the twist and heave of his shoulders on the bar threw him into postures that were like the pure glory of sculptured marble. Eben, in the days when he used to come to the furnace as a boy, had worshiped Slag Harshmeyer as a god. He knew, now that he was a man, that Slag was a very pagan deity at best; nevertheless, the enormous strength of the man compelled his respect, and he watched, from the corner of the casting-shed, with wondering admiration in his eyes.

And so, at last, under the man's assaults, the clay plug yielded. Steel could have done no less. The plunging bar drove through, and came out with a clot of raw red iron upon the end, like blood upon a dagger. On the heels of the bar, fusing the crumbling clay, poured a trickling stream of thick molten metal that widened into a flood, and raced sluggishly along the channels in the sand. Men were waiting there, men armed with things like bent-handled spades, of which the blades were inches thick with clay; and with these they guided the iron into the appointed molds. It filled them, row on row, and coursed on to find other molds to fill. And the men, with long-handled shovels, scattered sand upon the hot surface, and sprinkled water on the sand, and the casting-shed filled with steam and hissing sparks, and leaping, white-hot grains.

Slag Harshmeyer had not left his post at the mouth of the stack when his task there was done. He threw his bar aside, and caught up one of the crooked-handled spades of clay, and leaned upon it, carelessly, watching the flowing stream, and shouting taunts to the men who guided the metal into the molds. He was wet with his own exertions, and he flung an arm across his forehead with a free and splendid gesture. A lump of sand fell into the flowing iron, and clots of metal spattered right and left. One of them struck on the man's shoe, and he kicked it aside with a laugh like the mirth of man in battle. The iron flowed on, the molds in the sand filled one by one, and Harshmeyer, watching, saw suddenly upon the white-hot surface of the stream some flecks and gouts of baser stuff. The stack was drained.

Beside the man stood a barrow full of balls of wet clay. Slag slid his spade down against the mouth of the stack, and then lifted two or three of these balls of clay and wadded them in his hands, and thrust them between his spade and the stack. The iron flowed over and around them, but he snatched other balls, and pelted them into the hot flood as a boy throws snowballs, one upon the other, driving them home until they blocked the way and plugged the hole. Still he threw more and more, hauling them into place, and wadding them in and in, until the heat within the stack baked them into a plug that sealed the orifice. Even then the man was not content. In a frenzy of victory he slapped ball on ball until the barrow was empty, and when the last of the clay was gone, he kicked the wadded plug with a contemptuous foot, and spat, and so at last he stood erect and looked around him.

In the lull, while the iron was flowing out, he had marked Eben, where the young man stood at the other side of the shed, and he shouted now: "Hi—boy! So is it done!"

Eben nodded through the steam and smoke; and Slag grinned, and leaped across a rank of cooling pigs, hissing in their molds, and came toward where Eben stood, holding out a grimy hand. Eben took it, and Slag crunched his fingers in a terrible grip, so that Eben winced and tried to jerk his hand away. At which Harshmeyer laughed jeeringly, and said loudly: "Ye're no ashamed to shake a workin' hand, are ye?"

Slag charged with the momentum of an avalanche across the shed; and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Eben had a curious feeling that Slag was talking, not to him, but to some one else; and he looked over his shoulder and saw the girl standing a dozen feet away, looking at them. That is to say, she was looking at Slag; and her eyes were wide and blue as the skies. For she had watched Slag fight, and master, and imprison the iron, wet with his own endeavors, he came to her, and laughed at her, and touched her lightly on the shoulder, so that his hand left its mark upon the blue of the calico. "Eh, child!" he cried, soft laughter in his tones. "Did ye come to see me at my battle? Who are ye? I've not seen."

They were not a dozen feet from Eben,

Hulda, watching, thought he must sweep Eben back into the flaming stack.

hungry iron, and there was something epic in the spectacle.

Eben looked from the girl to Slag, and said mildly: "It's not your crowbar you've got hold of, Slag. Let go!"

Slag's eyes widened; he lifted Eben's hand and looked at it. "Now was I hurting the little thing?" he inquired solicitously. "There, there—that's bad. But here—" He snatched it to his lips and kissed it before Eben could stir, then: "So! Run, wash it clean in the creek now, and ye'll never know 'twas hurt, boy." He laughed in Eben's face, then turned, and strode toward the girl. All grimed with the traces of his encounter with the

and he heard the girl say softly, "Hulda Lingstrom!"

Slag snatched the ragged old hat from his black head. "Olaf's girl?"

"Aye."

"And a fine girl ye are. More of a man than—some men, eh, Eben?" This last over his shoulder to the man behind him. Eben said nothing, and Slag laughed, and explained to the girl, "That's Eben Lewis, ye see there. His father's son—mebbe. I remember his father was a man. Eben has his college, and the like o' that; but he's a bit timid with ladies, do ye see? So we'll just walk away a bit, and not [illegible] him." He took hold of her by the elbow, as though to lead her to one side.

But she did not move, nor for a moment did she speak, except that her eyes spoke with his. Then she said: "No." And she looked toward the level above the furnace and added, "I have a load of charcoal there."

Slag was surprised. "What's wrong with Olaf?"

"He fell into a pit yesterday. He was hurt."

"Now, now, that's bad." He laughed softly, touching her arm again as though he could not keep his hands from her. "Tell Olaf I'll be to see him this night. And you—I'll see you then. Count on me."

"I will tell my father you are coming," said the girl, and turned up the hill. Ten paces away, she looked back and Slag called to her "Good-by!"

She nodded her head, and her lips moved in some word they could not hear. Then she went on, with free strides, up the hill. Slag laughed to Eben:

"There's a glory of a girl, Eben, my boy. But ye're not yet man enough to appreciate such, no more than you're man enough to run the furnace, I'm afeered."

Eben flushed slowly, but he said, in a voice that was mild enough, "Thanks for your fear, Slag."

"Fear!" Slag cried, glowering instantly. "Who says I fear?"

"I thought," said Eben, "you said you were—afeered."

Slag went toward him with a swift stride, like the movement of a great cat. His hand was uplifted above Eben's head, and the mock fellowship of the moment before was utterly gone before a tempest of anger that raged in his eyes. "Smothering hell!" he roared. "Is this college pup to come here and tell a man what words he's to talk? Boy, mind your tongue, else I'll rip it out of you with my hand."

Eben's eyes met those of the big man fairly, but his voice was so soft that it sounded like a plea when he said, "Aye, Slag. I'll mind."

Slag took this as surrender, and so did the girl, who had paused above them on the hill to watch. Both men heard her laugh, softly, and when they looked up at her, she

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

laughed again and went on her way. Slag was pleased at his victory, and he caught Eben's shoulder and thrust him toward the path.

"On with ye," he commanded. "Up t' the office, where ye belong. Men do their work below here. 'Tis no safe place for a boy."

Eben said nothing. He went up the hill with only a trace of haste in his steps; but instead of going to the office he went to the charcoal pile where Hulda's wagon had been unloaded. He overtook her there as she was straightening her oxen for the homeward trip, and he came to her side, and took off his hat, and said quietly, "Tell your father—if there's anything the furnace can do for him——"

Her blue eyes rested on him curiously, and a slow anger that was brewed of scorn began to dwell in them. But she only said: "He'll be thankful for such a word from—so brave a man."

Eben flushed slowly and fell back a step. Before he could muster a word, she had called in that soft throaty voice he had heard upon the hill, "Aie—Scar! Red!"

The oxen surged into their yoke, the wagon moved. They swayed off and up the hill along the homeward road. The girl strode easily beside them, and Eben watched till she moved out of sight around the hill. He hoped and feared she would look back at him, but she did not—so long as he stood watching. He could not see that, once out of his sight, the girl had halted her oxen and come softly back, and looked down to where he stood with strangely wide and wistful eyes.

Such furnaces as Sharon were, by modern standards, rude and primitive affairs; yet they were not to be despised. Sharon is falling into ruin, now. Its roaring fires are cold, its engines rust in their shed, and the frost is eating at the sand stones of the stack. But when it died, it left a spawn of iron pigs stacked about the valley that sold for full two hundred thousand, in the fierce demand of war.

When Eben took control of the furnace it was in the lusty days of its strength and pride. Over the valley hung a grimy pall of smoke and cinder, and over the hills to the valley came day by day the men of the countryside, with ore they had dug or with charcoal they had burned. On the level above the furnace, long piles of ore smoked constantly, baking to free it of baser stuff and reduce it to a rubble of coarse black sand that was loaded into small cars, and wheeled into the grip of a rude swinging crane which swept them forward and dumped them into the hot mouth of the bellowing stack.

THIS mouth was a round hole in the top of the stack. It was closed by an iron lid, which could be opened with a lever from a distance; and when the furnace was in blast the lid was eternally red hot with the heat of fires below. It was twisted and warped and all but fused by the torments it endured; and it glared like a hot coal in the night, and glowed ruby red in the full light of day. And the mouth of the stack which it closed was like a red-hot mouth of hell. The stack had been hewed into the very face of a sandstone bluff; and the top of the stack and the top of the bluff were on a level, a platform connecting them. A shed, open on all sides, covered this platform and the top of the stack; and on a winter night the men liked to gather here, where the heat from the fires below kept them warm against the coldest winds.

Such was the heritage of Eben Lewis; and he loved it, and plunged into the tasks before him with a zeal that was like a slow, steady-burning fire. He plunged into the tasks before him, but he did not forget that first sight of Hulda Lingstrom.

Her father had been badly burned when he fell into his own charcoal pit, and his lungs had been seared by the fumes. While he lay ill, the girl came more than once to the furnace with the ox-drawn wagon piled high, and she never came that Eben did not see her. Each time he found opportunity to have word with her, to ask for her father, to express to her in mild tones his opinion of the weather, or to praise the quality of the good oak charcoal that she brought. She answered him, on such occasions, with slow words that hid a hint of mockery; and when Slag Harshmeyer came up the hill from below and found them together, and brushed Eben aside, she watched to see what Eben would do.

Eben did nothing, save once he touched Slag's arm and said mildly, "Slag, you trod on my shoe."

SLAG turned from the girl and looked down at Eben and grinned, and then he bowed low and cried, "Then it's humbly I'll beg ye t' forgive me, boy."

Eben nodded. "Very well," he said, and as though perfectly content, he left them together and went back to the office. From his desk there he could watch them through the window, and after a little, when the girl turned to go, he saw Slag throw his arm about her shoulders and bend his head to kiss her. But the girl thrust her hand into the giant's face and pushed him away, twisting smoothly from his arm's clasp; and when she was free, she laughed at him, and went away beside her oxen, while Slag shouted jovially after her.

Eben found himself standing at his desk; found he had pressed his pen down so fiercely upon the wood that the steel point had splintered and broken into bits. When he discovered this, he replaced the ruined point with a new one in an absent-minded fashion, and then he put the new point into his mouth for a moment, so that the ink would cling to the steel.

Before he took up his work again, he had decided to go to Lingstrom's house and see how Olaf was recovering from his injuries. He owed it to the man—of course. He should have gone before.

The mail that day brought a letter from the foundry at Portsmouth. In accordance with the regular custom, their payment for the last shipment of pig iron would be made in specie, by express. The money would be shipped to Oak Hill the following day. The cash would be kept at the furnace, to be used for paying the men and the farmers who brought in their charcoal and their ore.

Eben left the letter on his desk and went down to the engine-house to consult old Dan Lloyd as to the best method of handling the money. Old Dan, coddling his engines, told Eben what had been the custom in the past. Drive over to town with a shotgun in the buggy in case of trouble; get the package, fetch it back, and stow it in a hiding-place beneath the office floor. That was all there was to it.

"Ever had any trouble?" Eben asked.

Old Dan shook his head. "We're honest folk in th' hills," he said.

Eben nodded and went back up the hill and found Slag Harshmeyer in the office. Slag was sitting in a chair by the door. He got up when Eben came in and asked for the pay that was due him. It was mid-week, so Eben looked surprised.

"What's wrong, Slag?" he asked. "Are you quitting?"

Slag grinned. "For a matter o' three days. 'Tis a custom of mine. Ye would not understand. Give me my due."

Eben got the money, and when Slag had it in his hands, he said, "I'll be three days gone—maybe a day more, if the liquor bites hard. Black Morgan will do my work."

Eben nodded. "Drink, is it?"

Slag jeered: "Did ye never see a grown man in drink?"

"Yes," said Eben mildly. "Yes—I've seen. Good-by."

The giant hesitated, as though of a mind to make some retort; but in the end his face fell into sullen lines and he strode out of the office and down the hill and away. Eben looked after him for a space, thoughtfully, and then he crossed to his desk, and picked up the letter lying there. And for a moment he stood very still.

The white paper was marred at one side by the black smear of a dirty thumb. Eben looked at his own hands. They were clean. Besides, this thumb-mark was larger than his.

He wondered if Slag Harshmeyer could read. And he crossed to the window and looked down into the valley and saw Slag walking swiftly across toward the road that led to town. Eben wondered. But in the end, he put the letter carefully away.

NEXT morning he drove to Oak Hill and went to the express office and got the money. He saw nothing of Slag. The station-agent said the big man had taken the train to the river the night before, to Portsmouth. Eben drove back to the furnace with the shotgun lying on the seat beside him, and he and Dan Lloyd put the money away in the hiding-place beneath the office floor. Old Dan told Eben that only they two knew of the cache—a steel box, bolted to the sills. Eben, with the money safely hidden, felt a great relief. And that afternoon he thought again of his determination to drive over and see Olaf Lingstrom.

Lingstrom's farm was three miles from his own. Lingstrom had moved up from Gallia County two years before. His mother told Eben, when he put a cautious question, that the Lingstroms had bought the old Morgan place, that they were doing better with it than Morgan had done. Eben spoke of Hulda; he had seen her at the furnace, he said, bringing Olaf's charcoal. His mother said Hulda was a good girl. She had gone to normal school, but she was not afraid of work, not afraid of dirtying her hands.

Much more she told, and Eben listened over his supper; and afterward he hitched his mare, Bess, to the light buggy, and drove over to the Lingstrom place. He tied Bess to a ring in the corner of the barn, and then found Lingstrom sitting in a rocking-chair on the grass in front of the house. The man's head and hands were covered with bandages; but he told Eben

(Continued on page 92)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Unto the Least of These.

Cartoon by Frederic Dorr Steele

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Copyright 1914, Dietz. Copyright 1914, Dietz.

Our biggest success was made by an acrobatic style of dancing.

My Memories *of* Vernon Castle

By Irene Castle

IN HIS life, Vernon Castle was, to most of us, merely the master of our lighter hours. We little knew, we little cared, about the real man who lived behind the dancer's mask. And when he gave his life for a deeper cause, we did not understand.

This is the third instalment of what has been an inspiring revelation of the man, by one who knew him best, from the days of their first meeting, their early struggles in Paris, their successes in Europe and here, down to the time when the dancer answered the greater call, and left a brillant career to enter the Royal Flying Corps.

AT THE Café de Paris we found that our biggest success was made by an acrobatic style of dancing, though we ourselves preferred the simpler dances. In returning to America, we found that the public was just becoming interested in cabarets and the modern dances, so called. In reality, at that time what was called a modern dance was apt to be an elaborated one with a good many frills and stunts. Accordingly in our first performances—at Louis Martin's—we did the dances that that particular time demanded. Others have said so and I think that I may—that in the evolution of the modern dance, Vernon played a great part, and though many of the dances that we did and originated were mere crazes and crazy things at best, they were nevertheless in response to the demand from the public and not our idea of what dancing should be. Incidentally the exceptional dance was our true and tried friend financially, because that was the dances that people paid us most to learn.

From one of these dances—the Castle Walk—we received a great deal of compensation both in reputation and in money. People wanted to learn it. The dance that thus became a furore was an accident in the beginning. One night at Louis Martin's, we had danced a good deal and were rather tired. More as a rest than anything else we fell into a reverse of the usual proceeding. In all dances the weight is thrown down on the foot. For a change we threw the weight up. It is difficult to describe but easy to do. Elsie Janis, who was sitting at our table, told us when we came back that it was one thing we couldn't get away with. It was too ridiculous to consider doing again. It wasn't very graceful, to be sure, but it did provide a variation and a great deal of amusement. In spite of Miss Janis's discouragement at the outset, we did keep up this dance,and in order that there might be something to it, we were forced to add to it a little. In our book on modern dancing, the Castle Walk is described thus:

"First of all, walk as in the one-step. Now—raise yourself up slightly on your toes at each step, with the legs a trifle stiff and breeze along happily and easily, and you know all there is to know about the Castle Walk. To turn a corner you do not turn your partner round, but keep walking her backward in the same direction, leaning over slightly—just enough to make a graceful turn and keep the balance well—a little like a bicycle rounding a corner. If you like, instead of walking along in a straight line, after you have rounded your corner, you can continue in the same slanting position, which will naturally cause you to go round in a circle. Now continue and get your circle smaller and smaller until you are walking around almost in one spot, and then straighten up and start off down the room again. It sounds silly and is silly. That is the explanation of its popularity."

As a favor to Charles Dillingham, Vernon returned to the stage in "The Lady of the Slipper." He had a small part, for you may well imagine that when Montgomery and Stone and Elsie Janis were given sufficient opportunity to display their talents, there wasn't much for Vernon to do. He

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

hated the part, and dancing had discouraged him with comic rôles. In this production I did not appear.

As a return for his services, Mr. Dillingham urged the late Charles Frohman to cast Vernon for the juvenile rôle in "The Sunshine Girl." This had been played in London by George Grossmith. Frohman was not willing at first to accede, but he did so under protest. During rehearsals he and most of the other people were discouraging. I had no part in the play. I appeared solely as a dancing partner for Vernon. When the play reached production it was a success, and I am certain that Vernon's work helped greatly, not only in the dancing but in the acting of the leading rôle. Those who saw the London production as well were agreed that Vernon and Joe Cawthorne were funnier in the fireman scene than Grossmith and the comedian who played it in London.

The dancing craze was on and Castle House, the first of our adventures, was begun. This was really, and is to-day, a school of dancing, but in the early days, the teas as well as the lessons spread our fame and increased our earning capacity rapidly. There Vernon taught at least six hours a day. I, myself, never had either the knack or patience for teaching. He was remarkably clever in that he could always lead even a beginner into any steps he wanted to do and show them off to great advantage. I have seen him dance with a total stranger and make her appear so graceful and easy at dancing that watchers would comment upon it, when really he often confided to me afterward that the woman couldn't dance at all, and that he had dragged her around.

Quite another side of his teaching is revealed in a letter from the aviation field in France:

> The officers here have been making me teach them the fox-trot, etc., and now every evening they have dances and dance with one another. At any other time it would seem terrible to see two men dancing together, but when you know that every one of them is a *real man* and faces death pretty nearly every day, it doesn't seem at all out of place that they should dance, and they welcome me as a godsend.

Another of our ventures, and one in which we were most interested and had hoped to repeat some day, was Sans Souci, a restaurant of our own. The head waiter at Martin's joined us in this. We had a T-shaped room down under the sidewalk, at Forty-second Street and Broadway. The opening night was quite brilliant. Persons who do not commonly go out to supper, came to Sans Souci. In Paris we had become accustomed to dancing on linoleum and we introduced that floor-covering in our restaurant here, where it had never been used before for a dancing-floor. It met with great success. "Castles in the Air" was a dancing and supper place where we appeared every evening and on matinée days at tea time. We were not directly concerned with the management. "Castles by the Sea" at Long Beach was named for us and we frequently danced there in the evening, motoring over from our country place at Manhasset.

It was while Sans Souci was running that Vernon, with his usual enthusiasm for the new, took up drumming. Buddie, the drummer in our orchestra, trained him so well that by the following winter his drumming was as good as that of most professionals, but with a personality and character that most of them lacked. He threw his arms round in the air and made comic faces to the delight of every one in the room. He could throw his sticks into the air and catch them in time to hit the beat. His sense of rhythm was remarkable, and he could make a drum speak. He had sets of drums and traps in England, at his camp and at home, and his greatest amusement was to start a graphophone or electric piano and beat the drum as an accompaniment, practising very hard at rolls, and inventing new stunts with the sticks.

In camp entertainments he was often called upon to drum as well as to dance. Of one of these he wrote:

> The concert last night was a big success and my drum-playing seemed to be the hit of the evening. The men had never seen anything like it, and they wouldn't let me stop. I enjoyed it more than they did. I simply love to play the drum and don't get much opportunity now.

Drumming is all very well in a restaurant or on the stage or in an aviation camp, but in a house, beginning almost before breakfast and ending sometimes after midnight, it becomes a little trying. I can remember often imploring him to take up something quieter. But his taste for drums was something he never lost, and the night before the fatal accident, he was playing his phonograph and amusing several

Copyrighted 1914, Dietz.

The dancing craze was on and Castle House, the first of our adventures, was begun.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He never became a remarkable polo player, but he loved the game and spent a great deal on his ponies.

of the boys at Camp Benbrook, Texas, with his drums. Theatregoers may remember his drumming in "Watch Your Step." It was a source of great interest to all of the company, who watched him intently for new tricks of the evening, or to applaud his clever recovery when he missed a stick in the air. His drums are now put away as one of my dearest souvenirs, like "the toys of the little dead child."

"The Castles Are Coming—Hooray! Hooray!" appeared on the billboards in thirty-five cities during the course of four weeks. This was the Castle Whirlwind Tour. Most of the time we played two cities a day—matinée in Rochester and an evening in Buffalo, etc. We carried our own orchestra of colored musicians. We took them to Deauville on one occasion, and had them with us in London later. Jim Europe, whose band is now in France with the Fifteenth New York Regiment, was with us on the Castle Whirlwind.

The entertainment began with some exhibition dancing. Lulu fado, forlano, pavan polka, and hesitation. Then we danced three modern dances, the tango, the maxixe, and the one-step. This was in the days before the fox-trot. During the course of the evening Vernon gave a talk on dancing, urging our constant cry, "simplification." It all ended with a contest for the Castle Cup by local dancers. The winners were always those who danced smoothly and with the least effort. Vernon always urged them to leave out all fancy steps and tricks. Often there was the keenest rivalry, and at the finish of the tour in Madison Square Garden, New York, the contest was long and almost impossible to decide. Here not only the New York dancers appeared, but the winners of the out-of-town contests. The prize was finally awarded to Mr. and Mrs. Selig Baruch (brother and sister-in-law of Bernard Baruch).

One of the things that made this circus traveling a lot more endurable was the nightly courts held in the private car in which the musicians traveled. One night we found great merriment going on in their car. We learned that one of the musicians was sentenced for wearing brown shoes with his evening clothes in the orchestra pit.

These trials were conducted with dead seriousness and offenders were served with a summons. They were allowed to plead their own cases or to have counsel appear for them. Sometimes the court ordered the culprit to provide refreshments for the next night. As we became nightly attendants, charges were brought against us for missteps and our fines were consequently heavier. The court would order us to pay in champagne instead of beer and sandwiches.

One night our secretary, who, had a shade too many cocktails, was summoned. He pleaded his case brilliantly, but he was sentenced to say that line from "The Sunshine Girl," "She stood at the gate, welcoming him in." It reads simply, but try to say it. These courts did much to keep our spirits up on one of our most difficult thearical trips.

When we were living at Manhasset, Vernon took up polo and the showing of German shepherd dogs. He played polo with his wonted enthusiasm and fearlessness. He liked all games except cricket of which he complains in one of his letters from the training-camp in England. Cricket he thought a trifle worse than baseball. He never became a remarkable polo player, but he love the game and spent a great deal on his ponies.

His kennels of police dogs gained some reputation, but these, with the exception of Tell von Fluglerad, his very famous winner of all field trials, was sold when he gave up his profession to go to war. He adored Tell and thought of taking him with him, but he feared that something might happen to him and that there would be no one to care for Tell out there. It was one of his greatest joys on being sent to Canada as an instructor to the Royal Flying Corps that he could have Tell with him again.

Jeffrey, his monkey, he also had in Canada, and a little paroquet I had given him because he had taken such a fancy to him on one of his visits home. No one ever showed the patience Vernon did in traveling back and forth with his family of pets. He wasn't embarrassed to carry cages through railway stations, and spent most of his time en route in the baggage-car.

Our Manhasset home was used for the taking of many of the scenes in our movie, "The Whirl of Life." Vernon wrote the scenario for this and in the main it followed our lives, that is to say until the villains entered and kidnaped me. I believe there was another variation in that in the film we were supposed to elope.

During the taking of this movie an amusing incident occurred which caused the wastage of some film. We had been sensationally rescued from the sea and our picture audience was supposed to be waiting for our appearance. I was in my dressing-room in the hands of my maid, who was a chocolate brown. Vernon was supposed to rush in, greatly agitated by the impatience of the audience, to ask me if I was ready. The camera was grinding and in he dashed, but instead of taking up his cue and saying what he had rehearsed, he exclaimed to my maid: "Why, Mary, your make-up is too dark!" Of course the scene had to be done over.

During the days that we were living at Manhasset, it was difficult to get him home. He was always galloping around somewhere, playing polo or tennis, with never a care in the world nor a thought for the future. To me his extravagance and care-free manner were always a source of worry. But he was so charmingly irresponsible and so amusing that I easily forgot my annoyance. I can see him now crawling to the front door of the Manhasset house on his hands and knees (because the top of it was glass) to peek underneath or through the keyhole to see who had come to call before letting them know he was in.

He could make a drum speak.

Our best work upon the stage was done in "Watch Your Step." This was a big musical comedy of the extravaganza type with interesting music by Irving Berlin. The whole production is too recent for me to go into now. We both danced and had parts as well. From France Vernon wrote:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

L. a L. Hill's Studio.

Our best work on the stage was done in "Watch Your Step."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

There is a gramophone here playing all of the "Watch Your Step" music, and it makes me so homesick.

Then again:

There is an awful row going on. The continual thunder of guns outside and the more frightful singing of the officers inside. They suffer anything from "Pagliacci" to "Michigan." The favorite song seems to be "The Simple Melody" from "Watch Your Step." They didn't know how the rag part went until I showed them, and now I realize I've made one of the biggest mistakes of the war! Every night they take sides and sing on one side "Play a Simple Melody," etc., and on the other, "Oh, You Musical Demon." With the pianist playing an entirely different tune, it would all make an Indian uprising sound like real music.

Copyright, Underwood & Underwood.

A Castle breakfast.

We played "Watch Your Step" during most of one season, from November to June, I believe. In the autumn we went on the road with the show, playing in Chicago and in Boston, and in Chicago appearing at Rector's after the play. After mid-December Vernon left the show to study aviation at Newport News, Virginia. There he received his pilot's license. I continued a lonely participation in "Watch Your Step."

But Vernon sailed for England; and while I was still playing on the road we gave two farewell performances at the Hippodrome on two successive Sunday nights. A description of the first will suffice, for they were much alike. The second was given merely because all the people who wished to attend could not get into the first, and on each occasion over three hundred people were seated on the stage at the last minute. I am told that these performances established the record for attendance at the Hippodrome up to that time. Sousa's band played our music for us and we did about four dances. Our reception was enormous and so unexpected for both of us that we were truly excited. It was the largest audience that we had ever danced before, and as most of them had come to the theatre just to see us, we were duly appreciative. At the end of our dancing we had to come back and bow our gratitude.

We were so happy that we nearly cried for joy and the crowd that awaited us outside the stage door was still more touching. They waved and called to us as we drove away. I shall never forget the pride we felt.

On each of these occasions I had come back on a special train from the Middle West, to dance for an hour on Sunday night and then fly back to Pittsburgh or Cincinnati for Monday night's performance of "Watch Your Step." Almost before the applause had ceased I would be on my train starting back, feeling that I had been dancing in the clouds and had just come back to earth. It always seemed like a happy dream afterward. The Hippodrome was the scene of the second farewell—our last exhibition together in America.

There was one other time when we danced together that was in the nature of a farewell. While Vernon was still at Newport News, and before he had received his pilot's license, he came out to Indianapolis, where "Watch Your Step" was playing, to say good-by to me. On the last night of the run there, he was sitting in a box watching the show, and Frank Tinney pulled him up onto the stage. The audience was so insistent that we agreed to dance. It was hard to dance with any sort of spirit. For me there was the apprehension of the farewell a little later, and a sort of gloom had settled all over the company. They all had liked Vernon so much and his reappearance made them feel more keenly how much he was missed in this place. I had to swallow hard to keep on smiling as they played the one-step we had danced so often and so happily months and months before. Each step brought us nearer to the end, and I hated to take them. I wanted to linger on them lovingly, knowing they might not come again.

The enthusiasm of the company was as great as that of the audience and there was a hushed attention on the part of every one that had never been quite the same before. After a great deal of applause Vernon thanked everybody and said good-by. The company crowded around him and cheered as the curtain fell. He put his arm around me and stood there very embarrassed at their sincere devotion. He was always modest and shy to a tremendous degree and every outburst of admiration surprised and embarrassed him.

That was for me the blackest day I can remember, save one. I was proud, naturally, to have him go and glad that he wanted to go. I wouldn't have had him different, and I think most often of that line of Lovelace's, "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more." Vernon was courageous, self-sacrificing and noble. He could not have been different when the big test came. It wasn't easy for him to change suddenly from a sensitive, tender-hearted, carefree child (as he always seemed to me) into a stern soldier. And he sometimes became bored with it all, as he showed when he wrote from France:

I want to come to you so badly. I'm tired of being a soldier. I'd rather be a postman now.

But he could not have been different, I repeat, when the test came, and so I was brave or tried to be. I smiled, because I knew he wanted me to and I had to help him to be brave. We drove to the station—it wasn't yet time for the train, so we waited in the little side street, for we did not wish people to see our parting. It was too hard and neither of us went through it as we had promised ourselves we should. He was gone, and that night in St. Louis I gave the worst performance of my life. I mention this, not because of its importance, but that I may justify myself with the persons who may have seen me that night.

Shortly thereafter Vernon sailed for England, and I, hopelessly lost and lonely, went on working. I had comfort in the tremendous pride I felt in him.

The next instalment tells of Vernon Castle's life as a British aviator.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

There Were Liars in Those Days

By Karl Schmidt

EARLY in a theatrical season which did not promise to go very well, there appeared a character, *Bill Jones* of "Lightnin'," who promised that: "If things don't go just right, I'll fix it." Frank Bacon acts *Bill*. With Winchell Smith he wrote the play. Between them they have fixed things very well. They have turned out a show that is one of the few outstanding successes of the season, and to the gallery of stage life they have added a new character.

Lightnin' Bill Jones, so called because of his lack of speed, is in his own imagination a resourceful person. Let it be mentioned that the youthful hero is about to be sued and *Bill* will fix things, for he was a judge once. He was an inventor too. Yes, and a detective. He's still a good one and will help out. He knows about bees, for in the dead of winter he drove a swarm of them across the plains without losing a bee. He allows with becoming modesty that he was stung twice. When in the court-room the young law student whispers a telling question, *Bill*, who is conducting his own case, says somewhat impatiently: "I was just goin' to." Then he asks it of the witness. Seeing his young friend studying, *Bill* observes: "That's how I got my start."

Of course back in '61 *Bill* was the first man to enlist. He shows his pension check rather proudly and then, pointing to the official signatures: "See all those names—Well, it ain't no good unless I sign it."

This self-confessed Jack of all trades is a failure. Shiftless, wandering over the hills, getting drunk with disreputable cronies and staying away for unexplained periods from the hotel which his wife runs, the lovable old liar (Frank Bacon and Winchell Smith are too wise to reform him) is really a new character. He has been said to suggest *Rip Van Winkle*. The resemblance does not go far. Both were drunkards. The wife of each told him to be on his way alone. (As a footnote, printed for the sake of novelty in the middle of a paragraph, we might add that Mr. Bacon will doubtless have the same difficulty in getting away from *Lightnin' Bill* that Jefferson did from Rip.) Really, *Rip* was not an American character. *Bill Jones* is necessarily so. He is a left-over from Civil War days. Here or there in the Soldiers' Homes in the West you will find *Bill*. Bret Harte knew him and he foreshadowed him in some of his minor characters. He was a left-over from the Gold Rush. He did not get in on the money, but he was there and somehow just missed out. Mr. Bacon's *Bill* knew all about the Gold Days of California; "he located more claims than anybody else." When cornered he confesses that he was not a forty-niner, but that the excitement went on for a long time afterward. But actually *Bill Jones* belongs to the sixties—the days when we had story-tellers—the days of Artemus Ward and Petroleum V. Nasby.

Frank Bacon in "Lightnin'."

There is not much that is new in this story of the hotel that was on the line between Nevada and California. *Bill Jones* and his wife could not make it a success till it was discovered that an appeal could be made to divorcées. They might have their mail sent to California and live for six months on the Nevada side. This is the background in which we find *Bill*, his wife, his adopted daughter and the good young man who is studying how to get back at the villains for robbing him of his valuable property. When *Bill* refuses to sign the papers that will enable his wife to place the hotel and the surrounding acres in the hands of the villains, she demands that he leave her. *Bill* does and from the Nevada side of the hotel she starts action for a divorce. In the court-room *Bill* defends himself and with the aid of the good young man shows up the villains. There is a reconciliation all round. *Bill's* wife kisses him. Probably for the first time in years. He isn't exactly happy over it. The good young man marries *Bill's* adopted daughter.

Frank Bacon found *Bill* first at the Mare Island Navy Yard where he was hanging about, just talking. The real *Bill* had a fund of stories. They made him appear to advantage. He had never amounted to fulness of his wisdom remarked: "It had anything, but it mattered little to him. He the stuff. So with "Lightnin'."

had a past that grew and thrived as he talked of it. To those who would listen he told stories. Frank Bacon was a sympathetic audience and his seeming credulity and his interest challenged the narrator to outdo himself. This *Bill* had been to the Civil War, and while he won neither promotion nor distinction, he did get to know General Grant pretty well and on one occasion was on hand to give him invaluable counsel. But at his best of fancy he did not evolve the famous bee story. The idea of that came from a small-town North California street-sweeper who styled himself a department of street-cleaning.

This success is a story of three times and in—if one may paraphrase from anything so dead as a baseball.

Frank Bacon began living *Bill* almost twelve years ago. The San Francisco earthquake had closed the stock theatres and Frank Bacon found himself for the first time in his life with nothing to do. So a one-act play was written round *Bill Jones* and played Western circuits. This play was about *Bill's* courtship. In the present play we see nothing of this. We are reminded, however, when *Bill's* wife tells him he ought to have new clothes. He had decent clothes when he was courting her. "These are the ones," says *Bill*. "I've got plenty of clothes."

The one-act play was a fair success, but the time was not yet. *Bill* had not mellowed enough, and he had not grown under the modeling of the actor-author.

Frank Bacon went back to the interpretation of other dramatists' characters and lived and acted, we suspect, *Lightnin' Bill* off the stage. He came East and appeared in several plays, notably with Shelley Hull in "The Cinderella Man." Then *Bill* bobbed up again—this time in Newark. It was a play called "Me and Grant." The powers that be called it off and *Bill* perhaps felt that the East was no place for him.

Soon after a partnership was formed—*Lightnin' Bill*, Frank Bacon and Winchell Smith. Along Broadway Winchell Smith is known as a very clever play-doctor. This because in a few cases he has made vital good ideas that were not ready for the public as originally written. Really in the theatre this is a very special and fine kind of authorship. It has been so from the first. In any event, if Winchell Smith is a play-doctor, his patients get well. It would be difficult to tell exactly what he does to a play in this business of making successes. If one did know, it would in all probability be as useless as certain recipes are in alien hands. There is always a laugh where a laugh is needed. There is emotion or an appeal to the emotions in the right place. And the time in between is never dull. "Turn to the Right," Winchell Smith's earlier success, was a show rather than a play. As Claude Elmer Humphries in the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Billy was conscious of a black-haired girl across the crater staring at him.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"LEAVE"

By Edwin Bateman Morris

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

BILLY MAXWELL, recently returned from a four-day go in the trenches, put his boots against the stove to boil, and proceeded with a wooden spatula thing to excavate down to the once forest-green of his marine uniform.

"This is a topsy-turvy war," he observed sententiously; "marines out in the trenches with the doughboys, marine officers galloping around on horseback and so forth. And, once there was a chap who thought he was funny when he talked about the 'horse marines.'"

"You can't make no rules for this war," observed Top-Sergeant McGee.

"That's true. You can not. We're like the girl named Alice who went through the looking-glass and found things all turned around. My mother wrote me about a cousin of ours who has just left Boston for a war job in Paris. She had a string of men bringing her bouquets and candies and weeping farewells. The gallant girl starting for the wars, you know, leaving the men behind her."

"Ain't it the truth!" said McGee.

"But the best joke in this topsy-turvy war I am telling you about," Billy continued, "is that if you so desire the Kaiser will pay the expenses of your seven days leave in Paris."

"I have a picture of him," observed McGee incredulously, beating his pipe against the stove to conceal his curiosity.

"It's a fact. When the captain told me I could have my seven days he said, 'Don't talk! Paris is full of men and women itching to get information from you.'"

"Of course it is. The first day I hit the town a skirt meets me with 'Hello McGee.' Got my name somehow, see. But I didn't fall for it."

"The captain said, 'A smart fellow like you'—that's me, McGee—'can give them the idea that you possess deep information and be shown a royal time—at the Kaiser's expense.'"

The other began to laugh. "Smooth stuff, kid. Very smooth."

"He told me they often gave a fellow letters to mail in order to cover up their tracks. You bet I am going to open every letter any one gives me to mail."

"I predict that you'll not rest happy until you grab a young flapper of a spy and make her buy a week-full of taxis, theayters and hot-house fruit."

"No," said Maxwell seriously, "I never was much of a hand with the ladies."

The thing that happened after this McGee could not have accomplished himself. But he repeated the conversation to the second-lieutenant. The lieutenant, being informed, wrote a letter to a quite good-looking lady—in Paris—and these twain then lay back to await with necessary patience the outcome of their trajectory humor, which would have been all very well if the captain had not got wind of it, and whooped up the joke a little by giving Billy the ghost of a hint, which the sergeant was not slow to assimilate.

Two evenings later the Huns celebrated Maxwell's arrival in Paris by an air raid. He was following a carefully memorized route in the dim moonlight when the bedlam broke loose. Suddenly, in the semi-darkness, an ambulance dashed out from a courtyard, and after a certain length of time another. Billy was not slow to get an idea. In a moment he was in the courtyard. He sprang to the wheel of an ambulance just as a driver sprang to the wheel of another. Without exchanging a word, they strung all the vehicles far apart along the street.

A block or two away there was a huge explosion and a flash of flames. The searchlights focussed upon a spot directly overhead. A sudden deafening detonation within the courtyard gate, and the paved way heaved itself upward as though a giant thumb had been thrust through it.

They groped their way gingerly toward the courtyard. After a time the dust settled. A knot of curious people was gathered about the crater, among whom were nurses, speaking the rapid French he could not understand.

The ambulance driver was speaking to an officer, who glanced in Maxwell's direction and then came toward him. Billy was conscious of a black-haired girl across the crater staring at him. He discovered at length that the officer was asking him his name and he replied that it was William Maxwell, United States Marine Corps. As soon as possible, he escaped.

By this time he had forgotten his memorized directions as to streets. He paused to gaze helplessly at three possible ways to proceed, and then turned to find the dark-haired girl he had seen across the bomb crater hurrying toward him.

"Hello, Billy Maxwell," she said.

Doubt, of course, first of all. The thing was a little too pat—too neat. Billy's first instinct—truly American—was not to sink to the abysmal depths of being that thing called a goat. Here was a matter calling for great care. If the lady were really a wolf, she would come to him in the manner of a wolf, so that he would think she was really a lamb. On the other hand if she were not a wolf, she might pretend to be. Life is full of such things cast in to make the problem hard.

"Hello," he replied at the end of his cogitations.

"After all that thought?"

He grinned, a little embarrassed. "You expected me to blossom with some great truth like '*L'état, c'est moi*' or 'The Old Guard dies,' didn't you?"

"At least."

He noted the exactness of her pronunciation—the Bostonesque correctness foreigners frequently acquire. Did she get his name merely by accident across the bomb crater or had she—she could have easily—followed him since before that? He tried to decide which one of these conditions would have caused her to address him as "Billy Maxwell" rather than in a more formal way.

"Preparing another of those deathless speeches?" she suggested.

Her absolute poise and the baffling eyes—uninforming yet entirely too grave not to be concealing some smile or mockery—threw his self-possession off center.

"I was playing at *Sherlock Holmes*," he observed, inadvertently telling the truth.

"Wondering who——"

"Where," he corrected. "Whither, perhaps. There are here three streets——"

"Oh," she said, smiling. He observed that when she smiled it was mostly a process of narrowing her eyes until he saw merely deep brown slits. He did not note whether this fascinating proceeding was accompanied by the usual curving of the lips—one couldn't observe too many disconcerting things at once.

"I assume then you are lost." This speech had no relevance at all to the effect of the dark, narrowed eyes upon him.

"At least temporarily mislaid," he said.

"What address were you—groping toward?"

He hesitated. Would this be in the nature of military information? However, he decided that the strategy of the Allies would not be impaired by disclosing this phase of it. He thereupon read the address to her, determined to let the Kaiser make the best of it.

At the address, unexpected developments happened. There proved to be no accommodation for him there. At least so she said, for the speed of the colloquy was too high for him to be certain of the fact on his own account.

"Now, what will you do?" she demanded, when she had explained.

"I don't know."

"I could suggest a place," she observed demurely.

Without waiting for objections she walked on with him along the twilight streets, turning strange corners and traversing thoroughfares whose appearance he strove in vain to fix in his mind, until presently they paused before a grilled door in a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

stone building. Another concierge appeared, answered a few questions and then led the way up the world's greatest collection of steps to a dizzy *étage* somewhere among the clouds. A hundred and twenty steps there were to climb.

"It is just one block from the Eiffel Tower," said the girl. "You will always be able to find it."

He leaned wearily against the wall.

"On a clear day perhaps you could look down from here and see the top of it," he ventured to hope.

The old woman threw open the door of his room. He found no fault with it. "I should not have brought you up here," he said, turning to his companion, though he bore in mind the fact that it was she who had done the bringing. "But may I see you safely home?"

"How do you know I'm not a spy?" she asked disconcertingly.

"Thank you," she replied, "but I am too used to going about to need an escort. Besides," she added, "I also live in this house."

The following morning the sergeant experienced the delights of liberty in sleeping until nearly noon. For the remainder of the day he wandered about through the streets of the city, astonished at his disconcerting reality. The pictures upon which he had been brought up came into three dimensions before him at unexpected turns. It was like seeing the recurrent places of one's dreams come suddenly into real existence.

It was dinner-time before he stood again at the foot of the stairs that separated him from his room. He heard his footsteps echo as he plodded upward. Living up at this high altitude was like commuting from Yonkers to New York. It required patience. The echo of his footsteps grew louder as he ascended. This was a curious phenomenon. It was also curious that at length the echo grew farther and farther apart, until at last starting up a new flight he encountered the echo itself, attired in a brown serge suit with brown fur over her shoulders and a brown mushroom sort of hat—and her eyes were brown. She ceased echoing.

"I was this moment thinking about you," she said.

"Shall I say, thank you?"

"It was not so overwhelming as that. I was wondering how your fancy led you to spend the day."

"I walked about, visiting the spots from which they take the picture post-cards."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"You know no one in Paris?"

"Only a cousin—a square-toed, self-reliant creature."

"And is this your idea of a furlough?" she asked incredulously.

"Not exactly, but—— "

"You might as well spend the day in the attic reading Stoddard's lectures."

"I was told," observed Billy, "to take a flapper to dinner."

She thought for a moment. "After all," she explained, "the dinner is the main thing."

"Is it?"

"And an imitation flapper—" she mused.

"What is an imitation flapper?"

She picked a thread from her sleeve. "I am, I suppose."

"Splendid," he asserted promptly.

She surveyed her shoes, a trim pair of russet Oxfords: "Do you like my shoes?" she demanded.

"Yes."

"Sure?"

"Quite."

She sighed contentedly. "I am glad."

In his room he changed to evening dress by laboriously brushing his uniform and polishing his expert marksman's medal. He must be careful of this friendly young woman—not too careful, but careful enough. He had no fundamental information to give out, but the location of the marines had not even been hinted at in any news given to the public—and he, of course, did know that. He knew also whether the marine regiments were kept intact or whether they were broken up, a company here and a company there. If any pretty, amiable person wished to wrest that information from him, she was welcome. He was willing to meet adventure a little more than half-way.

His sightseeing exertions of the day had built up in him a robust appetite. The ample meal his companion ordered for him at the restaurant near the Sorbonne came on steaming and fragrant. But it was a mirage merely, for it had no sooner settled its weight upon the cloth than the sirens sounded the warning of an air raid. In a moment they stood hungry upon the street looking dazedly aloft for threatening Taubes. They walked on, two healthy appetites rebelling at the enforced fast, their irritation at the loss of their food too great to be willing to give the sky Uhlans the further satisfaction of driving them into a cavern.

"Tell me," he exclaimed; "isn't there a place where we can waylay a citizen and steal his ham sandwich or something?"

"I have never tried it. But there is food—of a sort—in my room."

He seized her arm. "Which way from here?"

The steps of their house seemed hospitably fewer and her room, holding its prospect of nourishment, pleasantly large and joyful. Billy tossed his hat upon a convenient chair back. The girl, speculating as to the intentions of an alcohol stove, paused to notice it.

"What dressy little numbers," she observed casually. "Do they indicate your company or your regiment?"

The sergeant, contrary to regulations, thrust his hands contentedly into his pockets. Before the marines, assigned a company to a ship, wore their company insignia, but now—he laughed indulgently.

"Then are you going to ask me the exact number of marines in France?"

"That would be interesting. How many are there?"

The flare died, the lamp remaining calm and dark.

"Let me," he suggested. Whereupon, the utensil, perceiving itself to be under martial law, burst into obedient flames.

"How clever you are," she admitted. "You were telling me?"

"Was I?"

"How many marines——"

"Oh, I had finished."

"Really." Into a horizon-blue pot she poured a measured quantity of coffee.

"What is the difference between a marine and a soldier?" she asked presently.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"'Marine' is the superlative."

She smiled for his benefit without turning her head. "I must have known that," she assured him. "But their duties, qualifications, and so on?"

"Go on. You are doing beautifully."

"But you are not answering me."

"Their qualifications? It is easier, for instance, for a marine to hit the same German he aims at than for the ordinary soldier."

"They are especially trained to shoot?"

"Yes."

"Then they are used as sharpshooters?"

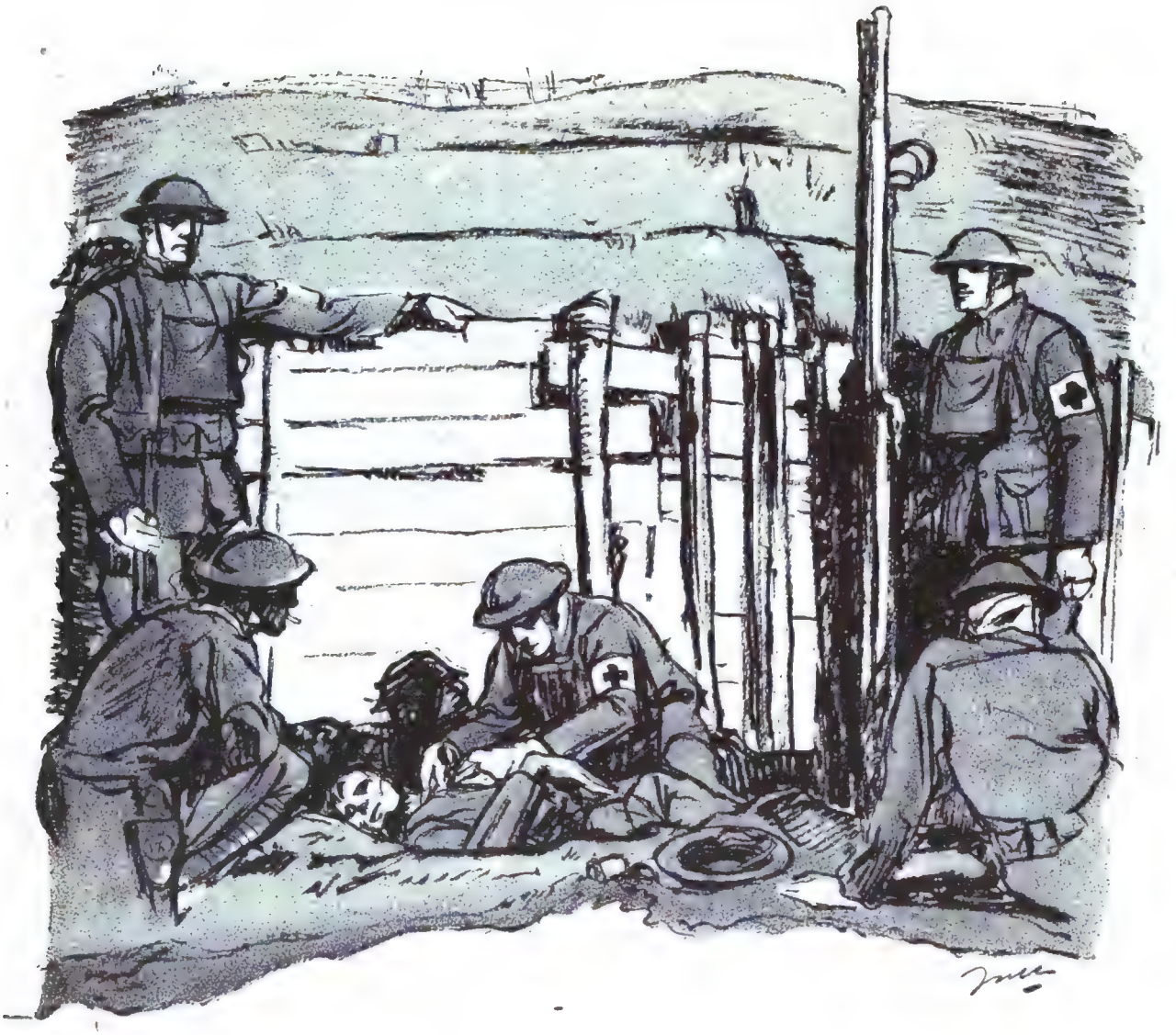
He laughed. "You are delightful. You are such an efficient spy."

"Why?"

(*Continued on page 83*)

Presently he was reminded that the black cloth folder in which he carried his sergeant's warrant was in his coat pocket. He was reminded of it because he felt it moving from his pocket.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



He's Wounded

By William G. Shepherd

Everybody's Washington Correspondent

Illustrated by Charles B. Falls

HE THOUGHT somebody had hit him from behind with a board. "Head wounds" usually create that illusion.

Instead, a steel-tipped bullet has hit him just above the hair-line on his forehead, entered into the holy of holies where men have their brains, and has made an exit for itself in the back of his skull and gone out by that route to sink itself into a pile of earth behind the trench.

And here he lies, crumpled up on the trench floor, his head in a mud of his own blood. It's a miserable spectacle. The men in the trenches, at least those who can spare their attention from fighting, are just as excited and shocked as if they were civilians back in their home town and had seen one of their friends run down by an automobile or cut down by a train. Some gather around to give advice, just as they might in a street accident; others cry loudly, up and down the trench, "Stretcher! Stretcher!"

Bill has come these thousands of miles to the front-line trench—a tremendous machinery of ships and trains, reaching clear back to his own town, indeed, into his own little home, has brought him—and here, all in one second, he is converted into this helpless bleeding thing. The masters of war knew this very thing was going to happen. Of course, they didn't know that Bill, himself, was going to be hit in the head in this battle, but they did know that somebody was going to be hit in the head. In fact, just before the battle, they calculated, like life-insurance actuaries, just exactly how many men were going to have head wounds, how many men would lose a right leg, how many a left, how many eyes would be injured, how many hands blown off, how many jaws shattered, how many stomachs punctured, how many lives lost if victory were to be gained. And they have prepared a machinery, just as tremendous and efficient as that which brought Bill here, to take him back again to safety and make him whole again, if that is possible.

This machinery is known as the Army Medical Corps. It has had constant watch over Bill since the war began, and its care will continue, though the war cease, as long as he is part of the U. S.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Army. For there are many Bills whose way to recovery will be long.

This machinery is just as ready to take Bill into its wheels, now that he is helpless and unconscious, as was that other machine to draw him into the war. Somewhere, the very bandages that Bill is to wear are ready for him; somewhere, his bed has been waiting for him these many days. Even before he was hit, there was a swinging bed in one of the hundreds of dashing ambulances reserved for him, individually, like a reserved seat in a theatre. Somewhere a nurse has been set aside to care for him, and, somewhere, at this very minute, surgeons, with their fine tools fully prepared, are on the alert, awaiting Bill's unconscious coming. This was to have been, let us say, a ten-thousand-bed battle—for thus the Army Medical Corps measures the conflicts in this great war—and that number of beds has been standing empty, waiting, waiting, for this big push.

Bill's mother or sister, wife or sweetheart, if they were to see him now, would undoubtedly shudder at his plight, his helplessness, the mud and dirt, the bleakness and the pitilessness of it all—for the guns are still sounding, the machine guns still hammering, the rifles still spitting, the battle still waging at its full—in spite of the fact that Bill is out of it. Mankind would seem to Bill's womenfolk at this moment to be at its very male worst.

And, just now, indeed, this is not any woman's work. There is a Red Cross emblem, to be sure, on the brassards of the two stretcher-bearers who come hurrying along the trench from their dugout, but their emblem is the insignia, not of the great society to which we so willingly give our dollars in the great drives here at home, but of the Army Medical Corps. The men and women of our Red Cross do not go into the front-line trenches. Bill must be carried to the military base-hospital before he enters the zone where he finally meets a representative of the Red Cross.

The Army Medical Corps

THIS is all grim army business here; Bill is being cared for by part of the great army system, which in the war has spent more money for its task of caring for the wounded than we used to spend in peace times for the Army, the Navy and our rivers and harbors all combined. It had one hundred and two dollars last year to spend on every man of the millions under the Colors.

The muddy stretcher-bearers are the first cogs in the Army Medical Corps system. From the minute they pick up the unconscious Bill the A. M. C. has him in its care. With the first step the stretcher-bearers take, Bill begins a journey back toward white beds and supremely good medical care. He is starting along a pathway which, if it prove necessary, will lead him right back to his home town, and set him in his own chair by the fireside, with a gentleness that is as great in degree as the suddenness with which he was removed from it.

The first leg of the journey is short. It will probably be to a dugout, or an old building behind a hill. It is the first-aid dressing-station of Bill's battalion. For every battalion of the hundreds along the fighting-line there is one of these stations, no two of the hundreds alike, each improvised, to suit its particular environment. You'll find nothing but men here, and grim efficiency.

An army doctor looks at Bill. If he were suffering, the doctor would give him something to regulate his pain; or bleeding, do something to stop the flow of blood. As it is, he gives an anti-tetanus injection to the unconscious man, washes the exterior wound with a dash of antiseptic, puts a spotless bandage around the broken head, and sends Bill along the next leg of his journey, to the regimental-aid dressing-station.

This time Bill isn't carried on a stretcher. Perhaps he will be placed on the car of a tiny, narrow-gaged railway; maybe wheeled in a little push-wagon, by hand;

With the first step of the stretcher-bearers, Bill begins a journey back toward white beds and supremely good medical care

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

or even in a cart, drawn by horses, for the regimental-aid dressing-station is likely to be somewhere along a good road, or even in a house in some little town. For each of the hundreds of regiments along the fighting-line there is a regimental-aid station, no two of which are or ever can be alike. There is one of these to each regiment, strung along behind the first-aid battalion stations.

Here, in this regimental station, doctors have more time to look over Bill. It is a safer spot, too, than the battalion dressing-station, for, though shells may fall here, it is beyond the zone of rifle and machine-gun fire. Up to now the effort has been to keep Bill alive, prevent him from suffering, and hurry him back, as quickly as possible, to a safe place. But now the doctors begin to get down to business. They find the holes in the skull. On a raised cot they place the unconscious American, and a skilful surgical barber, with soap and a razor, shaves the wounded areas and makes sure the hurt is clean and antiseptic.

If Bill were in a desperately bad plight, necessitating an immediate and desperate operation, he would be rushed off across country in a route somewhat paralleling the trenches, to the advanced dressing-station which has been located by an ambulance company, where desperate, life-or-death surgery is done by men with more steel-like nerves than one finds among ordinary surgeons. In these advanced surgical posts, in all the Allied armies, surgeons have performed thousands of operations that would have been considered impossible only four years ago.

The Machine of Mercy

BUT the doctors, finding Bill's brain unscratched, agree to send him on down the line toward better posts and toward a hospital. Up to now, you will note, he has been attended only in dressing-stations, and the Army Medical Corps machinery has seemed as anxious to get him out of each station as it was to get him in. These stations must be kept clear for other Bills with other injuries. By this time he has been classified; the Army Medical Corps knows, at last, that Bill is one of those several hundred "head wounds" it had prepared to care for. A tag, thus designating him, is tied to his coat.

And now, for the first time, the automobile takes its part in Bill's journey. The roads here are kept passable. If there is a big battle under way, there are certain roads that are kept inviolate for the wounded, so far as traffic from the front is concerned. The object of this leg of the journey is to get Bill to the nearest hospital. Up to now he has been in no hospital; only in improvised stations. Now and then Bill's automobile passes other automobiles, which are also marked with the red cross of the Army Medical Corps. Here's a dentist's office on an automobile. Here's an automobile looking something like an oil-tanker, with arm-like pipes swinging therefrom; it is a mobile bath-house. Here's another car, in which water is sterilized, for germ-free water is absolutely necessary in dressing wounds, even up at the very front in the crude battalion dressing-stations. And here's still another huge Red Cross car, with the word "Laundry" marked on it. All these dressing-stations must have linen, towels and aprons one hundred per cent. clean.

Somewhere along the line Bill's car will pass a camp, in which all the litter-bearers and dentists and laundrymen and water-sterilizers and doctors and the drivers of all the various sorts of cars will have their headquarters and their homes. And, just to show the complexity of the vast machine, Bill, if he were sitting up and taking notice, might get an additional headache by discovering that, in this camp of folk who take care of the wounded, there is a branch of the Red Cross, with a dentist and a little hospital for the mildly ill, just to take care of the men who take care of the wounded; Red Cross doctors to care for Red Cross doctors.

On the way, too, the ambulance passes a hospital—and usually it's a large one—which is intended solely for the care of the men who have been gassed.

The Field Hospital

AT LAST Bill reaches his first hospital. It is known as a field-hospital. Up to now, you will note, no woman has had any hand in caring for Bill. Women are not allowed by the army officials so far up in the zone of the army. If Bill were not badly wounded, and if his case were not a job for specialists, this field-hospital might prove to be the end of his journey. But field-hospitals must never be choked up with men; they must be cleared, constantly. And as, in the scheme of things, there's a certain clean bed waiting for a man wounded just as Bill is, and surgeons who know broken heads by heart, he is sent out of the field-hospital just as soon as the doctors have seen that his bandages are clean and tight, and that whatever pain he may be suffering is regulated by anesthetics.

The next leg of the journey is toward an evacuation hospital. Now we're beginning to reach civilization. Up to now they have been hurrying Bill along from station to station, each station a little more elaborate than the one before, and at each station the doctors have taken a little bit more care with him, but now Bill is coming to the first station where careful and elaborate surgical work can be done. The road becomes crowded, for toward the evacuation hospital come the wounded from all the long lines of dressing-stations up at the front. It is placed, geographically, at the handle end of an outspread fan, and, if you can imagine several of these huge fans, with an evacuation hospital at the end of each, you can get a bird's-eye mind's view of the whole battle-front, as it relates to the system of the American Army Medical Corps.

The evacuation hospital will be a big building of some sort, but, in a general way, it will show as much improvisation as was used when the army men established their dressing-stations in caves or cellars, barns or wrecked houses up at the very front. Sometimes it will be a factory building, with some of the machinery still in place; sometimes a church, or a monastery, or a former prison. It will always be on a railroad line; there is no variation from this rule.

As the automobile dashes up to the entrance you may, perhaps, in this journey with Bill, catch your first glimpse of—women. Not always, but often, there are women nurses in the evacuation hospital. Most of them were enlisted and trained by the Red Cross Society, but the Red Cross emblem on their uniform is as much the token of their military calling and their membership in the American Army as the crossed field pieces are of the calling of the artillerymen.

These women are enlisted members of the American Army; they are known, technically, as army nurses. There are no other women nurses in the fighting zone, and the Army Medical Corps authorities permit no others. If a woman wants to nurse in the American Army she must, herself, become an American soldier. These army nurses we see at the evacuation hospital are on the payroll of the American Army; they eat American Army food and wear a uniform specified by the American Army. They are, in reality, soldier-women.

No man who gets as far as the evacuation hospital, on the railroad line, ever stays there. The very fact that he has been carried this far to the rear indicates that he is to go still farther back. The evacuation hospital is a sorting place; it is the last edge of the battle zone for the wounded fighting men; just behind it lies civilization and kindness, and all the decent things of life that he has been fighting for; and, perhaps, if he has been wounded so badly as to be unfit for further service, even home itself.

Right on this border-land between battle and peace he begins to feel the first influence of the Red Cross Society; to get the first feel of the dollar which you have given in the Red Cross drive. The soft, white pajamas which are put on him were made, most likely, by some Red Cross woman whose fingers were moved by love and patriotism. Somewhere around this big building you'll be likely to find a jar or two of Red Cross jelly, or some other little delicacy of diet to tempt the appetite of the wounded or the sick.

Enter the Red Cross

THE Army Medical Corps is scientific; its job has one purpose: to return all the man-power possible to the fighting-line. And, if not to the fighting-line, then back to the civilian life in as good condition as is humanly possible. It does not claim to have any sentimental interest in the wounded soldier; it does not claim to represent the love, pity and sympathy of womankind for mankind in battle. Coldly scientific, single-purposed, is the Army Medical Corps.

When we next see Bill—this, perhaps, three hours after he has been wounded—he is lying in a white berth in an enamel-lined Army Medical Corps railroad car. There are likely to be several women nurses present; some books and magazines may be lying about, and even some flowers, influences of the Red Cross Society; the reaching out to him through the Red Cross Society of his home, his wife, his mother, his sweetheart, the neighbors, symbols of their love, interest and pride in him.

The train takes him to the bed that was waiting for him, even before he was hit. It is in a special hospital that is manned by doctors who are specialists. Here in this building, specially constructed, perhaps, are surgeons who do nothing but care for head wounds, or stomach wounds, or chest wounds, or injuries to organs that are the seat of life. You may be sure that no surgeon in Bill's home town would be likely to do as much for Bill as these surgeons in this special hospital.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

It's a long trail, perhaps sixty miles, made up of five stages, that Bill has come. Only a few hours have elapsed during the journey; at every stage some doctor has been at hand to look at his helpless form, to see that the bandages were secure; if pain be getting the upper hand, to put it down again with powerful injections.

Within a short time he is on the operating-table. The pressure of broken bone has been cut away. Weak and sick and marveling, he opens his eyes, as the effects of the ether pass away, and finds himself in a white room, bedded in white, bandaged in white, with nothing but whiteness and cleanness all about him.

The day comes when the surgeons decide their task of setting Bill's head to rights has been finished. He is still weak, perhaps; there are long days in bed still ahead of him.

But this is a hospital for head cases, and Bill is no longer a head case. His bed must be ready for some other head case that is sure to come. So, on another train, he is carried back to a base hospital, perhaps in Paris, or London, or Manchester. And here, out of the zone of the armies, even perhaps in a hospital that is conducted solely by the American Red Cross Society, and not by the Army Medical Corps, he gets well and strong again. Through the Red Cross Society he feels the touch of home; through it, he gets the things his mother, wife or sister would want him to have, as well as the things that the Army Medical Corps classes as mere needs.

And, if he doesn't get well, there is the big white army ship, with its Red Cross emblem, that will take him back to the little old United States and home.

Yes, there's machinery to take Bill away from home. There are other machines to keep him fed and clothed and paid and insured. But the machine of mercy, the kindest of them all, and perhaps the one that is least understood by the millions who have seen their boys go off to fight, is that of the Army Medical Corps, which spent last year one hundred and two dollars for each one of our millions of soldier boys to keep him comfortable, or to make him sound and whole if he is mangled in the clash of arms.

Between seventy-five and eighty per cent. of our wounded boys will be put on their feet again by the Army Medical Corps. Add to this comforting thought, the fact that only two out of every hundred soldiers are killed in a year of this sort of war, and you'll begin to realize that many, many of our boys will come home again some time, sound and well. No one knows, now, how many will return, but the percentage of safe returns will not be small, thanks to the Army Medical Corps.

What Ever Became of Patti?

By Phyllis Phillips

WHATEVER became of Patti—Patti whose trills shamed the larks and made the nightingales put their heads under their wings—Patti the sixteen-year-old Italian, who made her wonderful début in New York, at the old Academy of Music, back in '59 and from thence conquered Havana, Paris, Vienna, London, Madrid, St. Petersburg, Rome and Milan—Patti who returned some twenty years ago to America, the land that had heard and loved her first, and sang at the Metropolitan with a voice still golden albeit of a somewhat smaller range?

Why, Patti lives, of course, not only in our hearts, but really, in the flesh, at the age of seventy-six, in her magnificent castle of Craig-y-Nos, ten miles north of Swansea, in South Wales, on which she has spent quite half a million. She lives there with her third husband, Baron Cederström, and sometimes, when they feel inclined, they throw open their theatre, a replica of the Baireuth Theatre, to the countryside and give one of the operas in which Patti once thrilled the world. Until recently Patti was even sometimes prevailed upon to appear at Albert Hall in London for the benefit of some charity, but her beauty is quite gone—it vanished far earlier than her voice—and so, for the most part, she is happiest in her Welsh fastnesses among the neighbors, who will always call her the "Queen of Wales."

Now, at seventy-six, she is Baroness Cederström and "Queen of Wales."

After singing her way into the hearts of all Europe before she was twenty, Patti married a titled cad, the Marquis de Caux, who, they say, abused and once even beat her—her, Patti! Is it imaginable?

So, naturally, she ran away with her tenor, the great love of her life, Nicolini, who sang with her in "Traviata," "Lucia," "La Sonnambula," who was the *Romeo* to her *Juliet*. He was as kind as he was beautiful and Patti's love for him gave her the passion that brought fire and color to the perfection of her singing.

But the elopement made a sensational stir! Queen Victoria ceased to command her to appear at Windsor (at many guineas the command) and for a while the diva withdrew to Wales with her lover. In the eighties, she married Nicolini at Craig-y-Nos. It was an amazing ceremony. She had the same best man who had officiated at her first marriage and he, poor man, had always been hopelessly in love with the bride. Two thousand children sang outside during the ceremony and only two women guests were among those present. When it was over Patti was kissed with enthusiasm all round and then calmly announced that she would retire and take a nap. So the bridegroom and guests went fishing in the Craig-y-Nos preserves.

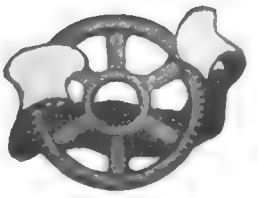
The beloved Nicolini is long since dead, but Patti still lives and reigns, Patti the adorable and audacious. Patti of the tragi-comic life and the golden voice.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

AFTER *the* WAR—?

An open forum devoted to the problems of world reconstruction

WHAT is coming?
What will the war do to man?
What kind of world will it leave us, and our children, and theirs?
What changes will it bring—in our work, our life, our thought—specifically, in industry, trade, business, finance; in social organization, domestic life, religion, education, science, art, philosophy, and in the spirit and attitude of man toward life; in government, and in international relations?



A New Era

By Robert Lansing, Secretary of State

THE sacrifices which have been made and will be made by the nations which are arrayed against the Teutonic Powers are only comparable with the immensity of the conflict itself.

In the toil and suffering of millions upon millions who serve the cause of liberty, is manifest the stern determination to crush for all time the evil of despotism so that the world of the future will be a better world than that in which we live.

In all history there has never been so vast, so irresistible a movement as this which finds its impulse in countless hearts. Humanity is passing through a furnace, which will burn away the dross and impurities which have so long defiled and weakened society. Beyond these days of trial is a new era for mankind.

To-day we must concentrate our thought and effort to win the war. It is our supreme duty. Whether we can serve little or serve much, let us serve with all our hearts and without attempting to value our services. When one does all that he can, he has performed his full duty to his country, to the world, and to the future. Let us then press forward with all our energy to victory. Beyond that day of triumph lie peace and happiness, the recompense for all the suffering and sacrifice of these days of war. We will meet the new problems when they arise with minds tempered by the trials of the present.

Labor War-Lessons

By William B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor

OF COURSE our war needs have had to be supplied by labor, which has not failed the nation in its emergency. We have fewer strikes now than we have had at any time in the history of the Department and there are at the present time no large ones. This result is due in large part to conciliation. We are getting the labor dispute situation into such shape that in nearly every instance the Department is able to bring in its good offices and adjust difficulties before disputes have reached the strike stage.

In making labor adjustments we have not sought to impose the view-point of the Department or of any of its personnel upon the contending parties, but rather to bring about a meeting of minds between them on a basis which would be acceptable to both, even though not entirely satisfactory to either.

We have found a very general disposition on the part of both employer and employee to make concessions of tangible or material things which can be calculated or estimated, for the common good. Our greatest difficulty has been to get concessions on the side of intangible things, or principles. For instance, there is a feeling very often on the part of the employee that his union and his participation in it are his concern, and a feeling on the part of the employer that his business is his own and that he has a right to run it as he pleases without interference from anybody. In such situations the Department is able to be useful to both sides and usually works to the benefit of both sides.

Prior to the introduction of labor-saving devices, about one hundred and fifty years ago, everything was produced by hand. The productivity of workers at that time was very much less than it is to-day, and the profits for employers have consequently been much greater, with the result that wages have increased and workers have been able to raise their standard of living. The American worker is the most productive worker in the world and his rewards are consequently the highest, despite the fact that prior to the outbreak of the European war there was an influx of aliens from all the nations of the world, who came and wrote to their friends to come.

In the midst of the war-necessity of maximum production, it seems to me that laboring men, and employers, taken generally, with a few exceptions here and there, are coming more clearly to realize that labor and capital have a mutual, though not identical, interest in securing the largest possible production, and that, to attain such production, the greatest possible efficiency is reached, not by longer and longer hours, low wages and bad working conditions, but by short hours in which production is maintained at the highest; good wages, to provide for good living and physical ability, and good working conditions. The interests of labor and capital in reality only diverge when it comes to the division of that which has been, by joint production, produced by both sides, and it becomes the part of sensible men, therefore, to sit down at the council table and to work out a proper and fair division of reward.

One of the good effects of the war is to bring this lesson home, for the good of the nation, to both sides. This lesson undoubtedly will endure after the war.

To find means to encourage such cooperation or agreement has been one of the objects especially desired by the Department and made especially imperative by the needs of the war, and I may state that the experience now being obtained will without question also prove valuable after the war.

The necessity of maintaining maximum war production brought with it the necessity of establishing a definite war policy which may, in its principles if not in its entirety, result in the establishment of a definite peace policy by the Government, one particularly designed to maintaining production for the competitive struggle between nations after the war. The necessity of correlating the activities of all of the Departments and Boards engaged in production in order to avoid confusion, led to the appointment of an assistant to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the Secretary, Mr. Frankfurter, charged with the duty of coordinating labor policies into a unified whole, and the establishment of a War Labor Board, a court of conciliation, as last resort, with Mr. Walsh, formerly the chairman of the U. S. Industrial Relations Commission, and Ex-President William H. Taft, as alternate chairmen, with eight other members, four representing and chosen by labor, four from the employer side.

Various other provisions also have been made, including the extension of a national employment service throughout the United States and to Porto Rico and some other of our possessions, with the ideal of being able to supply promptly all the labor needs of the various industries with unskilled or skilled labor, and arrangements for the training of additional men and women, especially in the seven states in which the greater part of the needs of war are produced.

Our labor needs are by no means so great, relatively, as those of Great Britain, for we have in this country approximately thirty-five millions of men and women engaged in gainful occupations of one kind or another, and the millions of men being withdrawn for Army and Navy will not decrease war production if such labor as we have remaining is distributed intelligently in accordance with need. Scarcity of manpower in the United States, in fact, is largely the result of inadequate distribution rather than a real scarcity. To achieve proper distribution, accordingly, and to prevent excessive labor turnover, or shifting, the Department is also devoting itself to the betterment of transportation facilities, as far as it can, and to the improvement of housing conditions. For inadequate transportation and housing facilities are, it is well known, important factors in excessive turnover.

War has made many adjustments imperative for workers and for employers, and it has made clearer the dependence of each side upon the other, and brought about acceptance of the desirability of the two sides working in harmony as far as possible. I do not think that the nation can or will forget or neglect the progress that has been made, since the lessons learned work to the good of all concerned, as a rule. Undoubtedly the struggle between the two sides will continue, but, I think, with less bitterness and misunderstanding of motives than before the war.

The period of mobilization for war purposes has been intense. We have rapidly organized millions of men for the camps and the trenches, and millions more for war industries. We have utilized the services of women in industries where they have never been employed before.

The period of demobilization will be still more intense until business has been restored to its normal basis, unless preparation is made in advance to overcome the difficulties.

The Government is awake to that fact, and consequently the Interior Department, the Department of Agriculture, the Department of Labor and the Council of National Defense are turning their attention to different phases of the problem, with the hope of working out some unified plan of profitable employment in agriculture, industry and public works until the inevitable readjustments have taken place and the demobilized forces can be absorbed into the industries of the country.

A New Social Purpose

By R. F. Beasley

Commissioner of Public Welfare, N. Carolina

THE details of the changes that will come after the war are as unknown to-day as were details of what we would do to win the war in the fateful days of April, 1917, when we were but opening our eyes to the one fact that the job was before us, and the whole nation found itself composing a committee of ways and means. We knew that the war had to be fought and won; ways and means had to be provided.

Details of after-the-war activities are equally unknown to-day and as unsuspected. They are unimportant. Only purpose is important, and this change in purpose that the war will teach is the really significant thing. Heretofore we have been concerned more with details and precedents than with results. To-day our one purpose is to win the war, and we are ready to do whatsoever is necessary to accomplish it. The great change is to be in purpose, in point of view and morale; and this change is already taking place.

Can it be put in a few words—the new purpose which society is to recognize as worthy? Indeed, has it not already been expressed in these words from the program of the English Labor Party?—

> Recognition of the value of every human being as an individual personality, entitled not only to the necessities of physical life, but to an education which will secure him fullest mental and spiritual development; and,
>
> A reconstruction of industry upon such a basis that a man may have the opportunity for choice of work, and a share in the direction of that work, and may feel in the performance, that he is not only merely providing for his own needs but is making a contribution to the community in which he lives of the things which have a real value for it.

If this is not the working purpose of democracy, then, pray, what is democracy and what do we mean by this word now so often upon the lips of men?

Once this ideal becomes the conscious purpose of society, we may trust ourselves to find the ways and means. That will be the problem of our great leaders in social development as the problems of physical science have been the field for investigators and discoverers. Social integration has reached a point where collective purpose is unavoidable. It must be good or bad. It remains only for us to become conscious of this purpose and put upon it the stamp of worthiness.

Those people who look to the future with fear and trembling are unduly alarmed. They forget the unmistakable fact that if the human race is not to-day more capable of taking care of itself than ever before, civilization must be a failure. It will be more capable next year, next decade, next century. The trouble with such people is that they are afraid of mere change in method, in custom or precedent.

There could be but one thing that could possibly be dangerous to the future, and that would be the moral breakdown of the

(*Continued on page 77*)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

TAM *o' the* SCOOTS

Billy Best

By
Edgar Wallace

Illustrated
by
Ernest Fuhr

TAM of the Scouts sat enthroned on the edge of the billiard table—which, appropriately enough, since he formed the topic of conversation, was a luxury donated by the Splendiferous Lieutenant Walker-Mannsell whose paternal relative was reputed to have so much money that he had refused war contracts. This Splendiferous One, still spoken of by the squadron with affection and amusement, lay in a little grave to the west of Mossy Face Wood, and that the squadron joked about him is accounted for by the fact that the men of the R. F. C. never die, and, accordingly, are never invested with solemn post-mortem virtues designed to prove that they were really too good to live.

Therefore he was "The Splendiferous One" and "S. W. M." and men roared over the jokes told against him—and if they always ended the story with "good old Splendif, he was a lad of the village"—why, they would have done the same if he had been just outside the mess-room.

"A call to mind an argument wi' Mr. Walker-Mannseel," said Tam. (Observe that Tam was a sergeant when the boy was living and Tam regarded it as extremely disrespectful to quote the nickname he would never have employed to one who was his superior.) "'Twas hoo much an ordinary spendthreeft could spend in a day if he'd gie his mind to it—A said five dollars, but the wee lad rather thocht that if a body corn-centrated he micht spend seex."

"Good old Splendiferous," said Blackie, laughing with the rest; "but you haven't told us what happened to Goldheimer."

Tam had begun the story of the magnificent Goldheimer and had drifted through a dissertation on plutocracy in the field, to one of the best loved of his officers.

"Goldheimer" had been born Thysen-Hyndorpf. He had been born with a steel ingot in his mouth, for his parent had been the veritable Theodore Thysen, the Westphalian steel baron. His brother officers had named him Goldheimer and even worse, and in due course the fame of him came to the right side of the line, and his photograph, cut from a Berlin society journal, adorned the green notice-board of the mess of the Umpte-fourth.

There he smirked, with his stout, vacant face, his stiff little mustache, his tiny monocle, his imposing *pikelhaube*, and men of the patrol on their way to the sheds would stop and examine the features thoughtfully and wonder if it was their luck to get him that day.

Goldheimer was rich—rich beyond the dreams of actresses. He was so rich that if he had written down his fortune in marks he would have had writer's cramp before he reached the last cipher.

He was so offensively rich that every hard-up subaltern of the R. F. C. pined for his destruction.

"'Twas no' like the lad to be oot before the air was warm," said Tam, resuming his narrative at the point where it had been diverted, "an' ye may imagine ma surprise, when passin' to the sooth o' Cambrai—at the place where the Hoon has five or six bridges across the canal—to observe the expensive ootfit of Mc Goldheimer riskin' the mornin' air. There was no mistakin' him. His seelver-mounted wings, the graund gold monogram on his silken wings, the filigree fusilage by Mr. Benny Vinturo, the heavy di'mond buckles to his stays, the jeweled engine an' the gunmetal gunwork of his gun. 'Tam,' says A to mesel', 'are ye no' ashamed to be seen oot in the same sky as yon? Awa' wi' ye!' A says, 'be off an' brush yeer pants an' change yeer cravat—look at Mc Goldheimer,' A says, 'take a lesson from him—follow him,' A says—so A followed.

"He sat in his seat a fine figure of a man. His surtout or haubeck was of some clingin' material that clung. Aboot his shapely heid was a broad band of dull gold richly encrusted wi' uncut rubies; a simple collar of celluloid an' mother-of-pairl or father-of-concrete completed the picture.

"A dived for to make his acquaintance. But he was prood. The haughty intolerance which comes from generations spent in the board-room cuttin' down expenses would not allow him to unbend. He side-flopped wi' dignity, but A was no' to be shaken off.

"'Ma mannie,' says A, 'do ye no' ken that Tam o' the Scoots is on yeer trail? Have ye no creepin' sensation up an' down yeer spine to tell ye that the terror of the cloods is stayin' wi' ye?' Apparently not. Wi' the courage of despair the reckless millionaireman tairned on his remorseless pursuer, his coorse face inflamed wi' drink, high livin' an' annoyance. He glared at his persecutor, the gold fillin's of his teeth quiverin' with passion.

"Glancin' scornfully at his puny opponent he banked o'er and got the sun* of his absent-minded but resourceful foe. 'Twas a contest that Homer or Rudyard Kiplin' would have taken the elevator to see. Capital an' labor battled in the cloods. The hated money classes an' the sweatin' proletariat joined issues. The idle rich—an' no' so idle wasn't that lad as ye'll notice, if ye take a squint at the wings of ma wee Kitten—the idle rich an' the haggard toiler, alone, or nearly alone, under the watchin' stars, focht that the wairld should be made safe for democracy.

"It ended a' too soon," said Tam sadly. "A came down in a fine dive an' loosed ma last drum at the diamond sun-burst he wore on the back of his neck an' he responded. Instantly gold bullets was hailin' aboot my ears. If A'd stayed long enough A'd have died a millionaire. Dazzled an' blinded A broke off the unequal contest an' dropped slowly to airth."

"Which means that Goldheimer's patrol got on your tail and strafed you?" suggested Baxter.

"Aye—something like that," admitted Tam; "there were ten o' the lads—Tam could have tackled nine—but the fearless boy fra' Glasgow was outnumbered."

* "Getting the sun" is to get between the sun and your enemy.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Goldheimer putting on frills?" somebody asked and Tam smiled.

"A'd be sorry to lose the wee feller—he's a graund practise for the young an' inexperienced aviator."

In real life, whatever may be the case in fiction, the multi-millionaire, even though he may have inherited his fortune, is very infrequently a fool. He may generally be distinguished by his uneasiness, his suspicion and that shrewd business ability which we associate with confidence men. Nor are stout young men who affect monocles and wear ridiculous mustaches necessarily brainless, lethargic and addicted to the four A.M. habit.

Goldheimer was a notable illustration of the fact that great possessions sometimes go hand in hand with great mental capacities.

Many crack pilots, French and British, had gone out to say how d'ye do to the Goldheimer patrol and had come back more cracked than ever. He was fat but nippy. His eye was glassy, but behind the sights of a machine-gun it had all the robust qualities of the big game hunter. He was ridiculous but his airmanship was sublime. The scalps of seventeen British machines hung to his bomb-proof wigwam and he was always out to add to his collection.

"As like as not the puir lad'll be shot down by an archie that's aimin' at somethin' else," said Tam, "or he'll fall to the kindergarten——"

"Which reminds me," said Blackie, looking up from his cards, "I am going to plant a Hun* on you."

"A Hun!" said Tam is consternation.

Blackie's eyes twinkled as he nodded.

"Cadet William Best of the United States Army," he said. "They are breaking up the kindergarten and attaching one youngster to each of the French and British squadrons. As a matter of fact," he went on, "you will find William quite a pleasant young man, he has already had some air-fighting experience. He attached himself to the Camelot Squadron about six months ago and though he has not undergone his full technical course, he is a pretty wise bird."

Tam had got down from the billiard table and was looking dolefully at his superior.

"Am A to understand, Major Blackie, sir, that A must teach this young gentleman controls?"

"No, no, Tam," laughed Blackie, "not so bad as that. You will just give him tips on air fighting. From what I have heard of him he does not require much tuition. Be at the office to-morrow morning at ten o'clock and I will introduce you."

At that hour Tam met his pupil. He was young, very young. His face was fresh and pink like a girl's, his gray eyes,

*"Hun" is a term applied to all aviation recruits.

"Weel," said Tam, "A'll no say A haven't glanced through these degradin' wairks of fiction."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

full of laughter, were lit with those eager fires which God kindles in children to warm the ashes of their parents' hearts.

"This is Cadet Best," introduced Blackie; "this is Second Lieutenant McTavish who will take you under his wing."

"Glad to meet you," said Cadet William Best joyously and extended a large, firm hand.

Tam and his charge surveyed one another in an amused silence.

Billy brought up the muzzle of his gun and sent a shower of nickel ripping through the canvas of the wing.

"That is all," said Blackie after an embarrassing pause.

Tam jerked his head to his companion and they passed out of the office.

"Have ye a bed, sir?" asked Tam.

"Sure—I carry one around in my grip," said the cheerful youth.

"What A mean," said Tam, "have ye a place to lay yeer weary heid if ye survive the dangers an' perils o' the elements?"

Cadet William Best grinned and shook a head which in its bright-eyed alertness showed no signs of weariness.

"Weel," said Tam, "ye'll bunk wi' me. If ye leave the door open an' sleep wi' yeer feet oot o' the window there'll be room for ye."

No other word was spoken. Tam led the way with dignity, opened the door of his quarters and ushered his friend into the little room.

"Do ye smoke?"

"Sure."

"Would ye like a seegair?"

"Try me."

Tam thought a while. "Yeer too young for seegairs," he said; "they try the nairves an' weaken the nairvous system—A'll give ye a stick o' candy."

He groped under his bed and produced a large box of familiar tint and embellishment. This he opened, disclosing a platoon of large cigars lying stiffly at "attention" wearing the gold and scarlet waistbelts of their caste.

"Perhaps ye'd better smoke," said Tam gloomily; "they cost one franc twenty-five per, an' A doot if they're paid for."

"Fine," said Mr. Best enthusiastically; "these look good to me—where do you buy 'em?"

"A dinna buy seegairs," said Tam. "They're donated by ma friends, admirers—an' pupils."

"I get you," nodded the other, puffing luxuriously.

"A'm a prood an' tetchy feller," said Tam; "ye must no' hairt ma feelin's by handin' 'em to me in a coorse an' brutal manner. Ye must just leave 'em aroond careless an' A'll find 'em—yeer name is William, A doot?"

"William," agreed the pupil.

"A'll be callin' ye Billy," said Tam; "'tis a nickname A've invented. Ye'll be Billy Best—no, ye'll be Boy Billy Best inside this room so that ye may retain a sense of ma superiority in age, morals an' proved efficiency. Ye may call me Tam an' ye may sleep on that bed when the sheets are changed."

"Where will you sleep?" demanded Billy Best with a hint of truculence in his tone.

Tam rubbed his chin. "A'll sleep on the floor—A prefair it. A've never slept in a bed in ma life. Gie me a heap o' slag an' a couple o' bricks an' A wouldna' call the king ma uncle."

Billy drew at his cigar deliberately.

"You may can all that sleeping-on-the-cold-ground stuff," he said; "the floor for mine—I'm a hog-sleeper. Nothing short of a head-on collision wakes me and I prefer broken glass to Ostermoors."

"A could never sleep in a bed," protested Tam; "'tis effiminate practise an' weakens the army's morale."

The timely arrival of the quartermaster sergeant with a fatigue party and a second bed put an end to the discussion.

It was after this was installed and the heavy-footed mechanics had departed that Billy Best, acquainting himself with his new surroundings, discovered things behind a cretonne curtain—four rows of shelf tightly packed with literature; not the commonplace literature stiffly bound and consistently neglected which you would find in a library of the literary dilettante; not the musty tomes that decorate the study of the professor, but bright, vital, red-blooded stories between paper covers of lurid design.

Tam was writing at his table when he heard a gasp and looking up, went very red, for Billy Best, his eyes blazing with joy, was examining a twenty-four page monograph devoted to the life and death of Yellowstone Jim who was (as the explanatory subtitle revealed) The Lone Bandit of Crow's Nest Canyon.

"Ye'll no' want to be readin' that stuff," said Tam uncomfortably—he was a little sensitive with strangers; "they belong to a young frind o' mine."

"Do you mean to say you haven't read them?" asked the amazed youth. "See here—if you haven't, make a start. This is the only stuff worth reading. You can have your Scotts and Dickenses and Thackerays—this is meat."

"Weel," said Tam, "A'll no' say A haven't glanced through these degradin' wairks of fiction."

"Aw!" grunted the boy, "degrading nothing—this is life! Look at this one, 'The Pawnee Cache or Black Dick's Fight for Fortune'—one of the best yarns——"

"Mon, it's easy to see ye've no' read—here gie me the books—here it is, 'Mollie the Moorman or The Thugs of Utah'—when ye're talkin' aboot stories will ye cast yeer eye o'er that yin!"

Tam was excited now—Billy Best's voice was raised to a key of dispute.

"You're nutty, Tam! This Pawnee Cache yarn——"

We may leave them to their disputation. Wiser men, men grown gray in the service of Arts and Letters, have argued as fiercely and with less kindliness over matters in no sense more important.

At ten o'clock the next morning Tam and his new assistant took the air—Tam at the controls, Billy in the cockpit for'ard.

Tam's plan was to spend the morning in stunts. He outlined the program after breakfast.

"We'll acquaint ye with the spinnin' nose-dive, the windmill loop, the tail dive, the oot o' control dive, the stall an' the fa' an' ither pretty exercises."

"Bully," said Billy.

"It's verra dangerous," cautioned Tam.

"I'll bet you won't hurt Tam," said Billy, "and if you don't hurt Tam you won't hurt Billy."

"Sometimes," said Tam, "the controls go wrang—sometimes when one's thinkin' o' trouble doon drops the Imperial Gairman Circus——"

"Circuses are my vice," said Billy. speaking with some difficulty.

(Continued on page 70)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

W. C. C. S.

Morale Mfrs.

By Joan Moody

Paul Thompson

AMERICANS could cheat their soldiers, and did, in the early days of the war. Hotel-keepers put prices of board and rooms way up; communities cheated soldiers by leaving them to the tender mercies of every kind of profiteering questionable resort; whole towns cheated soldiers by paying no attention to them except when they were on parade.

There were even soldiers' mothers who cheated other soldiers by keeping "his" room and "his" place in their hearts sacredly empty until "he" should come back.

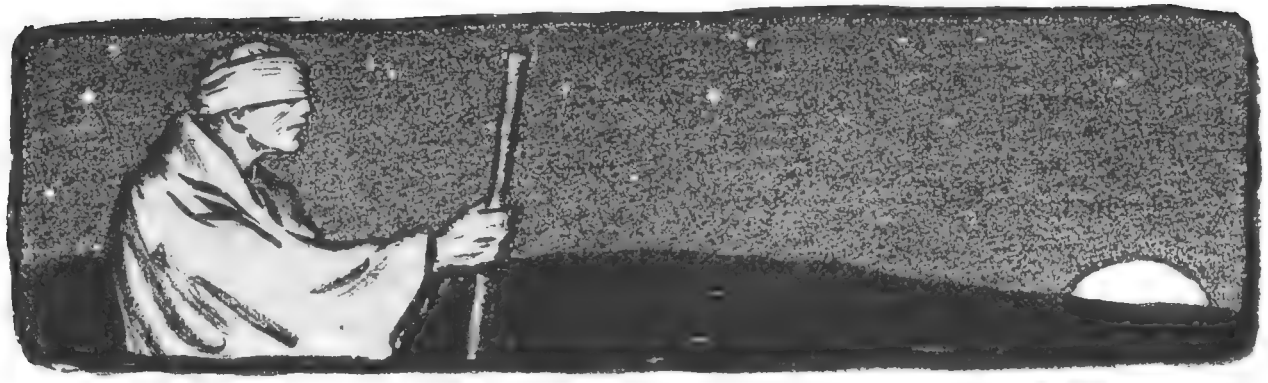
The War Camp Community Service has changed all that. To thoughtful people it didn't need to explain itself. To the rest it said, "A happy soldier makes the best fighting man." What it told us, in effect, was "Loosen up, and adopt the whole Service." We were a bit slow, but we did it. Every empty seat in our automobile is now an invitation to a boy in blue or khaki; our homes are open to lonely men on leave; our daughters and sisters think that a man in uniform is good enough to dance with—and if he doesn't dance they'll teach him—and every stray building around every kind of town has long since been turned into a soldiers' and sailors' club-house, or a dormitory, or a canteen. Committees of citizens call on the W. C. C. S. and say, "Tell us how to give a square deal to the soldiers," and they are told what the churches can do, what the fraternal orders can do, what the business men can do, what the débutantes can do, what the Boy Scouts can do. And they go home and do it. And our soldiers, somehow, have got the idea that we like 'em. They have that warm, bubbly feeling around the heart, the technical name of which is "morale."

Well, that was the job the War Camp Community Service cut out for itself.

Digitized by Google

Bergquist & Bergson

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



The EYES of the BLIND

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE
Plots Unfolding

DETECTIVE-CAPTAIN FARLEY pressed the receiver closer to his ear.

"What's that again, Lieutenant?" he asked.

Lieutenant Grander, fighting himself against an excitement greater than that of the detective-captain, swallowed a moment before he repeated, more verbosely, the message that he had just hurled against the bored ears of Farley:

"Officer Denton just reported. Fine cock-and-bull story he had to tell. Assaulted, drugged, uniform taken from him. Sounded like a hop-head's dream, but—officers Reading, Lavey and Sirroco reported the same thing within ten minutes. All of them treated the same way. The last three of them stationed near the vicinity of Stephen Gryce's home."

"Yes—get to it," snarled Farley.

"I got to take it easy, Captain," remonstrated the precinct commander. "I want you to get it all—Denton beat included the Phœnix fire-house. Like the other three, he came to a dark doorway— Well, he passed through Phœnix Place on his way back here to the 'house.' Noticed something queer about the fire-house. No signs of life. Head was splitting, too, and thought he'd phone in—nobody about down-stairs, except two dead men. One of them Denton recognized—Fireman Cassidy. Head all battered up. Uniform stripped off him. The other man was unknown to Denton. Killed with ax wounds. Fire-ax, it might have been. Looked like a German.

"Denton went up-stairs. Found half a dozen men; all of 'em tied up and gagged. Released them—told story of a bunch of men rushing in on them, attacking them; killing Fireman Cassidy—overpowering the bunch—stripping their clothes——"

"Crazy!" breathed Farley.

"Yah, like foxes," cried the Lieutenant. "For Officer Reading passed by Stephen Gryce's house on way home. Burned—gutted. Firemen on the job told him that they couldn't understand why Phœnix Place company wasn't on the job. For their apparatus was there, but—no men. Bystanders said Phœnix men had been there, had broken into the house—brought out Gryce and two other men, apparently overcome by smoke. Put two and two together, Captain. A plan to rob Gryce——"

Captain Farley's ears were no longer bored. His foot was pressing on a buzzer, and a sergeant of detectives was pushing open the door. Immediately the machinery of the detective department was in operation. And his thoughts turned at once to Fallon.

But it was not for an hour that the captain, so rushed with other details, was able to examine the other data gathered on his visitor of the late night, or early morning, one Randolph Fallon. During that time three hundred plain-clothes men had been detailed to the case, and were beginning that scouring of the city whereby the greatest results in detection are obtained.

Randolph Fallon had been a crank. Cranks are more common in the police department than anywhere else. Captain Farley had become blasé to them. Even the criminal crank, like Fallon, was not at all unusual. Captain Farley, had not this later development arisen, would probably have relegated Fallon to that mysterious recess in the back of his brain where were placed all suspicious characters whose presence in a cell was not urgently desirable at the moment. He would never have forgotten Fallon, but the man would have been submerged in his thoughts.

But this new development— Everything that appertained, however slightly, to Stephen Gryce, was of potential value. The files of the department were overhauled, and a messenger sent post-haste to the office of the *Record*. That messenger telephoned his report. Fallon was known to the editors sitting in on the "late trick"; he knew that Fallon had recently been driving a taxicab. And almost simultaneously Moriarity reported the address of Randolph Fallon.

Half an hour later a plain-clothes man was telephoning all that he had learned of Fallon's recent activities. The sleepy clerk of the cheap hotel had been frightened into loquacity by the presence of the policeman.

Farley reviewed the information he had gathered. Fallon, an ex-newspaperman, with a grudge against Gryce because of his discharge from the *Record*, had become a taxi-man. Last night he had sold his taxi and announced that he had become rich.

Now, Fallon was a drunkard, but—he had been canny enough, drunkard though he was, to ply a trade. It didn't seem quite reasonable that he'd have been fool enough to sell his means of livelihood and blow in a goodly portion of the sum that he had realized—unless— Neither was it reasonable that Lydia Gryce should have given the man ten thousand dollars. But, if one came to that, the sacking of Stephen Gryce's home was not reasonable, was not credible. But—incredible things were happening in the world to-day.

Moreover, this was the biggest thing that had broken in New York in Farley's generation.

It had been clever; so clever that it argued almost unlimited daring, unlimited money, and a number of men. Without all these the sacking of Gryce's house could not have been accomplished in the manner in which it had been. It sounded like the sort of thing that German agents would attempt.

That the night's events could have been the work of a band of criminals, who worked for gain alone, was too absurd. Farley knew the handiwork of every criminal in the country. These were no new workers in the field of illegality. Not that they were the less criminal because they were German agents, but they were not ordinary thieves.

And the apprehending of men such as these would be a man's-sized job. Farley

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

was quite aware of that. But the same methods that applied to the detection and apprehension of ordinary criminals would apply in this case. There was but the one rule of detection: overlook nothing.

So Farley, leaning back in his swivel chair, pondered the situation. Reports came to him every minute almost, from the plain-clothes men combing the city. But he anticipated little result from their labors. The man, or men, capable of planning the attack upon the Gryce home were not the sort of men who, their labors done, would invite arrest by splurging in low cafés, by telling their achievements to loose women of the underworld who would inform the police.

No, this was a case where the ordinary methods could not be relied upon, although they must be used. He stirred restlessly. If he were a genius, he would think at once of some method— But he wasn't— The telephone rang— That was all he could do; answer the telephone, and give perfunctory orders, orders that could just as well have been given by any one on the force.

The Commissioner arrived two hours before his usual time. "If you want, Captain," he said, "you can go home. You've been up all night."

Farley shook his head. "I'll stick till I drop, Commissioner," he declared.

The Commissioner nodded assent. Together they went over the details, so far as they were ascertainable, of the attack on Gryce's home.

And finally the Commissioner shrugged. "Of course, we'd like to keep it in the family, Captain," he said, "but—it's German stuff. No question about that. Though—Gryce certainly hasn't been unfriendly to Germany. Lots of people haven't hesitated to call him a traitor."

"He might have been playing a game," suggested Farley, "and they might have tumbled to him——"

The Commissioner pursed his lips. "Maybe, but—we'll have to turn the matter over to the Department of Justice. It's a Federal job."

"I suppose so," said Farley disconsolately. He was as patriotic as any man, and so long as criminals were apprehended, he, as a good servant of the people, should not mind to whom went the glory of their capture. But, he would have *liked* to have been the sole instrument of their arrest.

The Commissioner reached for the telephone, but it rang before he touched it. He answered. He listened for a couple of minutes. Then he replied:

"I understand; exactly."

He turned to Farley as he hung up. "It's the biggest thing that ever broke in this town, Captain," he said. "The Federal officials are on the job already. I don't get much of it—but they want men detailed to every fire-house in town. Afraid that what they did to the Phœnix Place house they will do elsewhere. Gryce is kidnaped. But somehow or other he had time to write a note to his paper. Got it into the mail. A lot of evidence against German plotters, Comte de Grecque—you've read of him—big French emissary over here—he's a German spy. It's all in the stuff Gryce mailed to his paper. Special-delivery carrier brought it down fifteen minutes ago. Gryce is kidnaped, they suppose. *Record's* getting out an extra. *Record* editors communicated with Federal people. No word to newspapermen. *Record* is entitled to a 'beat,' say the Federal crowd.

"But look up the Gryce girl. She may have got away. The Federal officials are busy on another angle."

"You mean that the Gryce girl is in with the German gang?" asked Farley.

Just beyond the body of Fallon lay a colored woman, bound and gagged but uninjured.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Commissioner shook his head. "Not at all. It's her story that the *Record* is going to print. She's on the level, and the Department of Justice is afraid something may have happened to her. But every man they have is needed to round up de Grecque's gang—if they can. Some of them they know, but most of them probably know that they're suspected——"

He paused, out of breath. Farley's eyes gleamed. After all, the job wasn't to be entirely taken away from him.

"I know where the Gryce girl was last night. At least, if Fallon told the truth—a house on Forty-seventh Street, he said. Didn't know the number, but described it. He may have been lying—Gryce said his daughter was at home, but——"

"Send somebody up there," snapped the Commissioner.

Farley shook his head. "I'll do it myself, Commissioner. It may need a little more tact——"

"Just as you say, Captain," assented the Commissioner.

FARLEY was in the subway three minutes afterward. Of course, it was not his job; he should, ordinarily, have detailed a plain-clothes man to this affair, but Farley was the sort who hated to be a subordinate. As Captain in the Detective Bureau he was, of course, responsible to the Commissioner; but his superior rarely, if ever, interfered with the Captain's method. But to-day was an extraordinary occasion. The Commissioner would handle the investigation himself—Farley got that at once—and the Captain much preferred being "out on the street" to being a nonentity in his own office. Farley craved action, always.

He had little difficulty in finding the house which Fallon had described. And little more difficulty in obtaining an entrance. A competent policeman can force a lock as quickly as a competent burglar.

He almost stumbled across the body of Fallon. And, just beyond Fallon, lay a colored woman. She was uninjured. Bound and gagged, fright rendered her speechless for several minutes after Farley had released her, but then she told a story that amazed the Captain, and made it certain beyond a doubt that he had done well in listening to Fallon's every word last night.

But she didn't know much about the reason for Lydia Gryce's having rented a house for herself. She was a not too intelligent colored woman. She only knew that Lydia had engaged her, had paid her well, and that Lydia had never spent a night here until yesterday. Beyond that, awed into truthfulness, Farley felt, by the sight of his uniform, she could tell him nothing.

He telephoned the nearest precinct and waited until a uniformed policeman arrived to guard the house. The colored servant was not hurt; she needed no medical attendance. She could continue the routine of her life as usual.

But de Grecque or his gang might send some one back here—it was not at all probable. It would do no harm to leave some one here.

On the street, Farley communed deeply with himself. Fallon had demanded money from Miss Gryce, according to the colored woman. This bore out Fallon's story to Farley. And, as he had decided some little while ago, incredible matters were not to be dimissed because incredible.

He walked to the subway and took an express train south. At Fourteenth Street he alighted and walked up Irving Place. It was the matter of a moment for him to ascertain the new address of the landlady who had been the tenant of the destroyed lodging-house.

She was in the neighborhood and was not averse to recounting the story of her wrongs again.

Farley, as captain of detectives, had read the routine report of the matter. But now, knowing that Lydia Gryce had been named as perpetrator of the outrage, his interest was all in the description of the woman who was supposed to have deposited the bomb in the room of the lodger "Curtiss."

The description answered that of Lydia Gryce. Lydia Gryce was too well known a personage for Farley never to have seen her. Fallon, then, had told the truth in part. And the young lodger, in whose room the bomb had been left, might well have been Deems. Farley knew practically every newspaperman in the city, and the landlady's recounting of the appearance of "Curtiss" made him willing to believe the story of Fallon still further. But why had Deems been masquerading? But such questions could wait. There was no sense in tangling his wits trying to solve every angle at once; one thing at a time.

He was on the threshold when he turned back for one more question: "Any one else come here that might have left the bomb? Think, now. Sure?" The landlady shook her head. "Nobody but a woman leaving washing on the top floor."

"Big bundle?" demanded Farley, quickly.

"Well, yes."

"Who was she?"

THE landlady shook her head. "I dunno. Kinda fat, stodgy, blondish sort of woman—I never saw her before. She insisted that Mr. Taylor—he's a tenant on the fourth floor front of my place that was—that Mr. Taylor had left some washing with her. So I let her go up. She came down in a minute leaving the washing behind her. At least, I suppose she did. She didn't have the bundle—say, she was a kinda German-looking woman, at that."

"Where has Mr. Taylor gone to live?" asked Farley.

"I dunno, but I know where he works."

Farley was in the subway again in five minutes. The morning was advancing, and he was hungry; he was, therefore, not altogether sorry that Mr. Taylor had not arrived at his place of business when he reached there. Sleeplessness is conducive to hunger, and Captain Farley had been up all night. Ordinarily, he went home, like the average citizen, to dinner at seven, but a reorganization of the department had made him, for two weeks, work nights instead of during the days. He had cursed this change many times recently, but now he was grateful for it. It gave him a chance to get in on something and distinguish himself.

But a man could be glad of his opportunity and still be sleepy and hungry. He ate an enormous breakfast and then again approached Taylor's place of business.

Mr. Taylor was not averse to talking. The bomb incident at his boarding-place had varied his drab days as a bookkeeper. He was supplied with conversational material and mental speculation for years to come.

But he knew nothing of any washerwoman. He patronized a Chinese laundry and was perfectly contented. He was sorry not to be able to help the Captain. In fact, if the Captain would come around at lunch—the boss was awful cranky and he couldn't take time off now—he'd advance to the Captain certain theories that he'd formed in regard to the bomb matter.

Captain Farley was grateful but—some other time.

Lydia Gryce had given Fallon a check. Farley was quite convinced of that. But some one else had had the opportunity to commit the very crime, for silence concerning which Lydia Gryce had paid Randolph Fallon money.

Farley would form no snap judgments. Lydia Gryce had been doing secret work for the Government. That was evident from what had been told the Commissioner regarding the story that her father had sent to the *Record* office.

He unfolded, as he settled himself in a subway train, the newspaper that he had bought from a vociferous newsboy outside the station. Avidly he read the whole story.

How Lydia Gryce, who had never, so far as was publicly known, been anything more than a charming member of society, knew the things which were related here, Farley could not understand. But Stephen Gryce had ordered them, so a "box" at the top of the story said, printed. Evidently Gryce feared no libel suits.

And there was material, if the story were false, for a dozen libel suits. The Comte de Grecque was named as von Schoental; it was stated flatly that he was a German spy; conversations between Senator Randall and de Grecque were printed. There was no statement that actually proved that the Senator was guilty of treason, but his political career was ended, that was certain. And bankers were named, and great merchants, all of them German in their nativity or in their ancestry.

It was, Farley shrewdly judged, a story that might have been greatly enlarged upon had there been time, but the circumstances had prevented Lydia Gryce from writing what later information she might have gathered. What sort of circumstances were evidenced in Fallon's dead body, in the raid on Gryce's home?

THAT, too, was referred to in the *Record's* story. The *Record* was none too modest; but, then, Farley admitted, the *Record's* publisher had done a big thing in getting the story to his paper in the moment, almost, of his death.

For that Gryce was alive, Farley could not believe. However, de Grecque was a well-known man; he could hardly hope, with the whole nation knowing of his guilt, to escape. Punishment at least would be visited upon him and his associates. But—finding the whereabouts of those associates——

He left the train at Twenty-third Street and walked east to Lexington Avenue. He had learned something—something that might prove quite important—by visiting Irving Place and, later, Mr. Taylor. He might learn more at the book-shop of Heinrich Graffe.

He started as he looked at the woman

(*Continued on page 87*)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

When Your Heart's in Your Mouth-

Then is when Tire Chains prove their Real value—they add so much to your brake power. Without them brakes would be useless.

It's these *unexpected emergencies* that make a driver think quick and act like lightning. *When suddenly* the children dash out from the pavement and are almost under your wheels before you realize it—you *instinctively* jam down your foot-brake and *frantically grab the emergency.*

What if your brakes slipped and didn't hold? Wouldn't the consequences be awful? It's positively criminal for a driver of a motor car to overlook even the slightest safety precaution. *Unquestionably the most effective supplementary addition to brake power* when the roads and pavements are wet and slippery, is in the use of

WEED TIRE CHAINS

Cars with *chainless tires* on wet-greasy-slippery pavements lack brake power to the same degree as they would if their brake linings were made of wet-greasy-slippery bands of rubber.

Wet rubber slips—never grips. It slides like a cake of soap on moistened hands. It lacks the bite and hang-on ability of chains.

Good brakes and Weed Tire Chains are undoubtedly the *greatest* factor in preventing motor accidents.

It's the height of folly to even attempt to drive without chains on all four tires when the roads are slippery and uncertain.

American Chain Company, Inc.

Bridgeport (A C) **Connecticut**

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada

Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

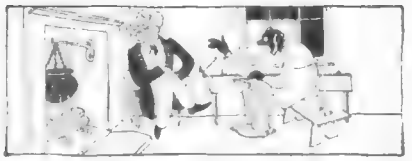
The Complete Chain Line—all types, all sizes, all finishes, from plumbers' safety chain to ships' anchor chain.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

UNDER *the* SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

Drawings by Ralph Barton

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.



UNC WINDSOR was a good old darky and wise as the proverbial serpent. A great favorite he was with the Marster, who loved of a night to slip down to Unc Windsor's cabin and talk with him as he sat before his last, tapping away at his trade of shoemaker. One night the Marster dropped in unexpectedly. Windsor was tapping away as usual, but he kept glancing uneasily at a pot hanging on the crane in the big fireplace. The more the pot bubbled and sizzled, the more Windsor hammered, and the funnier grew the tales he told.

"Somebody's been making off with my suckling pigs at a great rate," grumbled the Marster.

Unc Windsor tapped away sympathetically and changed the subject to the weather.

By and by the water all boiled out of the pot, and there was a sad smell of scorching meat.

"I'll just put more water in the pot," said the Marster accommodatingly, and before old Windsor could stop him, off came the lid.

"Wait, Marster, wait," he hollered. "'Fore you look in, I jest wants to tell you ee mought er turned to pig sence, but dat sho wuz 'possum whut went in de pot."

GEORGE was known to his neighbors as one of those mountaineers who never engage in any form of labor, except as the opportunity offers itself to make "moonshine licker." His wife, Lena, was never idle, and looked upon her husband, the trifling George, as the one grand man and could never explain to herself why she had been so extremely fortunate as to marry him. Hence, she was always anxious to make the most plausible excuse for any of his shortcomings to which her attention was directed.

One summer day when the noonday sun was broiling down upon a small cornfield, and Lena was vigorously hoeing, a passer-by inquired why George, who was on the porch attempting to "fiddle," was not hoeing the corn.

"Wall, you know," said Lena, "the hoe 'anel, hit don't fit George's han'."

ONE evening when little Mary had fractured one of the rules governing table behavior she was removed from the family board and made to eat her dinner at a little table in a corner. Her presence was ignored by the other members of the family.

After a period of silence the family heard her giving thanks. "I thank thee, Lord, for preparing for me a table in the presence of mine enemies."

And that was the last time that Mary ate away from the family table.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN was congested to capacity at the recent athletic carnival for the war fund. In the ring, shrouded by the smoke-filled atmosphere, slashed with incandescent and arc lights, a pair of soldiers were giving an exhibition of bayonet work in realistic fashion. The big fellow had forced the little chap into a corner and seemed about to impale him on the gleaming steel, when a voice from the rafters split the uproar:

"Hey, kid! Pull the trigger!"

JOHNSON was being questioned by the draft board. "Have you had any military experience?" said the examiner.

"Yes, sah. Ah's been shot at twice," Johnson replied proudly.

A YOUNG man was walking through a wood with a gun over his shoulder and his bag full of game which he had shot. He was not satisfied with what he had, and was looking for more, when an excited man with a large tin badge on which was inscribed the one word "Sheriff," came running up to him and demanded: "Haven't you seen the signs which I put up on the trees in this woods?"

"Oh, yes, I saw them," answered the young man; "they said 'No hunting,' but I found some."

LITTLE Susan was entertaining the guest while Mother dressed.

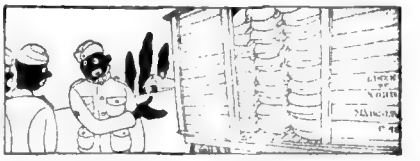
"How is your little girl?" she asked politely.

"I have no little girl," answered the visitor.

"How is your little boy?" Susan asked then.

"I have no little boy," the visitor said.

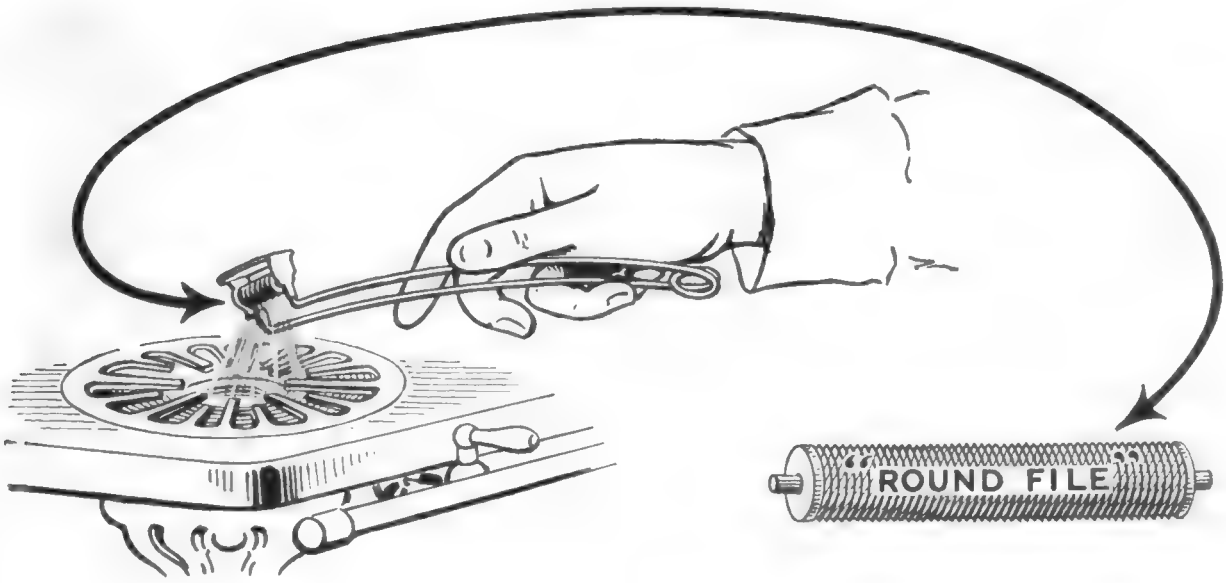
Susan's eyes opened in astonishment. "What kind of a person are you?" she finally asked.



A NEGRO sergeant of the A. E. F. told the negro squad he commanded that they were to go on a detail. Not one of them had ever heard of a detail, but he refused to explain to them what it was. They were marched to a railroad track some miles away, where a line of freight-cars stood. The cars were filled with sandbags which were to be unloaded.

The sergeant pointed to the cars and said, "There am your detail."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



THE ROUND FILE
POPULAR GAS LIGHTER

is such a substantial and reliable article that it is sold as

REDEEMABLE MERCHANDISE

Any dealer or user who is sorry he purchased **Round** File Lighters can have his money back any time.

The **Round** File Lighter saves TIME, DIRT and DANGER.

It is used by thousands of housekeepers and nearly every large automobile manufacturer, steel mill and chemical laboratory in the country because it eliminates the danger of fires, and is such a time-saving and convenient implement.

Do not confuse the **Round** File Lighter with other Lighters which have Flat Files. A Flat File depends on a single surface which is used over and over again. If this surface becomes dull or clogged the Lighter will not work, where a **Round** file may be readily turned to give a new sharp surface so that the user has always an efficient lighter at hand.

There are twenty different places on a **Round** File which may be used, and only one on a Flat File; therefore, up-keep on the **Round** File Lighter consists for a long time of the renewal of the spark metal only, while on a Flat File Lighter, the Lighter itself must soon be replaced.

Try a **Round** File and you will "Never Again" light a gas-stove with a match.

As a Holiday Gift it is especially desirable in these times when it is a public benefit to be economical.

For sale by nearly all Gas Companies and by the House-Furnishing Departments of the more progressive department and hardware stores.

Price 35 cents.

GEO. J. KELLY COMPANY :: Haverhill, Mass.

KELLY'S PRODUCTS O.E.C.T.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

BELGIUM

(*Continued from page 16*)

were the most alarming stories in circulation. The story got abroad that I had been ordered by the Germans to haul down my flag, and the story, after the manner of stories, improved itself so that it sensationally depicted the Germans as tearing down my flag. A dispatch came then, the Seventeenth of February, instructing me that inasmuch as my privileges had been denied I was to leave, unless the privileges were at once restored.

Some days thereafter, on the morning of the twenty-fourth of February, I went over to the Ministry of Industry at eleven o'clock to discuss the matter with Lancken, and as I went in von Moltke said to me:

"You are leaving, then?"

"Yes," I replied, and I knew that what Lancken was going to say would not in the least improve the situation.

I spent two hours with the Baron in that little hot room up-stairs. He was at his best that morning, courteous, smiling, pleasant.

"We shall talk first," he said, "as friends, and then officially."

To begin with, he wished to correct certain misapprehensions. First, the privileges of the Americans in the C. R. B. had never been curtailed, he said, hence it was superfluous to discuss their restoration. In the second place the English, he declared, were trying to inflame American sentiment by reports of mistreatment of the C. R. B. and of me—and to illustrate the point he made a little mock speech in imitation of some imagined British statesman excoriating the Germans as barbarians, though the imitation lacked versimilitude perhaps from the fact that it was made in French. Lancken said then that they greatly desired the relief-work to continue and the Americans to remain; that it was purely an American work, and that they, the Germans, had little faith in the ability of others to carry it on. If it should be necessary in case of war—a word he did not like to utter, and he was happy to say that he thought war now less likely than it had been—he hoped that the organization of the C. R. B. at New York, London and Rotterdam would continue as it had functioned, and that if others had to come in as delegates they could replace the Americans gradually.

"But above all," he said, "we wish you to stay."

COMING at last then, as I supposed, to the point, he said:

"While we shall show you every courtesy and allow you every privilege of a diplomat, we can not officially recognize your diplomatic status because America has broken off diplomatic relations—which we were willing to continue. As to the flag, we should prefer that it be removed because we are on the eve of great battles, the city is full of troops, we do not know what some irresponsible soldier may do, and a regrettable incident might very easily be created."

As for the courier, *Messieurs les militaires* would not consent to my having the regular courier, but I might send my courier by Villalobar's.

"Thank you," I said, "for a prerogative which I already enjoy."

At this he blushed and laughed, and then said that he was going to write me a personal letter.

"I must address you now as Mr. Brand Whitlock, mustn't I?" and he significantly emphasized the word Mister.

"As you wish," I replied.

The letter he was going to write, he said, was to be published later in order to protect himself from any possible accusation that he had not done his best to keep the relief-work going, and I told him then that I should wait until I saw his letter and reply to that. And I came away after two hours conversation which had altered very little the delicacy or embarrassment of my position.

Baron von der Lancken's letter came to me two days later, and it contained nothing that had not already been expressed in the letter he had written to Villalobar.

XCV

THE cold weather moderated, and under the more characteristic downpour of rain Brussels might have worn its normal external air were it not for the fact that the complexion of the world about us is but the reflection of our own. I had not known, even in Belgium, such days of black care and anxiety. The whole question of my own unpleasant position aside, I was almost desperately concerned over the fate of the relief-work and weighed by the responsibility of those forty or fifty men in the C. R. B.

I had asked for written assurances that they could leave the country at any time without molestation, and while these were promised they were not forthcoming; oral assurances had been given, it is true, at the Political Department, but with the Germans one never knew; from every interview with them, even when the most express and formal understanding and agreement had been reached, one came away with an uncomfortable feeling of uncertainty, wondering if, after all——

Brussels just then, of course, could not have been normal in any event or in any weather.

Gradually during those months and years the physiognomy of the city had changed, like the slow and for a long while imperceptible ravages made by some disease on the visage of a friend. The town, once so gay and blithe and charming, had grown gradually sadder; now it seemed morose.

We walked or drove about, as of old, avid of last glimpses of the corners we loved; in the Grand' Place on Ash Wednesday, where the women of the flower market had somehow through all vicissitudes clung to their trade, the colors did not seem so bright. The woman whom we patronized was seated in the fog and rain beside great masses of white and mauve lilacs, and her smile was only a polite adumbration of what it once had been. She had once been so buxom, so lively, so gay, so full of instant repartee. One day, early in the war, noting a great Flemish brooch at her throat I had asked, recalling the visit of the German Emperor and the Empress to Brussels, on which occasion the Empress had economically given a breast-pin to one of the delegation of flower women who came to present her flowers.

"Is that the medal that the Empress of Germany awarded you?"

And the flower woman had retorted:

"Humph! If she had given me anything, I should have sent it back a long time ago, me with two brothers in the Belgian army."

Now she was gay no more, but sad, depressed, and her hollow cough echoed all over the square.

The shops were closed, the people were in rags, the lines at the soup-kitchens trailed their squalid miseries farther and farther down the street; the doors of the *ouvroirs*, those posts of charity where sewing was given out, were besieged by throngs of pale and patient women. The Germans had put their mark on everything in the city; its physical grace and beauty had been marred by the signs in German which they had put up at all newsstands; only German newspapers and German books were sold there, and illustrated journals with their crude and brutal cartoons with never a touch of humor, by which they were then caricaturing the President and Mr. Taft, and Colonel Roosevelt.

The city was crowded with soldiers *en route* for the impending butchery, being sent to the shambles like cattle that went lowing down the Rue Belliard. And there were officers, pink and fat, racing by in motors or insolently swaggering along the boulevards with an arrogance that had all the vulgarity of the *parvenu*. It was even rumored that Brussels was to be placed in the military district.

THERE was still no coal to be had, and because of the lack of it the schools were closed. One of the common sights in Brussels during the severe cold weather was the long lines of great rumbling carts filled with coal jolting heavily along the Rue Belliard. The carts were guarded by German soldiers, for the coal was being put to German uses. But running behind there was always a bevy of little children with baskets picking up the lumps that fell from the carts. Usually the German soldiers paid no attention to them, but one afternoon from my window I saw a soldier seize some lumps of coal from his cart; I thought he was going to give them to the children, but instead he threw them viciously at a little girl who ran away in terror and cowered in the doorway; the soldier leaped down from his cart and caught the little girl, and the little boy with her, and soundly cuffed them both.

We hesitated even to go to see our friends; seen going there, as we should be with such a spy system as prevailed in Brussels, we could only draw suspicion on them, perhaps involve them in difficulties after we had gone. And yet our friends came to see us; they came indeed in great numbers, especially after that blunder of a servant who promptly began distributing all the leave-taking cards I had ordered prepared, to have them ready for the emergency that might come any moment. They came in a kind of panic, and were relieved when they learned that the Americans had not gone.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

In certain of my wanderings, at my favorite bookstalls, some of the antiquarians, certain shops along the Montagne de la Cour, I would be implored by the people to say that it was not true that I was going; for the report had got abroad that we were to remain and the city was partially reassured that the relief work was not going to collapse. And I knew that it was only a postponement; I had not the heart to tell them.

We were indeed all packed and in our normal attitude of sitting on our boxes; there was no official work to do after we had finished all the accounting and turned over the representation of British interests to the Dutch Legation, and that of the Japanese, Servian, Danish and Lichtenstein interests to the Marquis of Villalobar. I had formally turned over to him as well the representation and protection of American interests, and the flag was no longer on the staff.

Cavalcanti, too, was wandering aimlessly about in the rain those days, and he was packed as well, for he expected Brazil to follow soon in the way of honor America had set. And Shu Tze, the secretary of the Chinese Legation, came to see me; he had a dispatch from Peking, all very confidential, saying that China likewise would follow America's example and break off diplomatic relations with Germany; the Chinese wished to go with me when I went and to do in all things as I did—another expression of the confidence that China has in America as a result of John Hay's honest diplomacy.

AND now new problems had arisen, with myriad new complications; first of all there was the problem, vital in the circumstances, as to how the ships were to get through the submarine zone to Rotterdam. Nothing could be done until that route could be agreed upon, and to bring the German Government and the British Government into harmony on this essential point was more than difficult. Lancken had been to Berlin several times, and he came back on Washington's Birthday reporting that the German Government had refused to yield the point. There was another and ancillary problem; there were eighty-five thousand tons of food stuffs belonging to the C. R. B. in English ports, waiting on this decision; the Germans refused to give these ships safe conduct across the North Sea, and the British were threatening to unload the ships and seize the food. When we told the Germans that they were foolish not to allow this food to cross their infested seas, there were only shrugs of shoulders and:

"*Ce sont les militaires!*" (It's military orders.)

The only suggestion they could offer was that eighty-five thousand tons be shipped to Holland in the regular Dutch packets that plied the North Sea, a task that would have taken years.

There were many alternatives proposed; that the whole work of the C. R. B. be turned over to the Dutch Government; that it be turned over to the Swiss Governmedt; that a new inter-Allied commission be formed; and to each of these there was some insuperable obstacle or objection inherent in the delicacies of the situation. And so, argument and discussion and telegrams and cablegrams for days and days, interminable, and no conclusion—the solution would not precipitate.

XCVI

LOOKING back upon those days I do not know how I could have got through them without the support and sympathy and practical sense of Warren Gregory. I shall be betraying no secret now, I trust, if I say that there were times when he shared my own dark forebodings and was convinced that the men of the C. R. B. might never be allowed to leave Belgium at all so long as the war lasted.

And yet, all things and all problems one day are settled, and finally we did agree upon a route for the ships. Then there came a telegram saying that the Queen of the Netherlands and the King of Spain had exchanged messages, the result of which was an accord by which they would continue the relief work. The Dutch Government had already selected the delegates who were to represent Holland in Belgium; it only remained for Spain to do the same. Thus all the other schemes received their quietus.

There was food enough in Belgium on the first of March to last until May, and if we could secure the consent of the Germans to the shipment of the eighty-five thousand tons in England belonging to the C. R. B. the situation could be saved. The C. R. B. had 100,000 tons on the seas and had just purchased 100,000 more in New York and when all this arrived there would be food for Belgium and northern France until September and by that time, of course, the war would be over! Villalobar said that the Germans would grant the ships in English ports safe conducts—though confidence in their assurances was somewhat weakened just then by the fact that only a few days before they had torpedoed six ships belonging to the Dutch Government which they had promised to allow to leave Falmouth harbor.

Walking one morning down the Montagne de la Cour I met Brohn, Reith, Captain von Schlubach and, for the first time in my life, Count von Gersky, of whom I had heard so much from the men in the C. R. B. Count von Gersky was what might have been called an *officier de liaison* between the General Staff in the North of France and the C. R. B. in its work in that region, and he had rendered loyal service to the cause. Mr. Hoover and Doctor Kellogg had always spoken of him with respect. He was a big, fine-looking man who wore a monocle and had a manner that was distinctly English, after his twelve years' residence in London where he had been at the head of the interests of the Hamburg-American line of steamships. He was smiling and pleasant.

"Shall we have war?" he said at once, and I answered his question with a diplomatic shrug of the shoulders, and as careless an "As you please" as I could command. We talked a while there in the street, though rather soberly; the Count said that if we were to abandon the relief, or not to contrive to keep it going, the people in the north of France would have to starve, for the Germans had only enough food for themselves.

I urged that the Spanish and Dutch understudies for the delegates of the C. R. B. be brought immediately into Belgium and asked Villalobar to secure the promised assurances in writing from the Germans as to the immunity of our men, and Villalobar said he would procure them. The skies were beginning to clear.

We watched the spring come once more to Belgium, with pale, melancholy days that would have seemed wholly without hope had it not been for the thought that the great republic in the west was organizing a newer and larger Commission for Relief in Belgium. Our trunks and boxes were all packed and we were ready to leave on a moment's notice, and yet we lived on, as we had lived so long, and had we but known, were destined still to live, *sur la branche* (on the brink). And awaiting thus I sauntered about in that sad Brussels, every familiar corner of which wore for me that air of nevermore. And yet the fatigue from which I suffered had grown so great that I had no emotions left for anything, and stopping in one day for a chat with Desamblanc, an old bookseller, and listening to him talk about bookbinding—he was nourishing an old ambition to write a history of binding in the *Pays Bas*—I wished that I could be as much interested in anything on earth as he was in binding.

DOWN at the Gare de Luxembourg there were daily long lines of women surrendering to the Germans their copper batteries, those pots and kettles which they had polished through so many years, which had been furbished and polished by their mothers and grandmothers before them, to make shining masses of gold in Flemish kitchens, taken from them now to be made into munitions with which to kill the husbands and brothers of those women. In the Bois, where the bright new greens were stealing, there were no smart equipages, no bright toilettes any more, no ladies and gentlemen riding spirited horses, and no lovers courting there; only ragged men in broken sabots, and children, their fingers blue with cold, picking up twigs to make a little fire at home.

One morning, coming back from the Bois, along the Avenue Louise, there near the Place Stephanie, I met my friend de Sincay.

"The Czar has abdicated," he said. "His brother, the Grand Duke Nicholas Alexandrovitch, is regent; there will be a constitutional government."

We stood there and discussed the historical event, the latest of all the prodigious sequels to the French revolution, in that almost indifferent calm which historical events had bred in us. How the world had changed! Revolutions, the fall of dynasties, the crash of empires, these were but stuff for small talk. An event had to be monstrous to interest us. One heard a big story, as the journalists say, every hour or two, and yet, strange and inscrutable irony in things! The very moment in which there was so much news was the one in which censors appeared and a shortage of that paper in which the journalists would have so loved to print it all!

I walked on, thinking of revolutions; would they come everywhere after the war, as so many were saying? "*Gare à la democratie après la guerre!*" (Look out for democracy after the war!) exclaimed a man who did not much believe in democracy one evening, shaking a warning finger at the company in the smoking-room. Every one had been predicting a revolution in Germany since the war began, but it had not come, nor would it, said I to myself.

No, it would never come in Germany unless the Government ordered it. There

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

they went, those men in field-gray, trudging along the boulevard, with stupid, docile, bovine expressions, with the sheer occiputs and narrow craniums, their ears thrust out like those of fauns under their little, round skullcaps.

There was no spirit, no revolt in them; theirs was the only country that had not at some time in its history had a revolution—not that revolutions in themselves were always good things, but they did at least show independence. They had a little row in 1848, immediately put down. They were tame, doubly mastered and enslaved by Bismarck and Karl Marx in perhaps unconscious but nevertheless perfect collaboration, one building up the national sentiment within the nation, the other tearing it down in the nations who were its destined enemies, that those nations might become more easily the prey of the ideas of both. What was it that Heinrich Heine had written of his own people?

The German is like a slave who obeys his master without the need of chains or whip. The naked word and a simple look suffice. The servitude is in himself, in his soul. Worse than material servitude is spiritual servitude.

Terrible words, but alas, too true! Tame, yes, and docile, yet capable of monstrous brutalities and sanguinary cruelties on weak, unarmed civilians, women and children. To such bitter conclusions had the experiences of those years led one at last.

Except for the Russian lady who found a new expression of snobbish distinction by claiming acquaintance with all the great in the Russian world who were daily reported killed, or imprisoned, or exiled, I think we talked more of the retreat of the German army in the north of France than of any other contemporary event, though no one was quite sure it was a retreat. Brussels insisted that it was, because Brussels liked to think of it as a retreat, but the only results noted were the hordes of refugees from evacuated villages in the north of France who came pouring into the Hainault.

They had fled on two hours' notice in fear and terror, leaving their homes, which were in flames before they could pause for a last look at them. They were streaming into Charleroi with bleeding feet, grandfathers and grandmothers bearing frightened children with wild, haunted, haggard eyes. Gregory told us that there were fifty thousand of them, another vast hegira of that civilian population that was swept back and forth in tribal wanderings by the besom of destruction. The Belgian villagers received them with Belgian hospitality; villages of only five hundred inhabitants found means of lodging a thousand, and the C. R. B. fed them. And the vast armies swayed back and forth in that unending struggle.

AND yet life went on, in some of its aspects quite normal; M. Francqui was married during that month, as was his lieutenant, M. Emanuel Janssen, and we all went to the ceremony in the *Eglise de St. Croix*, near the Étang d'Ixelles, one bright spring morning. But, the wedding over, the sun, as though it had appeared for that event alone, went under the gray clouds and it was almost winter again, with the cold, though when the twenty-first, the first day of spring, came, and the ground was well covered with snow, a charming thing befell. In *Le Quotidien*, one of the censored sheets, there appeared a little article that filled Brussels with amazement and delight. Freely translated, it was this:

Him . . .

Spring is not yet here, despite the fatidical date of the twenty-first of March. Once or twice already our hopes have been disappointed. What matter? . . . Astronomy is an exact science, and it is mathematically certain.

His return also is written on the eternal dial of time, and when he makes his triumphal entry into his good city of Brussels, after having waited so long, so impatiently, our joy will be all the greater. That will be the feast of the sun, the feast of the flowers, and the soul of the whole people will commune with Him. . . .

What unknown writer in that meretricious inspired press had still that patriotism in his soul to write a little poem so cleverly that the stupid German censor never saw the allusion that made all Brussels for the moment happy by its pretty conceit, and buoyed up the hopes, and reaffirmed that faith, of which there was imperative need if man was to continue to believe in justice in the universe, in the inevitable coming of that day when the King would return? Whoever he was, he had his sweet satisfaction, atoning somewhat for the treason his necessities tempted him to commit in writing for their press at all. The literal unimaginative German censor never suspected, and when the authorities had the double meaning explained to them, the newspaper was suspended for its audacity.

But the spring was as tardy as the victory, the smiles faded and the people in the dismal streets wore again the old, moody, preoccupied expression of sadness.

"*Vodden en beenen!*" called the old woman in her shrill pipe down the Rue de Trèves every morning under my windows. Ah, yes! Rags and old bones! To this had the glory of war brought down a world that once was lovely in the springtime and full of new hope each morning.

XCVII

SUCH was the ambient element of our life during those strange days of waiting and of worry, while that fatal deadlock perpetuated the uncertainty in the reorganization of the relief-work, opposing opinions, jealousies and judgments seeming strong enough only to equalize and to stabilize each other and produce inertia. It had been plain, I think, to most of us, that with Germany and America at war, the Americans, even if they desired, could not remain long in Belgium, traveling about at their will and pleasure, inspecting the distribution of food and reporting on German interferences and abuses.

But there were some who clung to the illusion that it might be, and clung to it almost to the last, and no argument seemed powerful enough to shake their fatal infatuation. And so all the while, as the two nations were drifting into the inevitable clash of war, Gregory and I kept on urging that provision be made for replacing the Americans. I shall not describe in detail the almost endless and futile conferences in which the matter was discussed, over and over, in a hopeless, vicious circle.

Our meetings, once so interesting, had become dull; the break in diplomatic relations, the coming separation, the impending change, the uncertainty as to the future, the ever-present thought that we were gathered perhaps for the last time, dispirited and discouraged us all, and the weariness of the long strain was apparent to every one. M. Francqui seemed to have no more those jokes, those flashes of wit that had once enlivened us and kept up our spirits. We discussed the reports of abuses, heard that cattle were still being shipped in hundreds, had private information that the authorities were powerless to prevent it—but these things, once so momentous in the trouble they occasioned, seemed now to be small in comparison with the larger problem. There utter weariness, long pauses and silences.

"Well, my dear Minister," said Baron Lambert, rising one day after we had been in discussion for an hour, "I have a feeling that some one should be the first to go, and I'll be that one."

Mr. Gregory produced some effect by his announcement, early in March, that in the event of war he felt that all the Americans should leave at once.

"I know that I shall," he said. "In war a civilian's place is in his own country, or at least not in the enemy's country—if he can avoid it."

But would he be able to avoid it, and would all those other Americans be able to avoid it, if we did nothing?

I URGED again and again that the Dutch and Spanish delegates be brought in and distributed over Belgium. Villalobar approved, as did van Vollenhoven, but Holland was nearer Belgium than Spain, and Dutchmen more accessible than Spaniards, and the Marquis could not so easily or so promptly produce his own countrymen. It is not, I trust, too chauvinistic to say that it was not easy to find men of the character of those who had served without pay, and as volunteers, the Commission for Relief in Belgium.

Then we had what was always to me good news—Kellogg was coming; and we decided to postpone our discussion until he arrived. I had not as yet sent any answer to von der Lancken's letter; I had been hoping that we could reach some solution that would enable me to write definitely, but I could leave it no longer unanswered, and I sent my temporizing reply:

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
Brussels, February 26, 1917.

My dear Baron:

I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your kind letter of even date, in which you reiterate the desire, which you had already expressed in your letter of the tenth of February to His Excellency the Marquis of Villalobar, to see the work of the Commission for the Relief in Belgium continue, and my association with it. As I have written to His Excellency the Marquis of Villalobar in acknowledging receipt of a copy of your letter, the American gentlemen of the Commission for Relief in Belgium are always ready to continue their work in Belgium, as I myself should be happy to remain associated with that work under conditions compatible with the position which I have the honor to occupy in the diplomatic service of the Government of the United States of America.

You are good enough also to remind me of the conversation which I had the pleasure of having with you and in the course of which I told you that if we found means of reconciling the demands of an unprecedented situation I should gladly prolong my stay in Belgium in

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

order to look after the continuation of the proper functioning of the Commission for Relief in Belgium.

I thank you again for the honor you do me in urging me, under the present circumstances, to remain in Brussels, and I shall postpone my departure until the questions still in dispute concerning the relief-work are settled; because I am certain that we all have the same desire to spare no pains in bringing about the accomplishment of this humanitarian work, to which your efforts and your kindness have always been so precious.

Pray accept, my dear Baron, the assurance of my sincerely devoted sentiments.

(s) BRAND WHITLOCK.

My own position was intolerable, and beyond definition. One day the Papal Nuncio came to call on me and, sitting there in his black and violet with the vaguest of notions of how the whole matter stood, he said:

"Vous restez donc comme—chose?" (You are staying after all as—something or other?)

"Yes," I replied, "as something or other." It was the most accurate characterization of my status that could have been devised.

THE town was laughing, just then, as only Brussels could laugh at German clumsiness, at the exposure in America of Zimmermann's plot in Mexico, with its astounding proposal by which, with that generosity it has always displayed in disposing of the territories of other nations, the Empire had offered to Mexico the states of Texas, Arizona and New Mexico if she would go to war with America. Nothing in the whole course of the war had more accurately revealed the German mentality, and at the Political Department there was real chagrin, if not at the miserable trick–at least at the disclosure of it, and Villalobar, joking them there about it, said:

"Quand on veut faire ces choses-là, il faut savoir les faire." (When one wants to do things like that, one must know how to do them.) But to us who knew America it was no laughing matter; the news reached us just as we were waiting for the President's second inaugural and as we were beginning to hear rumors of an extraordinary session of Congress, and we could imagine how the Zimmermann revelation would act on national feeling at such a time.

The German newspapers were sputtering with splenetic rage over the exposure of the plot, and with that peculiarly immature mentality and lack of sense of fair play which characterized them, were complaining of the President, saying that it was unfair of him to expose Zimmermann, and we felt the reaction of all this public feeling.

I was then more than ever anxious to get the C. R. B. men out of Belgium where my long residence under German rule had taught me what they might expect when war should come. I had constant visions of their being deported to Ruhleben, or some such place.

For them Kellogg had come again to Brussels, from Harwich to the Hook of Holland and in a dispatch boat, convoyed by destroyers, and he brought news that because of the Zimmermann note, war was inevitable, and it would come within a fortnight. In the many conferences that followed I urged again and again the one

They Save Teeth Now in a New Way

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

They End the Film

Countless people are now cleaning their teeth in a new way. And modern dentists all over America are urging other people to join them.

The old ways proved inefficient. As millions know, they failed to prevent tooth troubles. Despite the tooth brush, tartar, decay and pyorrhea constantly became more common.

Some years ago the reason was discovered. It lies in a film—a slimy film—which constantly forms on teeth.

That film gets into crevices, hardens and stays. It resists the tooth brush, and most tooth troubles are now known to be due to it.

The film is what discolors, not the teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. And many troubles besides tooth troubles are traced to this germ-breeding film.

After years of research, a way has been found to combat it. Able authorities have proved this fact by adequate clinical tests.

For general use the method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we supply a special tube to all who ask, so the millions may quickly know it.

Let It Convince You

The Pepsodent results are quickly apparent. After a few days' use you will never forget them.

The basis is pepsin, the digestant of albumin; for the film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve the film, then to constantly prevent its accumulation.

But pepsin must be activated. The ordinary agent is an acid, harmful to the teeth. For long that fact made pepsin seem impossible.

Now modern science has discovered a harmless, activating method. Five governments already have granted patents. It is that method which makes possible this efficient application.

Four years have been spent by dentists in proving the value of this product. Now we urge all people to prove it by a home test.

Send the coupon with 10 cents for a special tube. Use it like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

All this means that the film which wrecks teeth can now be effectively combated. And you will never cease to do that when you see what it means to you.

Cut out the coupon now.

SPECIAL 10-CENT TUBE

A size not sold in Drug Stores

THE PEPSODENT CO.,
Dept. 292, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find 10 cents for a Special Tube of Pepsodent.

Name .....

Address .....

Return your empty tooth paste tubes to the nearest Red Cross Station

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

(148)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

possible solution which under the circumstances would insure the continuance of the relief-work—the replacement of the American delegates by Dutchmen and Spaniards, and at last the plan was indorsed by Mr. Hoover and assented to by all.

The agreement came when we were almost in despair. The Germans had not yet given the promised guaranties for the immunity of the men of the C. R. B. and were threatening to hold them in quarantine at Spa, or at Baden-Baden, or somewhere in Germany, and Kellogg hurried out through the closed frontier with our plan, and Gregory arranged to substitute the new delegates as soon as they came in. Even then there were more difficulties and delays which, while they did not concern us directly, did affect us seriously. The proportion of Spaniards to Dutch was of long discussion and Kellogg stopped in Holland until this problem could be solved.

I HAD little notion of what interest the world outside was taking in us until one day Dr. Reith sent to me to ask that in view of the alarming statements that were being published I give a statement to be telegraphed to American newspapers testifying that the Germans had done nothing inimical to the interests of the C. R. B. men and their work.

I replied that it would be time enough to give such a statement when we had the promised assurances, and we got them then in writing, but they provided that the men of the C. R. B. should be held in quarantine in Germany for a month. Inasmuch as the situation in its then unsettled state seemed likely to endure that long, Gregory and I asked the Germans to let the men pass through this period of moral purification in Brussels, where they were then assembled waiting anxiously from day to day some news as to their fate; we pointed out that in all civilized countries some allowance was made, even in the case of criminals, for the period they had passed in jail awaiting decision, and Lancken agreed that this be done, in the case of the delegates in Belgium at least, and a few days later we induced them to reduce by a fortnight the duration of the quarantine.

Then I found that I had another problem on my hands, a problem growing out of the situation of the Chinese, depicted for me by Tchao Itao the Chinese *Chargé*, and Shu Tze, the secretary of the Legation, who came one day for advice. The rupture in their diplomatic relations with Germany was imminent, and their Minister, when he went away in the summer had left a little son behind, a boy of six. They had asked for passports for the boy to go with his tutor to join his father in Switzerland; the passports had been given and then suddenly withdrawn, and a passport was given only for the boy—a lad of six in a strange world, expected to start out on such a journey alone!

But the Spaniards and the Dutchmen arrived at last and on the twenty-second of March Gregory began to install them in place of the Americans. He made the first changes in the north of France, where there were seven of our men, and these were to be sent at once by the Germans to Baden-Baden to be quarantined for a fortnight; we had induced the Germans to shorten the period of cleansing to that length of time. Mr. Prentiss Gray had volunteered to remain as Director for a while to instruct the new men in their duties after Mr. Gregory's departure, if Mr. Gregory ever got away, which sometimes we doubted.

The news that crept in between the shining wires at the frontier was to the effect that all America was in the vast excitement of the honeymoon of war, so long ago experienced and forgotten by us. The delegates were waiting in Brussels, confined to the limits of the city on parole, and there is little doubt that all the time when the promised guaranties of immunity were from day to day delayed, the Germans intended to hold them as hostages. I had it from an excellent source, and the Germans explained their reluctance to give the assurances concerning them by alleging a fear that the Americans might mistreat Germans in America. It was with such possibilities suspended over them that they waited and I waited.

It came at last on Sunday, the twenty-fifth of March, a telegram from the President himself, resolving all hesitations, putting an end to the delay. At tea time Villalobar came in, his face long and dark. Gregory happened to be with me. The Marquis had a telegram from his colleague at The Hague. It was this:

The United States Representative begs that Your Excellency transmit to the American Minister at that capital the following cablegram dated at Washington, March twenty-third, and coming from the Secretary of State:

At the request of the President I transmit instructions to you to leave Belgium immediately, accompanied by the personnel of your Legation, by the American consular officers and by the members of the Commission for Relief in Belgium. The Department begs you to telegraph the probable date of your departure from Belgium, as well as the route which you will follow, and your plans.

It was a distinct relief, and Gregory sprang up at once to send the Dutch and Spanish delegates that night into the provinces.

We dined at Gregory's that night, Lancken, Reith, Brohn, von Schlubach, the Ruddocks, Mr. and Mrs. Gray, my wife and I, and we sat after dinner in Gregory's comfortable drawing-room before the fire of coals in the grate, talking of everything but the war. Mr. Gregory's German guests were all in good humor, laughing, talking as though they found the drawing-room comfortable. Neither Gregory nor I mentioned the telegram, or made the startling communication we could have made, though we exchanged glances now and then that recognized the eternal ironic contrast between the human drama and the scene in which it is enacted.

XCVIII

THE next morning I went to see Lancken. When I told him the news, there in that little hot room up-stairs at the Ministry, he looked grave for a moment, then he said that there was nothing to be done but to bow to the inevitable.

He was pleasant, expressed regret at my departure, said that he was glad to say that despite all the difficult and delicate questions we had treated in the two and a half years our personal relations had always been pleasant, and that he had grown to have a friendship for me. I thanked him for his courtesy. He asked me for a day or two in which to make arrangements for the passports; there would be a sleeping-car for the Legation staff, the best he could contrive in view of the difficulty in transportation just then because of the movement of troops. But he feared that it would be impossible to give us a special train so that we could all go out together. As to the consuls and the C. R. B., he would know more the following day. We chatted some time under the absorbing influence of the thought of war between our countries.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, "friends since the time of Frederick the Second!"

He feared that the English would seize the occasion to stop the relief-work, but I told him that only the Germans could do that; that if they continued to permit the abuses it would stop, but that it would all go on well if they put an end to them. He promised that the Governor-General would take drastic measures. He thought we were nearing the end of the war because of the Russian revolution; there would soon be a separate peace with Petrograd, he said, and perhaps with another nation, though he did not vouchsafe which one.

THE news flew at once over the town, in that mysterious way it always had in Brussels; friends came to bid us farewell, and when I went for a last look at the corners of the old town I had grown to love so deeply, in every one of the familiar shops where I stopped the people were already sorrowfully aware that at last we were going. And in the afternoon of that long day, as I was having my tea alone, I received a letter from the *Comité National*, signed by M. Solvay and M. Francqui, a letter that I read not without emotion.

Among my callers that afternoon was a German officer of reserves, a man for whom I had come to have much respect. He was highly educated and there was much good in him, such limitations as he had being essentially Teutonic. I had talked often with him; he used to explain to me the well-known German conception of war as a biological struggle of the human species destined to go on forever—that misunderstanding of Darwinism with which they had dosed their muddled philosophy. Now that this struggle for life was on between his species and mine, he was deeply shocked and grieved, and yet not at all unfriendly.

Sitting there holding his great helmet between his knees, his face grown dark and sad, he spoke very earnestly of the impending conflict. He had not expected war, he said, as though he had cause for grievance, and he assured me that all Germans felt very bitterly toward America for having furnished munitions to the Allies; America had been Germany's worst enemy; for since the Allies were not ready Germany would have won the war if America had not furnished munitions, and enriched herself in so doing. He said that we had not been neutral, that we had not insisted on protecting our commerce with Germany, that is, had not insisted on England's allowing American ships to pass the blockade.

I tried to explain to him the theory of a blockade, but there was no explanation that I could make understandable to him. He began then about the submarines, carefully explained to me that the German Government could not accede to America's demand, could not observe the rule as to giving warning to a ship, because if a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

submarine showed itself it could be instantly sunk.

"You see," he said, with an air of happy illumination, "the submarine is a new invention; it changes the conditions of warfare; the old rules can not be applied to it; America should have seen this and governed herself accordingly."

"But," I said, "do you think that you can change the rules of the game to your own advantage while the game is going on, just because you are losing?"

He stared at me. He did not see the point. They have, as I have said, no games in Germany, no sense of sport, or the sense of fair play that sport develops. A disarmed foe, a handicapped adversary—so much the better.

It was plain from the manner of all the Germans that I met at this time that none of them had expected America to take up the challenge, and that the German Government had not expected it, for they of course were but reflecting the opinion of Berlin. "A strong protest, certainly," as Lancken had said, but no more.

THEIR state of mind revealed the profound depths of cynicism to which their philosophy of life had sunk them. They did not understand America, of course; not many Europeans ever had understood her. Many have noted her superficial defects, as did Dickens and Mrs. Trollope and most of those who wrote books about us after a brief visit to our shores; the only ones who apprehended the secret were Lord Byron and, long before, the young de Tocqueville. But to the others she lay off there in the West, dim and mysterious; and in reply to their snobbish criticisms there was only the scornful laugh of the Genius of These States echoing in sovereign indifference from his mountain top afar in the West. The conventional, continual conception of us was that of a coarse, crude, ill-mannered, boorish person, with money to throw away. The most indulgent is that of the French cinema, which may be resumed by imagining William Gillette playing the part of a multi-millionaire, cold, practical, recklessly generous, in immaculate evening dress, somewhat nonchalantly chewing a cigar, and now and then, when in a tight pinch, calmly drawing a six-shooter. A charming lady at Brussels one evening remarked to me at dinner that it must be most uncomfortable to live in those sky-scrapers and to be known by a number.

But the most unflattering conception was that of the Germans, who thought us as grossly materialistic as themselves, and great hypocrites in the bargain, pretending to a morality in which we did not believe. Of the essential idealism of America they had literally no notion. Their view of human society in general was no more generous than that of Talleyrand, who carried disillusion to the point of an extravagant and utter negation, though they lacked the wit of Talleyrand, that makes cynicism and pessimism agreeable.

They were so imbued with the cynicism that prevailed in European chancelleries for decades if not centuries that they considered President Wilson's exposition of principles and ideas merely as some new and rather clever political camouflage. It never occurred to them to take it seriously; and, failing to see in the notes and speeches in which that exposition had been made

Gray Hair Restored

In From 4 to 8 Days

A Great Discovery

GRAY haired women need not be handicapped by their whitening locks, either in business or socially. The natural color can be restored in from 4 to 8 days with a clear, colorless liquid applied by combing through the hair.

This great discovery is of vital importance now, when so many home women must become bread winners. Now, today, before you start on your new work, send for a free trial bottle of

Mary T. Goldman's
Hair Color Restorer

Not a crude dye, naturally repulsive to fastidious women, but a pure, clean preparation which doesn't interfere with shampooing or curling. Its use is as permissible as that of the powder which every woman knows she needs.

Send for Free Trial Bottle

Cut out this coupon *now*, fill it out and send it.

Mark on it the natural color of your hair—is it black, dark brown, medium brown or light brown? Better still, enclose a lock in your letter.

We will send a trial bottle and special comb by return mail. You can buy the full sized bottle at your druggist's, or direct from us if you prefer.

Remember, when the first gray streaks appear is the time to begin with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and mail the coupon for the free trial bottle today.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
924 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn.
Established 50 Years

(191)

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
924 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer

The natural color of my hair is

black ☐ dark brown ☐
medium brown ☐ light brown ☐

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....*Co.*.....*State*.....

YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE BEAUTIFUL EYEBROWS and LASHES

They add wonderfully to one's beauty, charm and attractiveness. A little

Lash-Brow-Ine

applied nightly, will nourish, stimulate and promote growth of eyebrows and lashes, making them long, thick and lustrous. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. *Two Sizes, 50c and $1.00.* Send price and we will mail you "LASH-BROW-INE" and Maybell Beauty Booklet, "*The Woman Beautiful*," prepaid, under plain cover. Thousands have been delighted by the results obtained by its use; why not you? Remit by coin, currency, U. S. stamps or money order. *Satisfaction assured or price refunded. Avoid disappointment with imitations. Get the full name correct—"LASH-BROW-INE."*

MAYBELL LABORATORIES, 4305-19 Grand Blvd., CHICAGO

LEPAGE'S GLUE HANDY TUBES
"MEND—DON'T SPEND"

is made by the
RUSSIA CEMENT CO. GLOUCESTER, MASS.
who also make and guarantee

SIGNET
THE PERMANENT INK

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the careful, patient, orderly pleadings on which the great liberal leader was preparing to try the cause of humanity before the bar of history, unable to perceive the point where the issues at last were joined, they supposed he would go on with the ideal exposition, and leave them to continue the realistic work of the submarines.

The days that followed were filled with good-bys. I went one afternoon for tea with Madame Errera in her house in the Rue Royale, at the corner of the Rue Belliard, a fine old mansion, pure Louis XIV.; it had once been the palace of a bishop. From the window of the salon I looked down on that spot where once stood the *pensionnat* Heger, with its memories of Charlotte Brontë. In her day it was reached by the stairs that ascend behind the statue of Comte Belliard, but it is all gone now, to make place for the great central railway station that was a part of the vast design Leopold II. had for beautifying Brussels.

And gazing down there, thinking of Charlotte Brontë and of her affection for the master of the school, I had not only that regret which one feels in leaving a place where one has lived and to which one has grown attached, but the regret of not having hunted out all the literary landmarks of Brussels; on that very spot before my eyes the impressionable Irish girl had lived and suffered; beneath the slender, delicate spire of the Hôtel de Ville, hung like a scarf of lovely lace in the pale spring sky, there on the Grand' Place was the house where Victor Hugo had lived while he was making his studies for the battle of Waterloo; just across the park was the home where Byron once stayed; not far away was the building where there had been

"the sound of revelry by night,"

whence *George Selby* had gone forth to battle on whose field he was found the next morning, as Thackeray has put it in one of those rare dramatic moments in fiction that make one gasp: "lying on his face, dead."

Baudelaire, rolling his splenetic eye on the crowds of that humanity which he hated in his sick heart, had roamed those very streets and lived under those huddled roofs; and Motley, secretary of the American Legation long ago, had delved here for his great history of William the Silent. I had intended to hunt all this out and to write it down, and now it was too late; the task could only be added to that great mass of unfulfilled intentions, and now never to be realized, the mass that grows so great and intensifies its reproach as we grow old—nevermore! nevermore!

I WENT the next morning to talk with von Moltke about the train; there was hemming and hawing; it would be impossible to get a special train, all of us could not go at once.

"Very well," I said, "if there are several trains, I shall go on the last."

"Why?"

"Why? Because when the ship is wrecked the captain goes over the side last.

Thus, to the old uncertainties so long endured, there came a new uncertainty as to whether we should go out at all. I had asked for a special train in which to take the Legation staff, the consuls and their families, the C. R. B., and, the Chinese Government having broken off diplomatic relations with Germany, Sven Pousette (Swedish Minister), then charged with the representation of Chinese interests, had officially renewed the request of our Chinese colleague that I take them out too. But as von Moltke had intimated, it was proposed that the Legation go one day, the consuls a few days later, and last of all the men of the C. R. B. It was told me that Lancken had been seen very dark of visage, very much worried, and that he had said that Berlin had ordered that we be put out by Denmark, there to take ship to America—a petty reluctance to recognize the Belgian Government in exile at Havre, or its existence! He had telephoned to Berlin, however, and had that order revoked.

MEANWHILE, in the midst of all these uncertainties and the anxieties, the Legation continued to be thronged with callers who came to bid us farewell, the expression of that Belgian gratitude which was so real, so overwhelming and so constantly expressed that I was oten embarrassed by it. All the officials, all the notables of the city, all our friends, came, and it was beautiful and touching, but no expression was more so than the call of Cardinal Mercier.

He came Thursday afternoon at tea time, tall, majestic, with the simplicity of the truly great—such blue eyes of virtue and lofty courage! He was accompanied by the Reverend Père Rutten, who wore the white robe of a Dominican father, back in Belgium again after many adventures; I had crossed the sea with him on my return from America in 1915. His Eminence expressed sorrow; and showed sorrow, at our going. He spoke with beautiful appreciation of America and what America had done for Belgium, and said that Belgium had lost her "stay and support"—*"L'Amérique—la force, l'autorité d'une grande nation"* (America—the force, the authority of a great nation.) His voice was vibrant with emotion; he was still a moment, and bowed his gray head.

I told him after the war he would have to make a voyage to America where he was so much loved and admired, and when I related how Protestant clergymen and Jewish rabbis had united with priests of his own faith to praise his courage and extol his patriotism, he looked at me in astonishment. He said he was too old to undertake the voyage, he feared sea-sickness, but I assured him that in the summer the ocean for him would be as smooth as the lakes of Ixelles.

I can not give all the conversation; it is his personality that charms. Over and over again he thanked me for what, as he was generous enough to say, I had done for Belgium. The effect of his visit was most uplifting. He is one of those great personalities that, in a world crowded with little men, lift themselves far above the mass and by sheer force of moral greatness radiate sweetness and light. In his presence all cares, all petty feelings and fears fade away; one is before eternal verities, and we felt that night as though we had a prophet in the house. Did not our hearts burn within us as he talked with us by the way?

On Friday morning—we counted those last days as a prisoner might—Gregory arrived early to say that Reith had told him that the C. R. B. could not go out until the sixth of April, a week hence. I sent Ruddock at once to tell von Moltke that if the C. R. B. did not go on Monday I should not go; that they might do as they pleased, I would not go before the C. R. B.

Then, Lancken sent to know if I could receive him at eleven o'clock; then he postponed the visit until afternoon and something, some prescience, I know not what, told me that he was leaving on one of those trips to Berlin. At five o'clock that afternoon, scrupulously groomed as ever and smart in the light bluish-gray uniform that so well set off his handsome figure, wearing side arms, he came to make his *adieux*; he was going to Berlin that night—to be gone a week.

We had tea, and when he and my wife and I had chatted for a while, he began to discuss the plans for our departure, beginning with the statement that Sherman, our vice-consul at Antwerp, might be detained, as having been too pro-English, but I was able to persuade him out of that notion and to induce him to forego that measure. Then he said that my train would be ready for Monday, but—the usual, sinister "but" for which I was waiting—the C. R. B. could not go until the sixth, because Gregory had fixed that day.

"Very well," I said, "then I shall not go until the sixth."

He looked up in surprise; that would make trouble, he said; he would not be responsible for the military, they might do anything.

"Very well, let them do anything," I replied; "I will not go first, but last."

He said that it would be very difficult to change the arrangements and to send the C. R. B. Monday; the military might insist on their going into quarantine; there were difficulties—of all sorts.

"That is a grave decision," he said solemnly. "And you would accept all the consequences of it?"

"I do not know what you mean by 'the consequences,'" I replied, "but let them be as grave as they will—imprison me, shoot me in the Grand' Place—so be it; I accept them. I will not leave first. With us the captain leaves the bridge only after all the others."

He promised to do all he could, and again expressed regret at seeing me go. He said he thought we should meet again soon, that the war was nearly over.

"Perhaps at the peace congress," he added.

THAT evening I had another, a very urgent telegram from the Department of State ordering me to leave at once. There was another telegram that evening from Liège, with shocking news; Heingartner, our consul there, had died suddenly of heart failure, and I sent Cruger at once to Liège to close the consulate.

But that night the seven C. R. B. men from the north of France left; that much at least was accomplished. And the next morning von Moltke telephoned that the train would be ready for Monday at six o'clock, for the C. R. B., the consuls, even for the Chinese who would go out with us.

That day there was a grand luncheon at the *Taverne Royale*, given by the C. N. to the departing Americans. Villalobar, van Vollenhoven, Lambert, Janssen and all the members of the C. R. B. were there, and M. Francqui made a touching speech and I responded, and with much genuine regret and sorrow we bade farewell to the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

good friends with whom we had labored so long.

Our going seemed now certain enough to warrant us in sending out the cards that had so long been prepared, and the rest of that day was crowded with farewells. My wife and I went with Josse Allard out to the little house in the Rue Vifquiers for one last look at the paintings of old Jan Stobbaerts, and all the remaining hours until evening were taken up with receiving at the Legation those who came to bid us farewell; there were the Governor and the directors of the *Banque Nationale*, Burgomaster Lemonnier and the aldermen, come to present an address from the City of Brussels, and on Sunday it was the same, people came all day long, among them Burgomaster Franck, on behalf of the city of Antwerp. Then late in the afternoon my wife and I took a last walk along the boulevard in the soft spring rain, and that night dined at the Allards.

XCIX

IT WAS Monday, the second day of April, and, unless some new complications, some new change in the scheme of things should arise, our last in Brussels; the trunks and the boxes that had been so long packed and waiting were in the corridors. And there was the confusion of last hurried preparations, streams of callers, masses of flowers, and the weariness of the reaction after the long strain we could not yet realize as over. We of the Legation staff were twenty in all; there were fifteen persons belonging to the consulates, about forty men of the C. R. B., and about eighteen of the Chinese Legation. We were to have luncheon that day at the residence of Burgomaster Lemonnier in the Avenue Louise; Villalobar was to be there, and van Vollenhoven, and the aldermen of Brussels with their wives. The luncheon was to be at one o'clock; we were to leave at 5:10.

At ten o'clock in the morning I was passing through the lower hall of the Legation; suddenly a German soldier stood before me at the salute; he was, from his costume, a courier and he showed the signs of having had a long ride on the motorcycle that stood outside the door. He gave me a great envelope; I opened it and read an invitation from the Governor-General to luncheon at Trois Fontaines, at one o'clock. I had not seen Baron von Bissing since his return from Wiesbaden; he had been ill ever since returning from his cure, and when I had asked von Moltke, the day before, when I might go to say my farewell, he had not been sure that the Governor-General's health would permit him to receive me. And now, this invitation—for one o'clock, the very hour for which I had accepted at the Burgomaster's. The eternal complication, then, down to the very end.

The courier was to wait the response and he stood there immobile, at attention. I thought an instant, then suddenly the solution flashed through my mind; the only advantage which the complication of Belgian time and German time had ever presented; one o'clock by the Governor-General's time was noon by the Burgomaster's, and:

"With pleasure," I said.

Trois Fontaines is, as perhaps I have made clear somewhere in this long narrative, on the other side of Vilvorde, ten miles from Brussels; I consulted Eugène's

300 Games in One

300 fascinating, fun-filled games—countless evenings of innocent amusement for your entire family—are packed into each inexpensive deck of

BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

the cheapest high-grade cards made. They are clearly printed, with large, easily read indexes. They have such a splendid, durable finish that the most awkward player can shuffle and deal without error. They are the best cards for home use.

The new edition of the "Official Rules of Card Games" tells you how to play these 300 games; gives the latest rules for every one of them. It describes easy games, difficult games, games for any number of players. It will increase your pleasure in your patriotic evenings at home. *250 pages. Sent postpaid for only 20 cents in stamps. Send for your copy today.* Address

THE U. S. PLAYING CARD COMPANY

(Also makers of Congress Playing Cards. Art backs. Gold edges. For social play, gifts and prizes)

Dept. B-3 Cincinnati, U. S. A. or Windsor, Canada

MONEY for MINUTES

Why not have enough money when all you need to do is to turn your spare time into gold?

If you have a few odd moments each day and can use $10.00, $50.00 a month extra, we shall be glad to tell you about our spare-time money-making plan.

There is an opportunity in your vicinity now. All you need is a little spare time and use for extra money. You don't invest a cent. We send you full particulars and all supplies free—write us at once.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE
257 Butterick Building, New York

Deformities of the Back

Greatly benefited or entirely cured by the Philo Burt Method.

The 30,000 cases successfully treated in our experience of over 17 years is absolute proof of this statement.

No matter how serious your deformity, no matter what treatments you have tried, think of the thousands of sufferers *this* method has made well and happy. We will prove the value of the Philo Burt Method in *your* own case.

The Philo Burt Appliance on 30 Days' Trial

Since you run no risk there is no reason why you should not accept our offer at once.

The photographs here show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjustable the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturing plaster, leather or steel jackets. To weakened or deformed spines it brings almost *immediate* relief even in the *most serious cases*. You owe it to yourself to investigate it thoroughly. The price is within reach of all.

Send for our Free Book today and describe the nature and condition of your trouble as fully as possible so we can give you definite information.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.
204-S Odd Fellows Bldg., Jamestown, N. Y.

HOME STUDY
(27th Year)

Historical background of the War. Elementary Spanish and more than 400 other Academic and professional courses are offered by correspondence.

The University of Chicago
Division S, Chicago, Ill.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

he said he could drive it in fifteen minutes—perhaps less.

My wife was to go to the Burgomaster's and explain that I had been sent for by the Governor-General.

At five minutes before one o'clock, German time, I was halted by a balking donkey on the bridge at Vilvorde; a great crowd of laughing peasants tried to persuade him to make way, but he was obstinate; finally the men picked him up bodily and set him to one side, and at one o'clock I drove into the great park at Trois Fontaines, past the lodge where the squadron of Imperial Guards, muffled in great coats, were sitting on their horses there in the wind that blew out their horses' tails, and a moment later was received by the Governor-General and the Baroness von Bissing.

THE old Governor-General was feeble and haggard and looked much older; he walked stiffly and with difficulty, but he and his frail, slender, little Baroness smiled and received me cordially. They had a young son, a lad of fifteen wearing the cadet uniform of some military training school and already clicking his heels with a sharp report and saluting with the best of them. Count Ortenberg and several other members of the General's staff were there, and two guests, one of whom it was whispered to me was a great doctor of divinity and famous German theologian, whose name I did not learn. He was an enormous superman with a bristling belligerent pompadour, great glistening spectacles, a high yawning collar, a frock coat that widened gradually from his narrow shoulders to its wide skirts below, the whole terminating at the floor in boots with glistening patent-leather tips.

The famous theologian was seated at the Baroness's right at luncheon, and I at her left, the Governor-General in the seat opposite his wife. The luncheon was the modest repast served always at that table, and the talk was not animated. Once during the meal the Governor-General lifted his glass and drank to my health; and once he looked up and said, in his heavy voice:

"You are going away then?"

"It seems so," I said.

And then in a kind of rage he almost roared:

"And why?"

As who should say, "What nonsense for you to go to war!" He said that he was sorry to see me go, that the relief-work would not go on so well.

And that was about all; the Baroness said she regretted the necessity for the submarine war, but that the English would never learn otherwise.

I was glad when the luncheon was over and glad that the coffee and cigarets were served at the table. When we arose the Governor-General, as we chatted for a moment, said he knew how hurried I was, and I took advantage of the remark to make my compliments and *adieux* at once. The famous theologian left, too, immediately after me, and as I went out of the hall I saw him drop to one knee before the Governor-General, the representative of the imperial power and majesty, and heard the concussion of the loud, moist kiss which the reverend one planted on the hand of the Governor-General.

We raced back to town and I arrived at the Burgomaster's as they had sat down to table, and sighed with relief to be among my good friends once more—and did my diplomatic best to eat another luncheon.

VILLALOBAR came to us at half-past four that afternoon, and he and my wife and I had tea together in the sadness of those last moments. His motor, with the pretty red and yellow flag, the colors thenceforth to fly over the American legation, was at the door to take us to the Gare du Nord; the motor of the Dutch Legation, with its orange flag, was there as well; and presently, bidding good-by to Gustave, and Joseph, and Colette, and Josephine, and Cecile, those servants who had been so faithful and so true during those trying days—Eugène and Marie were going with us—we drove away from the Legation amid their tears.

In the Place Rogier, at the entrance to the Gare du Nord, a great crowd was gathered, a crowd that filled all the space within the station. There had been of course no public announcement of our going, the hour was not known, yet the word had gone about in Brussels. And there, outside, and more inside, the crowd stood in silence. As we left the motors to enter the station the men gravely uncovered, and the women were in tears. It was very still; now and then a child was held out to me, its little hands outstretched, and low voices beside said:

"Au revoir—et bientôt!"

"Till we meet again—and soon!"

The crowd was massed inside the station and the words were repeated over and over in that most affecting of farewells:

"Au revoir—et bientôt!"

All our friends were there, come to bid us good-by, and friends of the members of the C. R. B., all the remaining members of the diplomatic corps, the city officials, representatives of the *Comité National*, and when old M. Solvay, his eyes filled with tears, and M. Francqui and M. Emanuel Janssen came together to shake my hand—I could no longer speak.

Mr. Prentiss Gray, who had not only courageously volunteered to remain, but had insisted on remaining, to help instruct the new delegates and to install his successor, was there to see us off.

The long train was drawn up under the sheds. Count von Moltke himself was at the turnstile; the young Baron von Falkenhausen, who was to escort us across Germany to the Swiss frontier at Schaffhausen, was there; we went out on to the platform.

Then the long farewells and the banalities with which the last moments are filled; finally, the men of the C. R. B., the consuls, the Chinese, got aboard, the masses of flowers were carried into the coach. Then some one said that Josse Allard was there, that he could not get through the stile. I ran back, caught his eager face in the crowd, waved to him, and the crowd cheered. It was the only sound they had made, and, for their sake, fearing a demonstration, I hastily withdrew and ran back to the carriage. I bade Lambert and then, the last, Villalobar, good-by. He presented my wife with the bouquet of forget-me-nots he had brought, and handed her into the train. The Baron von Falkenhausen mounted the steps; von Moltke who had been so kind, who had so admirably made all the perfect arrangements, stood at the salute. I climbed aboard. The train was moving.

AS WE drew out of the city I looked out of the window of our coach. Far across the expanse of rails, at the end of a street which came down to the edge of the wide way, at the barrier of a grade crossing in Schaerbeek, a great crowd was gathered, and as the train passed, above the mass of faces blurred by the distance, there burst a white cloud of fluttered handkerchiefs.

I went into the compartment alone and shut the door.

THE END.

EVERYBODY'S GOES TO FRANCE

SOMEWHAT more than a year ago the Editor of EVERYBODY'S, Howard Wheeler, cabled us from France that he had secured for EVERYBODY'S the American Minister's story of Belgium, which has been running in these pages during the past year and is concluded above. It was the greatest story of the war up to that time, and, from the eager attention with which it has been read all over America during the critical days of the war which have just closed, it has been the greatest story of the year.

As this is written, Mr. Wheeler is again leaving for France. The days and weeks that are coming will be the most tremendous of the war, and the stories that will come out of Europe—of crucial battles, of liberated nations, of crumbling dynasties, of the reconstruction of a continent, and all the things with which the imagination invests the closing of this gigantic struggle—these will be the greatest stories of the war.

It is that EVERYBODY'S may be in the centre of them, on the scene amid the great finale, and that its readers may have the biggest of the stories that come out of it, that the Editor has gone to Europe, with a staff of able assistants, to establish headquarters there during these swift-moving, world-significant days.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

POETRY *of the* WAR

Private Nucome

By Arthur Royce Macdonald

PRIVATE NUCOME came from Kansas—
Just a tiller of the land,
Short and stocky, shy on letters.
But plumb full o' grit and sand.

Private Nucome came from Kansas—
Picked and glad to do his bit;
Standin' all the captain's funnin—
Never took no heed of it.

My heart yearns for Private Nucome—
He's a soul the same as me—
Just the same as all the others
Who've took stock in Liberty.

Kind o' gets me 'bout the kiddin'—
Ridiculin' 'fore the rest—
'Cause a man ain't up on English
Don't prove what's behint his vest!

Every man can't go to college—
They's a heap more couldn't farm;
And his not a bein' cultured
Don't do Captain Black no harm.

If he's willin', that's the ticket;
If he tries, that man will win,
Bravin' all them weary marches
From the Marne to Hock Berlin!

Private Nucome, count me for you—
Let me mit that calloused hand. .
When it's over, tote your kit bag
Back to Kansas and the land!

The Ultimate Bliss

By Carolyn Wells

AFTER the war is over,
After I get back home,
I have but one ambition
Under the heaven's dome;

After the war is over
(That is, if I'm not dead),
I shall be happy all over,
I'm going to bed in a Bed!

The Mountain Mother

By Grace Hazard Conkling

"THE fighting British have gone smashing through
Along a ten-mile front!" The news she had
Made her voice tremulous, she was so glad:
"And the Americans were in it, too!
'Don't let them win that victory without you:
It's men, more men they need!' I told my lad"—
Her worn face had forgotten to be sad,
For joy of soldier-boys who dare and do.
She is postmistress on a mountain-slope
Where steep New Hampshire farmlands cling and climb
And every noon, the tardy war-news read,
She talked of Dick, drafted in June. "I hope
They've sent him out: I want him there in time
To do his bit!" was what this mother said.

Taps!

By John T. Troth

EDDIE, an' Jim, an' Squint-eye Joe,
Barefooted, freckled, an' tanned,
Lay on their backs, with their moth-eaten pup,
In the warm September glow;
An' told what they'd be when they growed up—
Eddie, an' Jim, an' Joe!

Eddie, an' Jim, an' Squint-eye Joe
Were bound to be richer'n kings!
Eddie's ambition a judge's wig—
Jim would explorin' go,
An' Joe'd be a actor, when *he* got big—
Eddie, an' Jim, an' Joe!

Eddie, an' Jim, an' Squint-eye Joe
Lie on the shell-torn earth!
Jim drags Joe to a crater's brink,
Where Eddie, dyin' below,
Beckons, an' gives 'em his last drop to drink—
Eddie, an' Jim, an' Joe!

Eddie, an' Jim, an' Squint-eye Joe
Lie on their backs, asleep:
Their Great Adventure has come, and passed,
And crosses three, in a row,
Tell that they're richer than kings, at last—
Eddie, an' Jim, an' Joe!

Richard Lovelace and Richard Smith

By Mary Carolyn Davies

LUCASTA, on the day when he left you to go to the wars,
Your sweetheart, Richard Lovelace,
Did your heart beat chokingly when he whispered those words to you?
Were the quick tears tangling your lashes
And blinding your terror-stricken eyes, when he said,

"Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I flee.

"True, a new mistress now I chase:
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

"Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore:
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

Yesterday, when Dick Smith, who grew up next door to me, went to the front,
He did not bend down from a jeweled saddle
To take the last kiss;
He leaned out from a window in the day coach,
Crowding past pushing heads and khaki shoulders,
And kissed me,
And, over the noise of frantic farewells trampling each other, he shouted:

"So long, kiddie! Be good to yourself!
I won't come back
Till we've hanged the Kaiser
To one of his own linden-trees!"

He didn't say it as poetically as *your* Richard did,
But he meant exactly the same thing.

Digitized by Google
Generated for UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The BRANDING-IRON

(*Continued from page 24*)

"It's a pome on a card what father had stuck ag'in' the wall." She began to recite, her eyes fixed upon him with child-like gravity: " 'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadows, thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' "

Holliwell had taken the pipe from between his teeth, had straightened up. Her deep voice, the slight swinging of her body to the rhythm she had unconsciously given to her lines, the strange glow in her eyes—Holliwell wondered why these things, this brief, singsong recitation, had given a light thrill to the surface of his skin, had sent a tingling to his finger-tips. He was the first person to wonder at that effect of Joan's cadenced music. "The valley of the shadows—" she had missed a familiar phrase and added value to a too-oft-repeated line.

"Joan! Joan!" said the "sin-buster," an exclamation drawn from him on a deep breath. "What an extraordinary girl you are! What a marvelous woman you are going to be!"

Joan looked at him in a silence of pure astonishment and that was the end of their first real talk.

CHAPTER FIVE
Pierre Becomes Alarmed About His Property

THE next time Holliwell came, he brought the books, and, finding Pierre at home, he sat with his host after supper and talked men's talk of the country, of game, of ranching, a little gossip, stories of travel, humorous experiences, and Joan sat in her place, the books in her lap, looking and listening.

John Carver had used a phrase, "when you see her eyes lookin' at another man—" and this phrase had stuck in Pierre's sensitive and jealous memory. What Joan felt for Holliwell was a sort of ignorant and respectful tenderness, the excitement of an intelligent child first moved to a knowledge of its own intelligence; the gratitude of savage loneliness toward the beautiful feet of exploration. A consciousness of her clean mind, a consciousness of her young, untamed spirit had come slowly to life in her since her talk with Holliwell. Joan was peculiarly a woman—that is, the passive and receptive being. Pierre had laid his hand on her heart and she had followed him; now this young parson had put a curious finger on her brain; it followed him. Her husband saw the admiration, the gratitude, the tender excitement in her frank eyes, and the poison seed sewn by John Carver's hand shot out roots and tiny, deadly branches.

But Joan and Holliwell were unaware. Pierre smoked rapidly, rolling cigaret after cigaret; he listened with a courteous air, he told stories in his soft, slow voice; once he went out to bring in a fresh log and coming back on noiseless feet, saw Joan and her instructor bent over one of the books, and Joan's face was almost that of a stranger, so eager, so flushed, with sparkles in the usually still gray eyes.

It was not till a week or two after this second visit from the clergyman that Pierre's smoldering jealousy broke into flame. After clearing away the supper-things with an absent air of eager expectation, Joan would dry her hands on her apron, and, taking down one of her books from their place in a shelf-corner, she would draw her chair close to the lamp and begin to read, forgetful of Pierre. These had been the happiest hours for him; he would tell Joan about his day's work, about his plans, about his past life. Wonderful it was to him, after his loneliness, that she should be sitting there drinking in every word and loving him with her dumb, wild eyes. Now there was no talk and no listening. Joan's absorbed face was turned from him and bent over her book; her lips moved; she would stop and stare before her.

After a long while he would get up and go to bed, but she would stay there with her books, till a restless movement from him would make her aware of the lamplight shining wakefulness upon him through the chinks in the partition wall. Then she would get up reluctantly, sighing, and come to bed.

For ten evenings this went on, Pierre's heart slowly heating itself until, all at once, the flame leaped.

Joan had untied her apron and reached up for her book. Pierre had been waiting, hoping that of her free will she might prefer his company to the parson feller's—for in his ignorance, those books were jealously personified—but, without a glance in his direction, she had turned as usual to the shelf.

"You goin' to read?" asked Pierre hoarsely. It was a painful effort to speak.

She turned with a childish look of astonishment. "Yes, Pierre."

He stood up with one of his lithe swift movements, all in one rippling piece. "By God! You're not, though," and he strode over to her, snatched the volume from her, threw it back into its place and pointed her to her chair.

"You set down and give heed to me fer a change, Joan Carver," he said, his smoke-colored eyes smoldering. "I didn't fetch you up here to read parsons' books and waste oil. I fetched you up here to—" He stopped, choked with a sudden enormous hurt tenderness and sat down and fell to smoking and staring, hot-eyed, into the fire.

And Joan sat silent in her place, puzzled, wistful, wounded, her idle hands folded, looking at him for a while, then absently before her, and he knew that her mind was busy again with the preacher feller's books. If he had known better how to explain his heart, if she had known how to show him the impersonal eagerness of her awakening mind. But, savage and silent, they sat there, loving each other, hurt, but locked each into his own impenetrable life.

After that, Joan changed the hours of her study and neglected housework and sage-brush grubbing, but, nonetheless, were Pierre's evenings spoiled. Perfection of intercourse is the most perishable of all life's commodities; now, when he talked, he could not escape the consciousness of having constrained his audience; she could not escape her knowledge of his jealousy, the remembrance of his mysterious outbreak, the irrepressible tug of the story she was reading. So it went on till snow came and they were shut in, man and wife, with only each other to watch, a tremendous test of good-fellowship. This searching intimacy came at a bad time, just after Holliwell's third visit, when he had brought a fresh supply of books.

"There's poetry this time," he said. "Get Pierre to read it aloud to you."

The suggestion was met by a rude laugh from Pierre.

"I wouldn't be wastin' my time," he jeered.

It was the first rift in his courtesy. Holliwell looked up in sharp surprise. He saw a flash of the truth, a little wriggle of the green serpent in Pierre's eyes before they fell. He flushed and glanced at Joan. She stood at the table in the circle of lamplight, looking over the new books, but in her eagerness there was less simplicity. She wore an almost timorous air, accepted his remarks in silence, shot doubtful looks at Pierre before she answered questions; was an entirely different Joan. Now Holliwell was angry, and he stiffened toward his host and hostess, dropped all his talk about the books and smoked haughtily. He was young and oversensitive, no more master of himself, in this instance, than Pierre and Joan. But before he left, after supper, refusing a bed, though Pierre conquered his dislike sufficiently to urge it, Holliwell had a moment with Joan. It was very touching. He would tell about it afterward, but for a long time he could not bear to remember it.

She tried to return his books, coming with her arms full of them, and lifting up eyes that were almost tragic with renunciation.

"I CAN'T be takin' the time to read them, Mr. Holliwell," she said, that extraordinary overexpressive voice of hers running an octave of regret, "and some way Pierre don't like that I should spend my evenin's on them. Seems like he thinks I was settin' myself up to be knowin' more than him." She laughed ruefully. "Me—knowin' more'n Pierre! It's laughable. But, anyways, I don't want him to be thinkin' that. So take the books, please. I like them." She paused. "I love them," she said hungrily, and, thrust them into his hands.

He put them down on the table. "You're wrong, Joan," he said quickly. "You mustn't give in to such a foolish idea. You have rights of your own, a life of your own. Pierre mustn't stand in the way of your learning. You mustn't let him. I'll speak to him."

"Oh, no!" Some intuition warned her of the danger in his doing this.

"Well, then, keep your books and talk to Pierre about them. Try to persuade him to read aloud to you. I sha'n't be back now till spring, but I want you to read this winter, read all the stuff that's there. Come, Joan, to please me," he smiled coaxingly.

"I ain't afeared of Pierre," said Joan slowly. Her pride was stung by the suggestion. "I'll keep the books." She

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

sighed. "Good-by. When I see you in the spring I'll be a right learned schoolmarm."

She held out her hand and he took and held it, pressing it in his own. He felt troubled about her, unwilling to leave her in the snow-bound wilderness with that young savage of the smoldering eyes.

"Good-by," said Pierre behind him. His soft voice had a click.

Holliwell turned to him. "Good-by, Landis. I sha'n't see either of you till the spring. I wish you a good winter and I hope—" he broke off and held out his hand. "Well," said he, "you're pretty far out of every one's way here. Be good to each other."

"Damn your interference!" said Pierre's eyes, but he took the hand and even escorted Holliwell to his horse.

Snow came early and deep that winter. It fell for long gray days and nights and then it came in hurricanes of drift, wrapping the cabin in swirling white till only one window peered out and one gabled corner cocked itself above the crust. Pierre had cut and stacked his winter wood, he had sent his cows to a richer man's ranch for winter feeding. There was very little for him to do. After he had brought in two buckets of water from the well and had cut for the day's consumption a piece of meat from his elk, hanging outside against the wall, he had only to sit and smoke, to read old magazines and papers and to watch Joan. Then the poisonous roots of his jealousy struck deep. Always his brain, unaccustomed to physical idleness, was at work, falsely interpreting her wistful silence. She was thinking of the parson, hungry to read his books, longing for the open season and his coming to the ranch.

In December a man came in on snowshoes bringing "the mail"—one letter for Pierre, a communication which brought heat to his face. The Forest Service threatened him with a loss of land; it pointed to some flaw in his title; part of his property, the most valuable part, had not yet been surveyed. Pierre looked up with set jaws, every fighting instinct sharpened to hold what was his own.

"I hev put in two years' hard work on them acres," he told his visitor, "and I'm not plannin' to give them over to the first fool favored by the Service. My title is as clean as my hand. It'll take more'n thievery and more'n spite to take it away from me."

"YOU better go to Robinson," advised the bearer of the letter; "can't get after them fellers too soon. It's a country where you can easy come by what you want, but where it ain't so easy to hold on to it. If it ain't yer land, it's yer hosses; if it ain't yer hosses, it's yer wife." He looked at Joan and laughed.

Pierre went white and dumb, the chance shot had inflamed his wound.

He strapped on his snow-shoes and bade a grim good-by to Joan. After the man had left, "Don't you be wastin' oil while I'm away," he told her sharply, standing in the doorway, his head level with the steep wall of snow behind him, and he gave her a threatening look so that the tenderness in her heart was frozen.

After he had gone, "Pierre, say a real good-by; say good-by," she whispered. Her face cramped and tears came.

She heard his steps lightly crunching across the hard, bright surface of the snow; they entered into the terrible frozen silence. Then she turned from the door, dried her eyes with her sleeve, like a little village girl, and ran across the room to a certain shelf. Pierre would be gone a week. She would not waste oil, but she would read. It was with the appetite of a starved creature that she fell upon her books.

CHAPTER SIX
Pierre Takes Steps to Preserve His Property

A LOG fell forward and Joan lifted her head. She had not come to an end of Isabella's tragedy nor of her own memories, but something other than the falling log had startled her—a light, crunching step upon the snow.

She looked toward the window. For an instant the room was almost dark and the white night peered in at her, its gigantic snow-peaks pressing against the long horizontal window-panes, and in that instant she saw a face. The fire started up again, the white night dropped away, the face shone close a moment longer, then it too disappeared. Joan came to her feet with pounding pulses. It had been Pierre's face, but at the same time the face of a stranger. He had come back five days too soon and something terrible had happened. Surely his chancing to see her with a book would not make him look like that. Besides, she was not wasting oil. She had stood up, but at first she was incapable of moving forward. For the first time in her life she knew the paralysis of unreasoning fear. Then the door opened and Pierre came in out of the crystal night.

"What brought you back so soon?"

He strode over to the hearth where she had lain, took up the book, struck it with his hand as though it had been a hated face and flung it into the fire. "I seen you through the window," he said. "So you been happy readin' while I been away?"

"I'll get your supper. I'll light the lamp," Joan stammered.

Pierre's face was pale, his black hair lay in wet streaks on his temples. He must have traveled at furious speed through the bitter cold to be in such a sweat. There was a mysterious, controlled disorder in his look and there arose from him the odor of strong drink. But he was steady and sure in all his movements, and his eyes were deadly cool and reasonable—only it was the reasonableness of insanity, reasonableness based on the wildest premises of unreason. "Firelight's enough fer you to read parson's books by; it's enough fer me to do what I oughter done long afore to-night."

She stood in the middle of the small log-walled room, arrested in the act of lighting a match, and stared at him with troubled eyes. She was no longer afraid. After all, strange as he looked, more strangely as he talked, he was her Pierre, her man. The confidence of her heart had not been seriously shaken by his coldness and his moods during this winter. There had been times of fierce, possessive tenderness. She was his own woman, his property; at this low counting did she rate herself. A sane man does no injury to his own possessions. And Pierre, of course, was sane. He was tired, angry. He had

UP TO SUCCESS!

LEARN THE NEW WAY

STENOGRAPHY

The NEW WAY training course in Shorthand and Typewriting is a series of studies in handy pamphlet form—clearly explained—easily prepared. The student will find in these simple lessons the shortest and surest route to Typewriting Efficiency.

STENOGRAPHERS IN DEMAND

Competent stenographers—men and women—are always wanted. The demand for Experts is greater than ever before in Business History. The United States Government needs thousands in its various branches—and salaries are higher and promotion quicker than at any previous time.

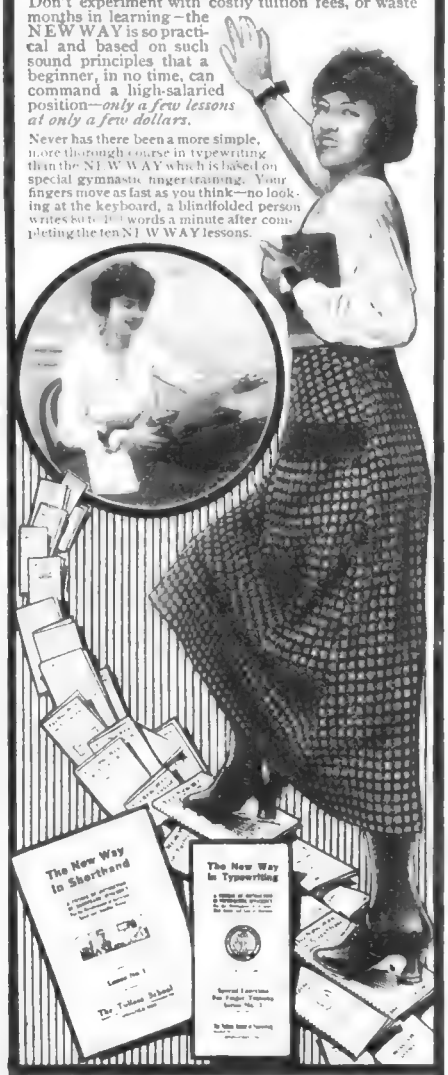
AS FASCINATING AS A GAME

The NEW WAY in Shorthand and Typewriting revolutionizes all older methods. At the completion of the ten easily learned lessons, a speed of 80 to 100 words per minute is possible on the typewriter. Beginners readily learn how to take shorthand and dictation; masters of the course average from 125 to 150 words per minute. *This Picture Method Shorthand can be read like print.*

TIME AND MONEY SAVER

Don't experiment with costly tuition fees, or waste months in learning—the NEW WAY is so practical and based on such sound principles that a beginner, in no time, can command a high-salaried position—*only a few lessons at only a few dollars.*

Never has there been a more simple, more thorough course in typewriting than the NEW WAY which is based on special gymnastic finger training. Your fingers move as fast as you think—no looking at the keyboard, a blindfolded person writes 80 to 100 words a minute after completing the ten NEW WAY lessons.



SPLENDID FREE OFFER

We give each student *absolutely free* an auxiliary course treating on the following subjects: English, Letter-writing, Office Routine, and Secretarial duties. To get started happily and right, so that you can command wages from $25.00 to $40.00 a week at first to big executive positions, send the COUPON below for the FREE BOOK explaining our generous, easy-paying course of NEW WAY in Shorthand and Typewriting. You will be amazed—act now—tear off and mail to

THE TULLOSS SCHOOL
NEW WAY IN SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING
1481 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio

Gentlemen—Knowing that I am not obligated in any way, I am writing for Free NEW WAY in Typewriting and Shorthand Book.

Name .....

Address .....

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

been drinking; her ignorance, her inexperience, led her to put little emphasis on the effects of the poison sold at the town saloon. When he was warm and fed and rested he would be quite himself again. She went about preparing a meal in spite of his words.

He did not seem to notice this. He had taken his eyes from her at last and was busy with the fire. She, too, busy and reassured by the familiar occupation, ceased to watch him. Her pulses were quiet now. She was even beginning to be glad of his return. Why had she been so frightened? Of course, after such a terrible journey alone in the bitter cold he would look strange. Her father, when he came back smelling of liquor, had always been more than usually morose and unlike his every-day self. He would sit over the stove and tell her the story of his crime. They were horrible home-comings, horrible evenings, but the next morning they would seem like dreams. To-morrow this strangeness of Pierre's would be mistlike and unreal.

"I seen your sin-buster in town," said Pierre. He was squatting on his heels over the fire which he had built to a great blaze and glow, and he spoke in a queer singsong tone through his teeth. "He asked after you real kind. He wanted to know how you was gettin' on with the eddication he's been handin' out to you. I tol' him that you was right satisfied with me and my ways and had quit the books. I didn't know as you was hevin' such a good time during my absence."

JOAN was cruelly hurt. His words seemed to fall heavily upon her heart. "I wasn't havin' a good time. I was missin' you, Pierre," said she in a low tremolo of grieving music. "Them books, they seemed like they was all the company I had."

"You looked like you was missin' me," he sneered. "The sin-buster and I had words about you, Joan. Yes'm, he give me quite a line of preachin' about you, Joan, as how you had oughter develop yer own life in yer own way—along the lines laid out by him. I told him as how I knowed best what was right and fittin' fer my own wife, as how, with a mother like your'n' you needed watchin' more'n learnin', and how you belonged to me and not to him. And, says he, 'She don't belong to any man, Pierre Landis,' he said, 'neither to you nor to me. She belongs to her own self.' 'I'll see that she belongs to me,' I said. 'I'll fix her so she'll know it and every other feller will.' "

At that he turned from the fire and straightened to his feet.

Joan moved backward slowly to the door. He had made no threatening sign or movement, but her fear had come overwhelmingly upon her and every instinct urged her to flight. But before she touched the handle of the door, he flung himself with deadly swift force and silence across the room and took her in his arms. With all her wonderful young strength, Joan could not break away from him. He dragged her back to the hearth, tied her elbows behind her with the scarf from his neck—that very scarf he had worn when the dawn had shed a wistful beauty upon him, waiting for her on a morning not so very long ago. Joan went weak.

"Pierre," she cried pitifully, "what are you agoin' to do with me?"

He roped her to the heavy post of a set of shelves built against the wall. Then he stood away, breathing fast.

"Now whose gel are you, Joan Carver?" he asked her.

"You know I'm yours, Pierre," she sobbed. "You got no need to tie me to make me say that."

"I got to tie you to make you do more'n say it. I got to make sure you are it. Hell-fire won't take the sureness out of me after this."

She turned her head, all that she could turn.

He was bending over the fire, and when he straightened she saw that he held something in his hand—a long bar of metal, white at the shaped end. At once her memory showed her a broad glow of sunset falling over Pierre at work. "There'll be stock all over the country marked with them two bars," he had said. "The Two-Bar Brand; don't you fergit it!" She was not likely to forget it now.

She shut her eyes. He stepped close to her and jerked her blouse down from her shoulder. She writhed away from him, silent in her rage and fear, and fighting dumbly. She made no appeal. At that moment her heart was so full of hatred that it was hardened to pride. He lifted his brand and set it against the bare flesh of her shoulder.

Then terribly she screamed. Again when he took the metal away she screamed. Afterward there was a dreadful silence.

Joan had not lost consciousness. Her healthy nerves stanchly received the anguish and the shock, nor did she make any further outcry. She pressed her forehead against the sharp edge of the shelf, she drove her nails into her hands, and at intervals she writhed from head to foot. Circles of pain spread from the deep burn on her shoulder, spread and shrank, to spread and shrink again. The bones of her shoulder and arm ached terribly, fire seemed to be eating into her flesh. The air was full of the smell of scorched skin so that she tasted it herself. And hotter than her hurt her heart burned, consuming its own tenderness and love and trust.

WHEN this pain left her, when she was free of her bonds, no force nor fear would hold her to Pierre. She would leave him as she had left her father. She would go away. There was no place for her to go, but what did that matter so long as she might escape from this terrible place and this infernal tormentor? She did not look about to see the actuality of Pierre's silence. She thought that he had dropped the brand and was sitting near the table with his face hidden. How long the stillness of pain and fury and horror lasted there was no one to reckon. It was most startlingly broken by a voice. "Who screamed for help?" it said, and at the same instant a draft of icy air smote Joan. The door had opened with suddenness and violence. With difficulty she mastered her pain and turned her head.

Pierre had staggered to his feet. Opposite him, framed against the open door filled with the wan whiteness of the snow, stood a spare, tall figure. The man wore his fur collar turned up about his chin and ears, his fur cap pulled down about his brow; a sharp, aquiline nose stood out above frozen mustaches; keen and brilliant eyes searched the room. He carried his gun across his arm in readiness, and sniffed the air like a suspicious hound. Then he advanced a step toward Pierre.

"What devil's work have you been at?" said he, his voice cutting the air in its sharpness of astonished rage, and his hand slid down along the handle of his gun.

Pierre, watching him like a lynx, sidestepped, crouched, whipped out his gun and fired. At almost the same second the other's gun went off. Pierre dropped.

This time Joan's nerves gave way, and the room with its smell of scorched flesh, of powder, and of frost went out from her horrified senses. For a moment the stranger's stern face and brilliant eyes made the approaching center of a great cloud of darkness; then it, too, went out.

The next instalment of ***"The Branding-Iron"*** *will appear in the February number.*

In a Hospital

By Constance Johnson

I HAVE a little garden
That's very fair to see—
Asters, pinks, and pansies,
Roses and sweet pea.

Close grouped in tiny clusters
Each lifts its smiling head—
My garden's on a table
That stands beside my bed.

Soft pink, rich purple, yellow,
Like some gay butterfly,
I love to watch them nodding
Against my window sky.

The perfume of the pansies
Is like rich garden loam,
The perfume of the roses
Whispers to me of home.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

AFTER *the* WAR—?

(*Continued from page 53*)

human race. But since every particle of evidence goes to show that moral standards are higher to-day than ever before, we may well feel that the future is safe. Each generation, beginning now, will do such things as are necessary to achieve its higher purpose. We are preparing to take off the blind bridle and quit shying at shadows by the wayside.

Internationalism—A Fact

TO THE EDITOR OF EVERYBODY'S:

No war-time impression has been so strong as that of our sudden sense of kinship with other and sometimes remote peoples, and underlying that emotion is the war's most priceless gift to civilization.

With what casual indifference did most of us once look across the sea—if we looked at all—toward Servia or Roumania or even Belgium? They were faraway places on the map, worth, perhaps, a flying Cook's tour of amused inspection, or they were the mysterious source of a more or less resented immigration—little more!

And to-day we hold ourselves under a moral obligation to fight for these very strangers with all we have and are—not because they owe us something or because we want them to be in our debt, but simply because they are weak and oppressed and we are strong and free.

What an amazing and potential reversal. America, the aloof and self-sufficient, suddenly finds itself Big Brother to nine-tenths of the world. For the little fellows our feeling is almost parental. How gladly we shall help to mother stricken Belgium when she is restored to us! Or devastated Servia! And floundering Russia—will America not gladly take on the job of setting her on a straighter road, when the way is opened?

These are feelings that possess nearly all of us and that will crystallize into action of profound significance, particularly in their reaction upon ourselves. There are many little straws blowing the same way. We who could hardly be brought to our feet for our own national anthem, now stand cheering to "*La Marseillaise.*" Two years ago there was a talk among us of presenting to hard-pressed France a hundred million or perhaps it was a billion dollars. Did the idea seem fantastic then? We did not do it. And now we are sending millions of our manhood and spending in this brotherly service a billion or so of our dollars *each month.* For now we feel that no amount of money can meet our obligation to France. The sentiment has gone deeper than any possible material expression of it.

For a hundred and forty-odd years we have kept alive in our hearts a kindly friendship toward France for favors then shown. Can our memory be shorter now? Is it conceivable that when we have fulfilled the moral obligation; when we have done our share to send the bully blubbering to his back-stoop and set the Little Brothers on their feet and feed them, that we can come home into our provincial aloofness with a nonchalant, "Good-by and be good!" to Europe; put on our slippers and forget that we are world-citizens?

I think not. A thousand new interests and new ties will hold us to the highway. The world has suddenly grown very much smaller than it ever was before. Nine-tenths of it are brothers in arms. Under this tradition-shattering new impulse of the obligation to international service, can we cease to be brothers when the arms are laid down?

I study over that question a long time, but there comes only one answer.

Surely Democracy itself has burst its shell in this last year or two. In the most unimaginative consciousness it is no longer merely a plan for the government of nations, but a principle for the upbuilding of the world-family.

Internationalism in its best and broadest sense is no longer a dream for the future. It is a reality for nine-tenths of the world—not in form, perhaps, by virtue of conventions and treaties, but in spirit, by virtue of the living, spiritualizing force of unselfish service.

The war has set into play irresistible forces of good that no inertia of reaction can seriously impede. It used to be said, in 1915, that Germany had set civilization back centuries. Now we know that she has done nothing of the sort. She has set herself back a whole era in an effort to prove that the doctrine of the Brotherhood of Man—on which civilization has been slowly and more or less unconsciously building through the years—was a false premise. She has almost destroyed herself by evoking an immortal and unquenchable manifestation of the thing she sought to annul and in that fire this civilization, shorn of its foliage, has found itself, strong-limbed, united, sound and deep-rooted in the inexhaustible soil of the spirit.

When we have come to see clearly this thing that has taken place in us, we will find ourselves centuries ahead; not centuries behind. And Liberty, Equality and Fraternity—true Democracy—will become the guide and inspiration for the almost automatic consolidation of the whole family of nations.

CARLYLE ELLIS.

A Woman's Letter

TO THE EDITOR OF EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE:

I am only a woman and do not think I could write anything at all worthy of your page "After the War—?" But after reading Mr. Stephen C. Mason's article in the September number, I can not refrain from expressing my opinion, since you so graciously invite every one to "give their opinion."

We are a family of four—my husband, myself, and two little girls of school age. My husband is a machinist (foreman of a mill) and gets one hundred and thirty-five dollars a month. We live very economially and strive in every way to save something extra for the Red Cross and War Stamps, and French orphans, etc., etc. But after making many, many sacrifices, we can give pitifully little to anything. Because it costs so much to live and just have the necessities of life. I have a friend whose husband gets twelve dollars a day. She tells me they can not live any better on this than they did five years ago on five dollars a day. I think that is the experience of most of us.

I look in vain in Mr. Mason's letter (wherein he accuses the workers of taking unfair advantage of the war to demand exorbitant wages) for any reference to the H. C. of L.—that oppressing nightmare of the working people.

A few people may be spending their money foolishly, but most of us are simply striving to make our homes attractive for our children and to give them the things that make life worth living, and I wonder if Mr. Mason can tell us how to do that unless we get good wages.

I hope that in case wages do come down after the war, all the commodities of life take a likewise fall, otherwise I don't see how that "adjustment" he speaks of can take place without real suffering among the people.

I do not believe that our soldier boys who are cheerfully giving up their lives to make the world safe for humanity and for democracy (if I may use that overwrought phrase) will come back home and be strike-breakers—which they would be were they to take the jobs of these men at a lower wage. This is the way I feel about the matter. MRS. WALTER ASH,

Plainview, Arkansas.

EVERYBODY'S began as far back as June of last year the open discussion of the problems which this country and the world will face at the close of the war. It was criticized for talking of peace problems at a time when immediate war problems seemed paramount—and were; but it knew that those questions had long been under discussion in allied countries, and it knew that they would require all the study and discussion the world could give them, and it chose the best and most democratic method for all such discussions—the open forum.

On the platform since that time many men whose views are not only interesting but will be of weight in the work of reconstruction have spoken, and from it during the coming months, when reconstruction will be the big question of the day, many other men in the public eye will give their views.

In succeeding issues there will be statements by Samuel Gompers, Irving T. Bush, Edward N. Hurley, P. P. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education, and others.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A CALENDAR *for Beauty's Boudoir*

Fitting in its French daintiness to take its place in beauty's boudoir, this Djer-Kiss Calendar will serve as a daily reminder of the Parisian charm of all the *Spécialités de Djer-Kiss*—Extract, Face Powder, Talc, Sachet, Toilet Water, Végétale *et* Soap.

Particularly appropriate to be hung over your desk, it will add its graceful usefulness to the whole year.

The DJER-KISS *Calendar will be sent on receipt of 6c.*

THE ALFRED H. SMITH COMPANY
Sole Importers
24 West 33rd Street *New York*

Djer-Kiss

Made in France only

Fred D. Webster of Pennsylvania in odd hours adds $100.00 to $125.00 a month to his regular income.

What Is Your Income?

Arthur T White of Massachusetts in eighteen months has built up a subscription business paying him $5000.00 a year.

If you have to figure close—keep track of carfares and "go slow" on lunches, if you have to do without pleasures, the many things that make life worth while—we can help you.

We have helped solve the money problem for Webster, White, Van Gieson, Heath, and hundreds of other men. By looking after new and renewal subscriptions for *Everybody's Magazine*, *The Delineator* and *Adventure*, in their spare time they earn $45.00 to $450.00 a month. You can do the same.

Sell Us Your Spare Time—Hundreds of orders for these popular publications are placed every day. They are in great demand, because they are helping people to economize and better to understand conditions in Europe. Moreover, they furnish entertainment and amusement.

Augustus Van Gieson of New Jersey lost his regular job because of his age. Today he is making $1500.00 a year and is his own boss.

There is a place for these magazines in every home—this year—next year—every year. The door to a permanent income is open to you. You can easily increase your income by forwarding the orders from your vicinity. Let us solve the extra money problem for you. Write for full particulars to-day.

Alexander Heath of Massachusetts, whose yearly subscription income is more than $5000.00 a year.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, 256 Butterick Building, N. Y.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

TAM *o' the* SCOOTS

(*Continued from page 56*)

"A'm no' so sure o' yeer judgment," said Tam before the start; "but A like yeer appetite—do ye ever stop eatin,' Billy?"

Billy blushed guiltily and almost choked in swallowing the chunk of candy that was bulging his cheek.

"My people send me lots of candy," he said apologetically; "it helps pass time between smokes."

"It takes attention from the wairk," said Tam sternly; "ha' ye any in yeer pooch?"

Billy meekly produced from the pocket of his leather jacket a sticky mass so completely at one with its paper wrapping that it was difficult to tell where paper ended and candy began.

Tam took it with a grimace of disgust, bit it in two and handed the other half to its owner.

"Do you like it?" asked Billy anxiously.

"A have no' finished eatin' through the paper," mumbled Tam; "in wi' ye!"

HE PUSHED the machine steeply upward, grinned as he saw the boy handling the gun in the bow and cast his hopeful eyes round to left and right for something to kill; and banked to reach a cloud base.

His scheme was to go through the mist "all out"—an unnerving experience for the tyro—and to end with a nose fall. He opened up, hit the cloud and was instantly engulfed in a blind white mist, so dense that glancing back he could only catch occasional glimpses of his tail.

The gloom, at first hardly noticeable, increased in density. From pale gray the light went yellow, umber and then a blackness as of night.

Tam glanced at his compass and brought the head of his machine to the north; but three minutes passed without the darkness lessening. It was not an unusual experience for Tam, whatever it might be for the boy in the cockpit. The density and width of clouds are difficult to gage, particularly when they are approached at their own level.

Another minute passed and Tam moved the joy-stick. The nose of the machine dropped and down, down roared the big airplane.

Billy had a momentary sensation of sickness, but that passed. He felt that nature with her trick of improvising conditions to meet circumstances had rearranged his digestive system so that it should be as near as possible to his throat. He moved his head slightly to get a better view of the nothingness which was leaping to meet him, and the pressure of the air nearly wrenched his head from his neck. Then the blackness blended swiftly with umber-yellow-gray, and Billy was looking down at a neat little world all checkered with fields and laced with white roads. Also, there were five airplanes about a thousand feet beneath and each of these bore on its wings that strange device, a black iron cross.

If the truth be told there was nothing auriferous or magnificent in the appearance of Goldheimer's patrol. There were neither silver fittings nor gold mountings nor jeweled holdings. It was just a business-like collection of fighting planes. Tam knew it—Billy knew nothing except that This Was the Life.

"Gun!" wheezed a voice through the speaking tube; "aim between . . . pilot . . . obsairver . . . tak' the left-hand machine . . . don't tak' yeer eyes off him till he crashes."

Billy Best adjusted his sights with a jerk of his hand.

"Fire!" thundered a voice in his ear and Billy fired.

The leader's machine put up her tail and dropped, Tam in pursuit, four enemy machines behind him.

"He's smokin', Billy!" yelled the voice in the speaking tube; "hit him anither crack an' get ready to shoot up."

Billy was obeying when the machine turned over and slipped sideways. He looked round and met the goggled eyes of Tam—or one eye, for the other was screwed up in a ferocious wink. Another machine was swooping and Billy brought up the muzzle of his gun and sent a shower of nickel ripping through the canvas of the wing. Amateurs' luck is proverbial. Before he knew what had happened or realized that he had brought it about in some mysterious way, the wing of the attacker collapsed. It leaped up as though it had been struck by a gigantic hammer from beneath.

Round went Tam's machine to avoid the débris—there was a momentary glimpse of a falling body, of two figures helmeted and masked, of a big white tail ornamented with iron crosses—and then nothing.

Tam had maneuvered for height, but the three enemy machines had reformed and were full of fight.

The little pilot weighed the chances and decided in favor of an early lunch. He feinted to climb, then, without warning, dropped earthward, skimming over the lines and rising only sufficiently to clear the avenue of poplars two miles beyond which the aerodrome lay.

He unstrapped himself and assisted Billy Best to land.

"Weel?" he asked.

Billy's face was sad, his tone querulous. "Why didn't you let me finish the others?" he demanded.

Tam looked him over before replying. "D'ye ken what ye've done this morn, ma lad?" he asked.

"Sure—I've brought down two machines, but——"

"Does it penetrate to that desolation ye call a mind, that ye've strafed the greatest Gairman airman, bar Richtofen?"

The eyes of Billy Best lit up. "Richtofen—he's the Big Thing, isn't he?" he asked eagerly.

"The biggest," said Tam.

"Where's he to be found?" demanded the boy.

Tam removed his leather helmet and wiped his brow. "Do ye want to go up noo—an' look for him?"

"Sure thing—why not?"

"Haund over that stick o' candy ye're hidin'—an' behave," said Tam sternly.

And they went over to the office together to report, chewing industriously.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

$95 an Hour!

"Every hour I spent on my I. C. S. Course has been worth $95 to me! My position, my $5,000 a year income, my home, my family's happiness—I owe it all to my spare time training with the International Correspondence Schools!"

Every mail brings letters from some of the two million I. C. S. students telling of promotions or increases in salary as the rewards of spare time study.

What are you doing with the hours after supper? Can you afford to let them slip by unimproved when you can easily make them mean so much? One hour a day spent with the I. C. S. will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best.

Yes, it will! Two million have proved it. For 27 years men in offices, stores, shops, factories, mines, railroads, in the Army and Navy—in every line of technical and commercial work—have been winning promotion and increased salaries through the I. C. S. More than 100,000 men and women are getting ready *right now* with I. C. S. help for the bigger jobs ahead.

Your Chance Is Here!

No matter where you live, the I. C. S. will come to you. No matter what your handicaps, or how small your means, we have a plan to meet your circumstances. No matter how limited your previous education, the simply written, wonderfully illustrated I. C. S. textbooks make it easy to learn. No matter what career you may choose, some one of the 280 I. C. S. Courses will surely suit your needs.

When everything has been made easy for you—when one hour a day spent with the I. C. S. in the quiet of your own home will bring you a bigger income, more comforts, more pleasures, all that success means—can you let another single priceless hour of spare time go to waste? Make your start right now! This is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, put it up to us to prove how we can help you. Just mark and mail this coupon.

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 2638, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, *before* which I mark X.

☐ ELECTRICAL ENGINEER	☐ SALESMANSHIP
☐ Electric Lighting and Rys.	☐ ADVERTISING
☐ Electric Wiring	☐ Window Trimmer
☐ Telegraph Engineer	☐ Show Card Writer
☐ Telephone Work	☐ Sign Painter
☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEER	☐ Railroad Trainman
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ ILLUSTRATING
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Cartooning
☐ Toolmaker	☐ BOOKKEEPER
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ Stenographer and Typist
☐ CIVIL ENGINEER	☐ Cert. Pub. Accountant
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
☐ MINE FOREMAN or ENG'R	☐ Railway Accountant
☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER	☐ Commercial Law
☐ Marine Engineer	☐ GOOD ENGLISH
☐ Ship Draftsman	☐ Teacher
☐ ARCHITECT	☐ Common School Subjects
☐ Contractor and Builder	☐ Mathematics
☐ Architectural Draftsman	☐ CIVIL SERVICE
☐ Concrete Builder	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Structural Engineer	☐ AUTOMOBILE OPERATING
☐ PLUMBING AND HEATING	☐ Auto Repairing
☐ Sheet Metal Worker	☐ Navigation ☐ Spanish
☐ Textile Overseer or Supt.	☐ AGRICULTURE ☐ French
☐ CHEMIST	☐ Poultry Raising ☐ Italian

Name_____
Present Occupation_____
Street and No._____
City_____ State_____

Training for Authorship

How to write, what to write, and where to sell.

Cultivate your mind. Develop your literary gifts. Master the art of self-expression. Make your spare time profitable. Turn your ideas into dollars.

Courses in Short-Story Writing, Versification, Journalism, Play Writing, Photoplay Writing, etc., taught personally by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, for many years editor of Lippincott's Magazine, and a staff of literary experts. Constructive criticism. Frank, honest, helpful advice. *Real teaching.*

Dr. Esenwein

One pupil has received over $5,000 for stories and articles written mostly in spare time—"play work," he calls it. Another pupil received over $1,000 before completing her first course. Another, a busy wife and mother, is averaging over $75 a week from photoplay writing alone.

There is no other institution or agency doing so much for writers, young or old. The universities recognize this, for over one hundred members of the English faculties of higher institutions are studying in our Literary Department. The editors recognize it, for they are constantly recommending our courses.

We publish *The Writer's Library*. We also publish *The Writer's Monthly*, especially valuable for its full reports of the literary market. Besides our teaching service, we offer a manuscript criticism service.

150-page illustrated catalogue free
Please address

The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 347, Springfield, Mass.
ESTABLISHED 1897 INCORPORATED 1904

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

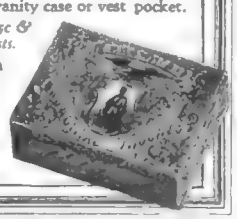
SORE throat, coughing, hoarseness, loss of voice, bronchial and asthmatic troubles are quickly relieved with Brown's Bronchial Troches.

Not a confection but a genuine remedy with seventy years of success back of it. Contain no opiates or other harmful ingredients, hence are especially fine for adults and children.

May be carried in vanity case or vest pocket.

Four sizes, 15c, 35c, 75c & $1.25 at all druggists.

John I. Brown & Son
Boston, Mass.



Safe
Handy
Dependable

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants command big salaries. Thousands of firms need them. Only 2,500 Certified Public Accountants in U. S. Many are earning $3,000 to $10,000 a year. We train you thoroly by mail in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Knowledge of bookkeeping unnecessary to begin we prepare you from the ground up. Our course and service are under the supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., Former Comptroller and Instructor, University of Illinois, assisted by a staff of C. P. A's, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Low tuition fee—easy terms. Write now for information and free book of accountancy facts.

LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
Dept. 143-HA Chicago
"World's Greatest Extension University"

Rely On Cuticura For Skin Troubles

All druggists; Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50. Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."

SPEED

(*Continued from page 30*)

What the gunners found they took. When the guns were in place the French cavalrymen were driven forward on their dying horses to reconnoiter the country ahead. The gunners did not know the ranges or where were friends or foe. Sometimes the riders came back afoot and sometimes they did not come back. But the gunners found what they wanted to know.

Then came the German break-through on the Chemin-des-Dames in May. It was an undoubted surprise. The French lines were being shoved back by days' marches. Foch looked about him to find a plug that could be fitted to that hole in a hurry. The Second American Division was offered to him. He had had in mind using this division as shock troops, anyhow. It had made good in the fighting over in the Toul sector. It had made almost too good sometimes. It is difficult for an American to get used to a systematized and routined war. He wants to get out and kill Germans. The Toul sector was supposed to be a rest and training area in which too much activity was to be deprecated. Every now and then the Second Division had been put in its place.

"You don't understand," the French had explained patiently. "You are to go slow here. There will be plenty of fighting later on, but go slow now."

So the Second Division was sent for. The men said the orders were to "*allez très vite*" (go very quickly). These orders came at five o'clock on the afternoon of May thirtieth. There were thirty-eight thousand men and seven thousand horses in the Second Division, scattered through more than fifty villages. At half-past five o'clock the following morning—twelve and one-half hours after the orders had been received—the Second Division was on trains or in trucks and the wheels were turning. The division had some food and some ammunition, but not too much of either. It reached Meaux that afternoon. The first to arrive were hurried forward to Montreuil-aux-Lions. Contact was established with the enemy. At nine o'clock on the morning of June first thirteen thousand Americans were in position across the Château-Thierry-Paris road. Each man had two days' reserve rations and one hundred rounds of ammunition.

"There is a gap four kilometers long in my line near Gandelu," the French general commanding this sector reported that night. "My troops are tired. Plug it if you can."

Château-Thierry

NOWADAYS that qualifying "if you can" is not added to orders given to the Americans. A regiment and a company of machine gunners and a battalion of marines were pulled out of their blankets and rushed forward to fill that gap. Not a man had had a wink of sleep in forty-eight hours. Every minute of those forty-eight hours had been spent in travel. But they got to their place by nine o'clock the next morning and the fight began which saved Château-Thierry and wound up in that epic struggle in the Belleau Woods.

More hurry was needed. The 155 guns were out of fodder. There was no chance of getting any shells for them. Every one said so. The nearest dump was forty-five miles away and the trucks were going to pieces and the men were tired. It has always been known that human flesh and blood can go just so far and no farther. The chief of staff of the Second Division had a better opinion of his men. He did not tell them he was sorry or pat them on the back and make them feel like sitting down and having a good cry. He called for the captain commanding the truck train.

"You get those shells here on time," said he, "or I'll shoot you."

That was mere emphasis, you understand—only intended to get the men of that truck train up on their toes. Pilot cars were sent out ahead and other cars followed the trucks, for the men were so tired that they went to sleep at the wheel and let the big camions wabble into the ditches. There never was a wilder column of dust thrown into the air than followed that truck train. But the shells got to the guns in time. In thirteen hours from the time the order was issued the trucks had traveled forty-five miles, had been loaded with shells, traveled forty-five miles back again, and delivered the shells to the guns. Then the drivers went to sleep. Some of them curled up right at the butts of the 155's in full eruption—and a 155 is a noisy brute—and others waited until they could get the camions back on the road and block traffic comfortably. They had made good. They had shown speed.

Ludendorff's Last Card

WE CAN pass over the next five weeks of fighting. It was fine fighting, wonderful fighting, but it had been stabilized. War was again degenerating into a business. Division staffs found excellent châteaux for permanent headquarters. The business of transport was organized. Everything and everybody got to the right place at the right time. The marines bit and tore their way through that madhouse which went by the name of the Bois de Belleau. The Ninth and Twenty-Third regiments pulled off a set piece at Vaux. There has rarely been a more perfect operation, perhaps. Artillerists and infantrymen worked together in unison. The affair had been polished like a gem in leisurely rehearsal. Things were running smoothly as a Swiss watch.

Then—this calm and orderly way of conducting a war vanished as does a soap bubble when it bursts. The Germans tried to break through on the morning of July fifteenth. General Foch and his subordinates were ready for them. That offensive—it was to have been the greatest offensive ever staged by Ludendorff—stopped dead in four hours. Four hours afterward General Foch had made his plans. Twelve hours after that offensive crumpled up the Americans and French who were interlocked on the Marne and Champagne front began the most wonderful action known in this war, perhaps. Impossibilities were done from the beginning. The essence of it all was speed—speed—speed!

"You will begin to move your divisions for unknown destinations at four o'clock to-morrow morning," was the order that came to the American chiefs.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

They protested violently. Their men were scattered all over perdition's half acre, they said. They were tired and dirty and ragged. They would not be able to get through their first half day's scratching in less than a day, for you know what happens to soldiers who have had no baths or clean clothes for weeks. They could not start for anywhere on any terms whatever. This was flat. Enough was plenty, said the chiefs of staff, trying to convert this thought into French and then convince their French superiors with it.

"But," said the officers of the French staff, "a fight is coming."

That put a different face on the proposition. The Americans had thought they were merely being shifted from one billet to another because some one wanted them shifted. No matter how kindly the Americans and French feel toward each other, there is always that tiny grit of misunderstanding at the point of contact. They do not understand each other's language or slang or table manners or minor methods. Once an understanding is reached they are all good pals together, but while it is pending they snap at each other. So the chiefs of staff of the First and Second American Divisions began shifting their men for the battle to come.

No Rest for the Winners

THEY had been scattered through villages for rest, precisely as corn is scattered to chickens. Each division normally contains twenty-eight thousand men and while each had lost heavily in the previous fighting, each had likewise received replacements. Some of these replacements were perfectly green men. Each company had separated as widely as possible. Believing they were in for a rest, the men had wandered into the woods and fields, where they found running water and a chance to clean up and sleep. They were tired and haggard. Young men, most of them, but lines were scored down their faces by the life-and-death fighting of the past six weeks. They looked old.

But they were gathered up. The orders were received at seven o'clock on the night of the fifteenth of July to move to an unknown destination. They moved by night, tired men, stumbling horses, camions that were coming apart. That day they slept in the woods and fields, for they were ordered to keep off the roads. The night of the sixteenth of July they marched again. That night new orders were received. At eight o'clock on the morning of the seventeenth of July the infantry were to be loaded in camions and taken somewhere. No one knew where. Every one was lost by this time except a few staff officers. Maps of France are quite useless to the average doughboy. On such a move he would be too tired to look at a map, anyhow.

All that day of the seventeenth of July they traveled in camions, through fog mixed with rain and blown sometimes by a cold wind. The men slept in the trucks, their heads on each others' shoulders. There is something pathetic about them when they sleep this way, as though they were really very little, very tired children who by some bad fairy have been made over into men. The suggestion of childhood is insistent in their lines and attitudes. On the night of the seventeenth of July they were taken out of the camions—eighteen miles of camions for the two divisions; eighteen road miles filled with trucks and trucks filled with fighting men—and hidden in the woods. They were ordered to go forward at various hours during that night to get on the jump-off line.

"We attack at thirty-five minutes past four o'clock to-morrow morning."

They got there. No one knows precisely how they did it, but every unit of the two divisions was in place. One battalion double-timed for two miles to reach the jump-off line in time. Another did not even pause when it got to that line. It just moved on, as it had been moving, for it got up just at the moment. The surprise was an absolute one, thanks to the speed and secrecy. The first rocketing call for help went up just two minutes before the Americans moved forward. They literally overran the German trenches. Men hopped over the first trench and left unharmed Germans sitting in its bottom, looking up ludicrously at them in the half-light. The moppers-up would attend to them.

Perhaps Foch had planned this thrust as a counter-offensive, but it did not seem so to the onlookers. It seemed rather to begin as a counter-attack, following the decisive repulse the Germans received at Châlons on the fifteenth of the month. The tremendous speed of the movement ensured its success. Then Foch began to hurl divisions at the Germans as knives might be thrown at a plan. Nothing counted but speed. The men went without food and water and medical attendance and artillery and sleep. The attack grew in bulk until it became a great counter-offensive. It spread like flame along the line. As the Germans left their prepared defenses the speed of their retreat accelerated.

The Retreat from the Marne

BECAUSE the Germans pulled back their guns to save them from capture the French and Americans were able to thrust savagely at their weakened line. Soon the progress became rhythmic. First the Germans would withdraw their heavier pieces and use only the field-guns against the attackers. Then the field-pieces would be withdrawn and the long-range guns would play upon the advancing forces. Always there was a screen of machine guns between Boche and Ally. Nowhere has the excellence of the German method of fighting been more conclusively demonstrated than in this retreat from the Marne to the Vesle. American officers went into ecstasies over the technique of the performance. But Foch and his French and Americans had the counter for the German system. That counter was speed—speed—more speed!

Things happened that might well have happened in previous wars, but which seemed incredible after our training in the moveless fighting of the last three years. Seven foot-racing privates found a cavern in which there were seven hundred Germans. The Germans were hidden there, waiting for the wave to pass. Then they were to strike the attackers from behind their backs. The seven were on the very crest of the wave when one of them saw a hole. He put his ear to that hole. From the depths of the earth he heard an order snapped in German. He waved to the nearest men:

"I gotta bunch of 'em here," said he.

The seven hundred surrendered, one at a time. It seems unfair to credit Frank Williams, of Wellston, Ohio, with that capture, for he is but one of the seven captors. But his is the only name that I find in my note-book. A wholly anonymous doughboy caught three hundred and fifty in a great cavern at Vaux-Castille. He happened to get there first and stood at the door as though he were giving out rain-checks, while the three hundred and fifty filed out, their hands in air. The catch was not really as sensational as it may appear, for the whole country was filled with running Americans—all running forward. The three hundred and fifty did not have a Chinaman's chance to either get away or fight.

Leaving the Boche Behind

ONE of the best stories of speed in this battle was that of Major Follett Bradley and his battery of 155's.

"Move up," was the order that came to Bradley at half-past six o'clock one morning. "Hurry."

The men were asleep, the horses were unfed, the guns were in the pits. It was no slouch of a job to handle a 55 gun. Every one was tired, for the last few days had been a succession of movings-up. The only respite had been when the shell supply had been outrun. By hook or crook, the battery was rushed forward two kilometers, the guns planted in new pits, and fire was opened at 8:01 o'clock. The front was then just one mile farther forward. Bradley's 155's stood out in the open and swapped wallops with a battery of German 150's which were then two miles away in an open field until the German gunners either ran or were struck down at their guns.

"There's sump'n over that hill," one of Bradley's gunners reported.

No one had had any time in which to investigate the surroundings. Men and tanks and wagons and ambulances were pouring forward in every direction. The front was no longer a nice, neat line, carefully ruled across the map. It was advancing in a series of saw-teeth, and little dead-ends of fight were left at the base of each of these teeth. No doubt the staffs had a perfect idea of what was going on, but the individuals certainly did not. Bradley sent a man back to find out what was behind the hill:

"Three batteries of seventy-sevens, sir," came the report. "They are still warm."

That may have been a bit of poetic exaggeration by the investigators—that detail as to the warmth of the German guns—but there were the guns, nicely lined up, shells in basket on one side, empties on the other, just as the gunners had left them. So far as the evidence shows, Bradley's battery had driven right through them. Either he had penetrated the German line with his heavies or the German guns had been forgotten—and either hypothesis is admissible. But there were the guns. When Bradley's men had a few moments' leisure they used to go over to the German batteries and fire German shells into the German lines. They were a humorous bunch, those men of Bradley's. Had they not named their own guns "Peace Talk" and "Little George" and "Old Avenger"

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ONE SHARE
and
UPWARDS

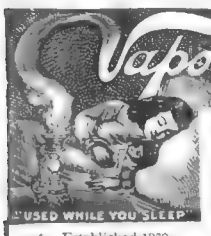
of any marketable security can be purchased through us under the terms of

The Twenty Payment Plan

Send for our explanatory folder 81-EM, that points the way to

Income—Saving—Profit

SLATTERY & Co (Inc)
Investment Securities
40 Exchange Place, New York



The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs.

Established 1879

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs. Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping-Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a *neglected cold is a dangerous cold.*

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: **"No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."**

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a boon by Asthma sufferers.

For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities.

It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 39 years of successful use.

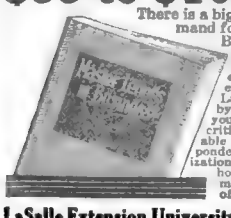
Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet.

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

$35 to $100 a Week

There is a big, new, field—a growing demand for men and women skilled in Business Letter-Writing.



Large salaries are offered Letter Critics, Collection Correspondents, Mail Sales Directors, General House Correspondents, etc. LaSalle's new extension training by the "case" system will make you a high-grade correspondence critic, a master letter writer, capable of managing the entire correspondence department of a big organization. Train in your spare time at home. Low cost; easy monthly payments. Write now for free copy of "Master Letters in Business"

LaSalle Extension University, Dept 143-BLW Chicago
"The World's Greatest Extension University"

LANGUAGES QUICKLY LEARNED ON ALL PHONOGRAPHS

"Like learning a tune and as easy." Our Disc Records repeat the correct accent and pronunciation until you know it. Family and friends enjoy language study by the

LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD
and Rosenthal's Practical Linguistry

Used and recommended by educators in leading colleges. F. M. C.—French Military Conversation, with records for Soldiers. Write for Booklet and Free Trial Offer. **Ideal Xmas Gift.**

SPANISH, FRENCH, ITALIAN, ETC.

THE LANGUAGE PHONE METHOD
914 Putnam Bldg. 2 W. 45th St., N.Y.

MONEY-MAKING FARMS

17 STATES—$10 to $200 acre. Stock, tools, crops often included to settle quickly. Write for big illustrated catalogue.

Strout Farm Agency, Dept. 2719, New York

and "Over the Top"? So, just to let the Germans know what was happening, they fired every fifth Boche shell without setting the fuse.

"So it would not explode," they explained; "the Germans see it is their own shell. It makes 'em awful sore."

"Then what do they do?"

"They shell thunder out of us," said the men, giggling like little boys at a joke. "They certainly do lam the shells over this way."

Fresh, Strong, Swift

FOR one month this incredible pace was maintained. Whole units would go dancing off eccentrically, without notice, like dry leaves caught up by a whirlwind. By sheer speed the Germans were thrust back. It may be doubted if that speed could have been shown by the men of the Allied armies except for the spirit of the new Americans. This is in no way to the discredit of the French and British. It is merely that they are very tired, just as the Germans are, while the Americans have been fresh and strong—and in a tremendous hurry. Our men want to get through with it. They want to finish the war. They want to go home.

"Our men are as brave as yours," said a captured Prussian officer the other day, "and they are better soldiers, and our equipment is better and our Hindenburg and Ludendorff have no peers. But you Americans"—he sighed "—you are so young, so strong. You have such speed!"

Banjos for the Boys

TO THE EDITOR OF EVERYBODY'S:

We wish to thank you most sincerely for the aid received through EVERYBODY'S in our work of receiving and distributing musical instruments for boys in the Service. The article by Grace Humphrey, "Banjos for the Boys!" has brought splendid results.

The title of your magazine is well chosen, and justified, judging from the many letters and instruments we have received already, and the many boys who have called to get instruments.

Everybody seems to read EVERYBODY'S, particularly the boys in the Service. Since this article was written we have found it unwise to have many distributing units—but very good to have collecting units—who will forward instruments to us. Could we therefore ask you to further this work by making this correction and also the following:

Charles Ditson and Company are not collecting or distributing musical instruments—but are generously mending them (this is an enormous contribution), when they are sent for the boys to Orlando Rouland, care of Charles Ditson and Company, 8 East 34th Street, New York City.

All instruments in good order should be sent direct to Orlando Rouland, 130 West 57th Street, New York City. Express should always be prepaid, and the name of the donor should be attached to each instrument, so the boys can acknowledge the gifts.

Sincerely,
ORLANDO ROULAND.

P. S. We ask for this correction as Ditson is being asked to *collect* the instruments. He is also asked to repair for other units. This is also impossible.

"10-20-30"

Sounds like a "movie" show, doesn't it? But, instead, it stands for money coming in, not money going out, and for dollars instead of cents—money, dollars, coming in—to your pocket, any month, any week, any day you say.

Do you need a searchlight to show you a way to make money? Most people have to be "shown," but we put the opportunity right into your hands. No need to take risky chances in poor, untried fields, wasting time and losing heart, when we teach you how, and supply everything you need to start. Here is a well-tested, carefully proved method of increasing your income to suit your needs. All over the country, men and women are awaking to their real value. Not one person in twenty ever takes advantage of his undeveloped resources for making money. Why not find out a little of your ability?

Your Chance

Don't wait till to-morrow and be sorry—write to-day. The money you can get is limited only by the extent of your willingness to have it. Build up an income for yourself out of the leisure time on your hands. A two-cent postal will bring you an eye-opener to possibilities you may never have imagined.

ADDRESS
Department of Circulation
636 Broadway, New York City, N.Y.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"LEAVE"

(*Continued from page 47*)

"You go about it in such a convincingly trained way."

"Should I make a good spy?"

"Quite."

"But not against you. You are so alert. It would be difficult to catch you."

Insidious effort. "You charming, beautiful, lovely——"

"Why, Mr. Maxwell!"

"I thought while we were flattering each other——"

She turned from him to exchange a skillet for the boiling coffee-pot, so that he did not see whether it was a smile or a frown she was hiding. There were sausages to be put in the skillet and then—

"How do you know I am not a spy?" she asked disconcertingly.

"That would be too much to expect."

"Expect?" she exclaimed.

"It would be an adventure—and adventures seldom pan out. You understand. The midnight burglar is usually a loose shutter and the hoped-for Hun spy turns out to be a trick and a disappointment."

She drew in her breath. "You are a curious person."

She turned her attention for a moment to the stove which had begun signaling to an invisible friend by a series of gentle explosions produced by allowing its flame to leap away from the wick and back again before expiring—a fascinating occupation for an alcohol-stove but inefficient for sausages. Her slender fingers experimented with the wheel beside the flame.

"Yes," she continued, "a curious person. I have never found any one who looked at it in just that way."

"At what? Your being a spy?"

"At—adventure. Isn't life in the trenches adventure enough?"

"It bears the same relation to adventure as spinach to cherry pie. In adventure you must have an even chance of loss and gain. Otherwise it isn't adventure."

She nodded. "I grant you."

"But when I stand in the trenches, offering hospitality to high explosives, the greatest advantage that can accrue to me is to stay just as I am. While the disadvantage is that there may be nothing left of me to send home but my identification disk. That stirs no romance in me."

THE sausages were now ready.

"How long do you stay in the trenches at a time?" she asked, suavely, removing the hissing skillet.

"I have been told—" Upon the little table were two blue plates of differing designs which he held while she evenly divided the food—"that the period varies."

No sign that this was not an exact answer to her query.

"Do you take one or two lumps in your coffee?" she asked evenly.

"Two."

"Thank you. Some time when I have sugar I shall remember it," and passed him his black but pleasantly fragrant cup.

"This identification disk," she asked. "You wear it upon your wrist?"

"Neck," he corrected.

She assumed a pleasant look of interest. "What does it bear? Your name, regiment, address, nearest relative?"

"Favorite cigaret, favorite movie star, favorite——"

"Now, Mr. Maxwell. Is it kind to take advantage of my youth and inexperience?"

"Is it kind to take advantage of mine?"

She rested comfortably in her chair and laughed. "That is the funniest thing you have yet said."

"Which is considerable of a compliment, isn't it?"

Her narrowed eyes searched him. "You are the most constricted conversationalist I ever knew," she said, with the air of one striving to offend.

"Come on," he exclaimed suddenly. "Take off your wig. Let's stop this play-acting. Let's stop sparring and enjoy ourselves."

"I am willing to." Her puzzled look was nearly convincing. "But—but I confess there are cobwebs in my brain. I—can't follow you."

"Oh, very well," he said hastily, "let us stay as we are then."

AS HE said good-night, he tried not to like her—but could not succeed. There was a haunting loveliness about her, a trifle marred but not quenched by the fact that it might be the same innocent beauty of the bright blooming flowers behind the battle-lines, which screen deadly forty-fives. Still he made an appointment to dine with her again on the following evening.

On this occasion, the Kaiser permitted them to eat. He kept his plane riders in their kennels, so that the sirens did not rush screaming down the boulevards, snatching, as it were, bread and beefsteak and mushrooms from people's very mouths.

"Have you a name?" Maxwell asked.

"You are so glib and fast," she objected. "Why should I impart this precious information to you?"

"But I can not always attract your attention by shouting 'Hi.'"

She raised her shoulders slightly. He found himself speculating as to her nationality. Her dark eyes, dark hair and transparent olive skin denoted that she was of one of the Latin races—perhaps a Spaniard. But one could not be certain—in these days of cosmopolitans.

After dinner they walked—an incomprehensible journey to him—through the dim streets. After a time they stood by the bank of the river. Across the smooth blackness of the water, indistinct against the faintly luminous sky, he could make out the apse of Notre Dame, its interlacing flying buttresses leading upward into the roof of the night.

He remembered what Napoleon, before the pyramids, had said of centuries looking down. Here was a structure built three centuries before the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The Huns of 1870 to it were still the memories of yesterday. It had seen Josephine in her coach and Marie Antoinette in her tumbril. It had seen Richelieu and the blood of the slain Huguenots. The naked ugliness of the human race was no secret from its calm eye. It took the breath of the young man standing there to realize that the unbelievable horrors of these past three years were to that calm eye but a dull repetition that had failed even to nauseate.

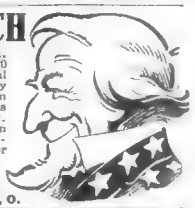
A
Mellin's
Food
Baby

Mellin's Food is a means by which the mother can modify cow's milk to satisfy every food requirement of her baby.

Send today for a Sample Bottle of Mellin's Food and start your baby right

MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS

COPY THIS SKETCH



and let's see what you can do with it. Cartoonists and illustrators earn from $20 to $125 or more per week. My practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your talent. Fifteen years' successful work for newspapers and magazines qualifies me to teach you. Send sketch of Uncle Sam with 6c in stamps for test lesson plate; also collection of drawings showing possibilities for YOU. *State your age.*

The Landon School of Illustrating and Cartooning
1430 SCHOFIELD BLDG., CLEVELAND, O.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No "positions"—no "ruled lines"—no "shading"—no "word-signs"—no "cold notes." Speedy, practical system, that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address, Chicago Correspondence Schools, 956 Unity Building, Chicago, Ill.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG

We write music and assist in securing publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on war, love or any subject.
CHESTER MUSIC COMPANY
920 South Dearborn St., Suite 256, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

She stood beside him, silently noting the spell that it cast upon him. He realized in a moment that she had brought him there for that purpose, that it had once laid that same spell upon her. A community of feeling drew him to her. He put his arm through hers. He felt her move slightly so that there was a gentle pressure of her shoulder against him.

She was like that—an alternating current—drawing herself to him until he seemed to be peering into the windows of her soul and then alienating herself from him, convincing him almost that she had no soul. On this occasion she said: "Does the white cord about your neck hold your identification disks?"

He gazed curiously at her. "Yes," he replied.

"Let me see them," she commanded.

He considered the intensity of the evening light—and then handed over the duplicate disks. He thought he noted a familiar movement of her wrist. Without requesting leave he pinned the fabric of her dress over the luminous dial of her watch.

"But that is uncomfortable," she complained.

"Splendid discipline for you," he observed philosophically.

"These are—just alike?"

"Just alike."

"Then I may have one—to wear over my heart?"

"If you would promise to wear it between your shoulder-blades——"

"But why?"

"Where it would be out of your range of vision."

She clenched her hand. "What would happen should I refuse to return them?"

"I should kiss you," he observed disinterestedly. It is necessary, at times, to try experiments.

She leaned forward to look into his face. "You expect me now to have a grip of death upon them, don't you?"

"I wonder."

They were thrust roughly into his hand. "Take them," she said sharply. But since it was evident that his strong hand would make them his whenever he chose to force the issue, her return of them under cover of indignation was a thin farce.

"You act it so well," he said, admiringly.

But she chose to be in an ill-humor, and was silent the way home. And when she was silent and discontented the spell of her grew upon him. She seemed to know when her hold waxed strong and when to presume upon it.

IN HER room she sank into a chair. "My shoe-lace is in a knot," she said.

He bent over to fix it.

"Do you like my shoes?"

"Yes."

"They are not too pointed?"

"No."

"Nor, too otherwise?"

"No."

She sighed, and leaned back in her chair. He wondered why she always asked him how he liked her shoes. The knot proved to be hard and required all his patience. While he reasoned with it, she leaned forward again. Presently he was reminded that the black-cloth folder in which he carried his sergeant's warrant was in his coat pocket. He was reminded of it because he felt it moving from the pocket. His back was turned to her so that he might get the light upon the shoe. But he did not face her until he heard her remove the rubber band that encircled the case.

"Is this yours?" she asked pleasantly—fairly caught.

"Why did you take it?"

She met his gaze calmly. "You were so solemnly secretive. I couldn't resist the temptation," she said lightly.

If she had not laughed, turning a distinctly saucy side-face to him, the fever would not have risen in him. But it seemed that she was impudently counting upon her feminine charm to cover up everything.

"That was contemptible," he exclaimed.

"Indeed!" She lifted her shoulders slightly. "I bid you good-night," she added, covering an imaginary yawn with two fingers.

He felt that the advantage was rather with her. He put his warrant case in his pocket. "Have you anything else of mine?" he remarked, as pointedly as possible.

A dull-red flush rose to her face. With a sinuous movement, she was out of her chair and had the hall door open wide. Her nostrils moved as her quick breath came and went. Pleased at the flagellation he had inflicted upon her, he left the room in a contented frame of mind. But then he had seen movie actresses portray great emotion by the simple expedient of breathing fast.

HE HAD an uneasy night after he left her. The conviction that it was his duty to report that he suspected her of espionage would not be overruled. By morning the conviction was fixed.

He rose and dressed. At his customary restaurant he ordered breakfast. But when it was placed before him, he had no appetite, but left the food untouched—like a man who was ill. It was still early. An hour and a half must elapse before offices would open. In this interval, he walked aimlessly, absently down unfamiliar streets alternately losing and finding himself. The hands of his watch moved with hopeless deliberation. This was a matter he wished to accomplish quickly and have it over with.

That is, he said he wished to have it over with. But he kept remembering the story a man on the transport had told of seeing a spy taken on the street in Paris. It was not much of a story—a tap on the shoulder, a few steps to a waiting automobile and the thing was over. Inadequate ceremony to mark one's last moment in the sunshine.

It was his opportunity now to arrange for this girl to be tapped upon the shoulder. And then what? Did they shoot women?

But when the hour and a half was up he was plodding on toward an office in the Rue du Chapeau Noir. It was already open when he arrived. He entered. In a business-like room, a woman rose and approached him. She waited. Then she asked him his business. He moistened his lips. His tongue moved, but no sound came. He had not the courage to do the thing. Abruptly he turned his back upon the astonished young woman and fled.

Upon a stone step a block or two away he sat and held his head in his hands.

It was a secluded portion of the street else he would have attracted considerable more attention. As it was, he attracted the especial attention of but one person. She stopped wonderingly before him and put both her hands upon his.

Had the All-Highest Kaiser seen her then he would have placed few hopes upon her powers of espionage. There was in her face a gentleness, a tenderness that said, whatever the original motive, the interest now was beyond the lines of her profession. It was well for Billy's peace of mind that he did not look then into her eyes.

When he did look up her face was all smiles.

"I think I know what you need. You need a trip. The excitement and noise of the city are too much for your nerves."

This to a man who had been living in the front-line trenches was an extravagant piece of humor. They laughed, and she arranged to meet him in a half-hour.

Drawn from his mood of despondency he sought out a place where they told him his mail would be held and found two letters—one from his mother adjuring him to wear his sweater upon damp days, or something of the sort, and to visit his cousin, Charlotte Williams, if he were in Paris (two perfectly useless admonitions—and besides he knew her name was Catherine); and one from the top-sergeant telling him of the smashing practical joke the lieutenant had endeavored to play upon Billy, which he regretfully explained had failed because the lady who was to be drawn into the plot was no longer in Paris. This was interesting—but Billy knew well by this time that the joke had failed.

Upon a shabby train from Montparnasse which had forgotten what things had been promised and vowed for it upon the time card, they crept to the cathedral town of Chartres. It was the first daytime he had spent with her, she having kept up the pretense that she was engaged in an office and therefore only free in the evenings. Relief that he had not made a report concerning her, doubtfully virtuous though that omission be, filled him with a surprising peace of mind. He looked out at the pleasant countryside green and fresh in the sun. His mental disturbance of the morning gave way to contentment.

"WHY is it," she asked, "that you, with your talents and education, are simply an enlisted man?"

This was the foreign idea, he made note, which looked upon the military officer as in a class above and apart.

"In the beginning," he replied, "there were a thousand willing hands raised at the call for officers, but not very many at the call for enlistment. So—I kept out of the crowd."

She slipped her hand through his arm. "You are a darling boy, Bill,'" she murmured. With the hand warm upon his arm and her shoulder touching him, the speech was like a reward for valor—a decoration to be worn in his heart as others wore theirs upon their breasts.

The great cathedral was still and dim in the afternoon light. The stained-glass windows blazed with reds and blues, like panels of transparent jewels, casting islands of bright color upon the stone-flagged nave. Billy and the girl sat upon the chancel step, facing the lofty space whose vaults lost themselves in the dimness above. Very far off the rose window over the portal shone in the setting sun, its traceried fingers cutting across a circle of fire. In this hushed spot, so still that its silence seemed

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

to echo to the farthest corner, she seemed to belong to him. And knowing that his leave was at an end upon the morrow, he was happy while he could be.

From the faint smile that came and went upon her lips, she too was happy. But she was serious and silent.

"It is wonderful," he said, with a gesture toward the surrounding architecture, "not to have all this covered up."

An idea seemed to strike her. She glanced up at him and away so quickly that she seemed scarcely to have moved.

"Yes. Oh, yes," she commented blankly, with a studied air of not having caught his idea.

"The choir stalls and so forth are piled high with sand-bags at Amiens," he explained, not realizing at first the full import of the speech. "You see—" and then stopped, with a sinking feeling.

The involuntary pause betrayed him. After that second it would have been useless to try to explain away the slip—to convince her he had been to Amiens as a mere sight-seer.

"How beautiful the pattern in the window is," she observed contentedly.

He needed no other sign than that. Her work was finished or she would not have broken off to talk so glibly of patterns and windows. She knew now his place on the fighting-line.

It was a knife stab. She had arranged the pleasant trip so that he would be in a happy frame of mind and willing to tell her what she wished to know. Anger seethed in him. And thereafter he did not turn his head toward her.

The light waned in the great nave. The quiet of the place no longer soothed him, but he could not bring himself to leave—to go into the light where he should have to look at her and talk to her.

At length with an effort he rose and strode down the dark aisle. The fact that he was yearning for her and wanting her, at the same time that he hated her so determinedly, kindled a hot resentment in him. He did not offer to help her in the darkness, but let her follow. He could not be punctiliously courteous to her, loving her and hating her as fiercely as he did at that moment. His mind and heart were too busy with the conflict.

SHE struck her foot against the projecting base of a column and fell. He heard her breath quickly indrawn, as if she had been hurt. Compassion and self-accusation drove other emotions from him. With an exclamation of alarm that thrilled her, he ran back. She assured him a dozen times as he raised her to her feet that she was not hurt—and found herself at length still telling him with his arms tightly about her and his excited, flushed face so close to her that he could have kissed her—and did.

It was a stupendous moment for him—full of torturing pain and great joy. But the second of happiness was the more precious for its isolation in the midst of great trouble.

The trip home was one of varied emotion. Her kiss upon his lips was proof that she was his and that she had admitted it, but his anger against her burned in him like a fever, accentuated rather than relieved by an irrepressible hunger for her and a feeling that, under the circumstances, should have been a stirring exhilaration.

She pretended to take his evident upset state of mind for fatigue—and openly wrote a letter. It was a careful letter, and when she had written it, she studied it diligently, and copied it—or a portion of it—destroying the first draft.

She let him see that it was addressed to an officer in the American Expeditionary Force and gave it to him to post, with an unconvincing affectation of carelessness. He felt no indecision as to what he should do with it.

He shrank from leaving her because he did know what he was going to do with it. He held both her hands for a long while, gazing into her narrowed, brown eyes, but he did not kiss her again, for he knew he must walk no further toward that mirage.

Then he left her—abruptly, hurriedly—with the certainty that he was not to see her again. He carried no promise nor keepsake of hers—nothing save the nauseating letter in his hand.

THE cold moonlight shone in unpleasantly upon the gray stone walls of the stair, making them seem like the walls of a prison. A breeze, annoyingly chill, came through the windows and somewhere a high-pitched voice, a little off key, sang a tuneless song. It was an extremely dismal world.

At the end of the third flight of steps, he put his finger under the flap of the envelope. He held it there unmoving for a long moment. Then lips pressed together, he tore it open. He read as follows:

DEAR COLONEL:

This Billy Maxwell, of whom I wrote you, is a difficult person. He is so violently overcautious. All the week I have been trying to verify the information I sent you as to his regiment, which was so indefinite, since there were two William Maxwells in the service—both sergeants. When questioned, however, our Sergeant Maxwell became so impossible and aloof that I was spurred on to find out in spite of him. It has been a diverting game. To-day, after a week of Herculean effort, I caught him in an unguarded moment and found he was stationed near Amiens, which is where the blank regiment is. (I wrote out the number of the regiment just now and am having to recopy this as a penance, to be sure it will go by the censor.) What I am saying is that the regimental number I gave you before is correct.

I hope you will be able to unearth the hospital surgeon's report at the bottom of some one's basket of urgent documents and send it to the proper spot. Am certain Billy deserves his commission. He saved a score of perfectly good ambulances.

It will interest you to know that he does not know who I am. His mother sent him the address of my office, but he confided to me that I was "square-toed and self-reliant," and has not looked me up. I have a horror now of being "square-toed." There is one pair of shoes I do not dare to wear at all. I think he must have confused me with my distant relative Catherine Williams. Don't you? Please, say yes!

His mother spent some perfectly good money to cable me that he would be in Paris. She always liked me. I wonder how she will approve of me as a—but hush!

Ever yours,

CHARLOTTE WILLIAMS.

The pleasant, calm moonlight shone in upon the mellow stone wall. Through the window came a soft, cool breeze. In the distance he heard a voice singing a sweet old tune. He turned and walked up the stairs again.

SALESMEN WANTED!

Your Chance To Get Into The Selling Game

The Man Who GETS the Orders Gets the MONEY

Thousands of men who never earned more than $25 a week *in other* jobs are earning $30 to $200 a week as SALESMEN. Let us send you proof. Why don't you try the selling end of business? We train you in your spare time, in your own home, by our remarkably successful home study method. *Learn the exact laws* of successful selling and you can outsell 99 out of 100 men who learned only through grinding *experience*. If you are now selling, we can make you three to ten times more *successful*—as we have done for others!

Be a STAR SALESMAN

Our easy lessons changed E. C. Kisler of Chicago from a $75 a month clerk to a $375 a month salesman; C. W. Birmingham of Dayton, Ohio, earned $900 a year as a clerk, and since then has earned $125 a week as Sales Manager; Geo. W. Kearns of Oklahoma City, Okla., formerly earned $60 a month, but since taking our course has earned as much as $300 in one week. We helped these men and can *help you*. Investigate!

Thousands of Positions at $2500 to $10,000 a Year

Sales Managers everywhere are seeking producers. Good salesmen are as valuable as diamonds. If you get the orders you get the money. Positions paying up to $200 a week *are always open* to crack salesmen. Our Free Employment Dept. has constantly on file *more requests for salesmen* than we can possibly fill. Let us train you and place you.

FREE BOOK TELLS ALL

Our Free book, "A Knight of the Grip," tells what our Training and Service has done for others and what it will do for you. Explains why training in salesmanship is ten times more valuable than experience. We will also quote you easy terms and special price. Write today—now. Mail coupon or postal. Don't risk your whole future by one minute's neglect. Write now!

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION
Dept. 34-A
CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.

Mail TODAY

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION
Dept. 34-A, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.
With no obligation on my part, send me your Big, Free Illustrated Book and complete information on your Training and Free Employment Service.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

DO YOU WANT A BIGGER JOB?

Over 20,000 men and women annually prepare for higher positions thru LaSalle training. We offer specialized courses in: Business Administration; Higher Accountancy; Cost Accounting; Auditing; Interstate Commerce and Railway Traffic; Commercial Law; Business Letter Writing; Law (preparing for bar examination in any state); Banking; Commercial Spanish; Bookkeeping and Elementary Accounting; Public Speaking; Business English. Train by mail in your spare time. Let our corps of 350 business and educational experts help you. Valuable consulting privileges free to members. Low cost, easy monthly payments. Write now, stating the course in which interested and we will send free catalog telling how you can quickly qualify for an important, high-salaried position in your chosen field.

LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
"World's Greatest Extension University"
Dept. 143-R Chicago, Ill.

Story-Writers Wanted

NOTHING PAYS LIKE SUCCESS IN WRITING FICTION—2 cents to 10 cents A WORD. We sell stories, scenarios, and book MSS. on commission; we revise them and tell you where to sell them. STORY-WRITING taught by mail. Send for our free booklet, "WRITING FOR PROFIT," tells how; gives proof.

Novels Printed and Published
THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
Dept. 67, Indianapolis, Ind.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

H. S. V. U. S.

FOR BETTER CITIZENSHIP

What Afterward?

AT THE present time, due to the inspiration of the moment, the High-School-Volunteer movement meets everywhere with a rousing enthusiasm which may mean much or may mean little, according as the understanding of the deeper motives behind the movement and of its wider meaning is great or small. It is true, as we have pointed out, that there is in the High-School-Volunteer movement a wonderful opportunity to organize the boys and girls of America who fall, in age and interest, between the Scout movements and the Students' Army Training Corps, for immediate war service quite as directly valuable to the winning of the war as the work of these two organizations. In fact, such organization is almost a necessary thing, and its neglect a deplorable waste of young American energies, which, if the war continues, we are sure the Federal Government will not permit.

But in these timely considerations, important as they are, it is easily forgotten that there is in this movement a thread leading back before the war and on beyond the war, which is of even greater importance to the welfare of America and the supremacy of American ideals in the world.

THE High-School-Volunteer movement had its beginnings before the war in the wide interest which American educators took in the work of Lieutenant Steever in the high schools of Wyoming. Why this interest, and what was the importance of that work, done in a National Guard instructor's leisure time in small communities of a far Western state?

Seven or eight years ago there was a steadily growing movement in this country for some radical change in the traditional military policy of the United States, tending toward a system of universal military service modeled on some form or other of the European military plans. It was for a long time a very vague movement. Most of those urging it did not know just what we wanted, but they felt that some readjustment was necessary. Back of it all was simply the growing feeling that America needed some new educational force, some organized effort which should produce in it a better sense of American citizenship, with all that that implies of loyalty to American ideals, unity of racial sympathies, better health, greater interest in our government, better business morality and sense of civic decency, etc.

And on the other hand was a deep-seated reluctance to do anything which seemed to break down the great American tradition of freedom of the individual from the too great subjection to the state and from the danger of military oppression and the temptation to war which all characterized the nations of Europe.

The work of Lieutenant Steever interested the educators and other men of America concerned with these problems because it seemed to afford a solution of that growing question in a peculiarly American way, a reconciliation of the ideals of America as represented by "the little red schoolhouse" and all that it meant in American life with the necessities that seemed to be dictated by the peculiarities of her domestic problems, and by the emergence of America into the current of world affairs.

IT IS common history now, how, when the war broke out in 1914, all these problems were intensified, and how they grew as America drifted to and over the brink of war in 1917. It was inevitable from the first that the High-School Volunteer, or as it was at first called, the Wyoming Idea, should be crystallized under the pressure of these times into a national movement, and in 1916 this first organization for the direct development of American citizenship was formed.

The war, as has been said, gave a great impetus to the purely military side of the work, and the organization became chiefly an opportunity for organizing the reserves of American youth for military training in the high schools. Temporarily the deeper thread of the movement is obscured. But the whole attitude of the American people toward the war, and the expressed principles which are at stake in it, as nobly they have been defined by President Wilson, is a guarantee that the deeper purpose of the High-School-Volunteer movement will emerge from the war strengthened only by the great struggle for freedom and democracy—will emerge, indeed, as a medium for the continuing the struggle and carrying on the ideals of the struggle in this country afterward.

When the war ends, as it must, with the preponderant spirit of the American ideal in it, the problems that were small and vague before the war will loom up clearly defined and calling for a clear answer from the leaders of American thought and feeling. What, in face of the no longer dubitable position of America and America's voice in the councils of the world and the consequent necessities which this new position brings, will become of the little red schoolhouse? And of all that the little red school-house means? Will we continue to have in our midst hundreds of thousands of Americans, so-called, who can neither read nor write our language, and to whom the meaning of America is as a closed book? And will we leave these to go their underground way till, when we need their loyalty and full understanding and allegiance in possible future times of stress, we endeavor desperately to obtain it by tar and feather and rope and lamp-post? Will we continue to have, and even in larger measure than before, the disease, poverty, crime and graft that, in all countries means simply and only one thing—bad citizenship? Will we have worker and employer at each other's throats, to the tune of dynamited factories, shooting in the streets, and starving millions? Or do we face a future of regimented industry, the whole nation a barracks—another Germany?

These questions, and many others in the same drift, the biggest in our nation's history, all hinge—despite the devious studies of experts, industrial, political and what not—upon one thing, a simple thing to name, but a subtle and complex to define, and still more subtle and complex to develop—the quality of American citizenship, its health, its intelligence, its civic interest and decency, its loyalty and its soundness.

To produce a better American citizenship after the war is the briefest and most comprehensive statement of the whole world of problems which now pile up under the head of "After the War—?"

There are many agencies with latent possibilities of usefulness in solving this one big, all-inclusive problem which have grown up during these years of trial and stress, and the real meaning of these agencies we have little understood before now. The Scout movement is the biggest, and there are many others—The American League for Citizenship, to mention the latest and most important.

THE High-School-Volunteer movement was begun with the definite purpose of directly assisting in the solution of this problem, and it may serve as the keystone, the rallying point of these many efforts. It is an extension and maturing of the idea which lies behind the Scout movements and, deeper still, behind the little red schoolhouse in American life. It is a direct practical suggestion for the solution of the coming American problems which lie in the development of a better American citizenship. In it and in the Scout movements, and in the Students' Army Training Corps is a possible way to reconcile our future military needs and policies with true American ideals, and to solve the growing questions of nationalizing, Americanizing and democratizing education.

In this plan, which is gradually taking shape in the minds of our foremost educators, the High-School Volunteers is the central link, and its consequent importance in the great reconstruction of American life after the war will be inestimable.

Every American school that wishes to be abreast of this reconstruction should now, without delay, put itself in touch with this broad movement in American education.

The present volunteer headquarters of the National High-School Volunteer movement, Butterick Building, New York City, will be glad to furnish full information to any interested institution.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The EYES *of the* BLIND

(*Continued from page 60*)

clerk who lazily walked forward to meet him. She was a stout, blonde, Teutonic-seeming woman. And her story had been that a woman—so the police reports through which he had glanced told him—had left a bomb in the place. Indefinable suspicion seethed in Farley's brain.

"I am Captain Farley, of the detective branch," he told her. The woman eyed him languidly. "Yes?"

"I want to know all that you can tell me about that bomb business yesterday."

"I have told it to several policemen, and to the reporters, also," she answered. She shrugged. "Why should I tell it again?"

The average person, meeting her eyes, and finding that they did not lower, would have seen in her simply a stolid, ignorant woman who was extremely honest. But Farley, in his police career, had talked with thousands of criminals, and hundreds of them had been insane. In the eyes of this woman he found that peculiar gleam that only a doctor or a policeman would have noticed. And so he was infinitely more soothing, more suave, than he would have been ordinarily.

"I KNOW," he said. "It's a shame to bother you, but there are just a few little details that I don't understand. You don't know a Mr. Taylor, do you? A bookkeeper at the Northern Ink Company's Broad Street office?"

She shook her head; but into her eyes there leaped that gleam which he had observed a moment ago.

It was a random shot; even the Irving Place landlady's description of the alleged washerwoman, which so closely corresponded to this woman, would not have caused him to aim it. But—this woman was squat, stocky, strong. Lydia Gryce was a slim girl, as Farley remembered her. She was athletic, he supposed, but this woman was extraordinarily strong of appearance.

"Where did the woman put her bomb?" he asked.

She showed him the spot on the floor.

"And where were you?" he asked.

She showed him where she had been standing. It was at a point much nearer the door than where Lydia Gryce, according to the woman, had stood.

"Did you know, at first, what it was?" he asked.

"Right off; the very minute she put it down," was the answer.

Farley eyed her; she had been between Lydia Gryce and the door; she should have been able to stop her. Instead of which, Lydia Gryce had managed to get out of the shop and into a taxi, and drive off before the woman had recovered her wits. Only—why should her wits have needed recovery? How had she been able to tell that the thing placed on the floor had been a bomb?

Farley knew what sort of a bomb it had been. A woman would hardly be expected to recognize it for what it was at first glance.

He lowered his eyes; he looked away from her. "How did you know it was a bomb?" he asked mildly.

"How? Why—I just knew it was," she replied.

"Of course," he answered. "I suppose Graffe made lots of them."

"Graffe? My employer?"

"Sure. We've locked him up."

She stared at him. "Locked him up? What for?"

"There was another bomb; down on Irving Place. That's why I asked you about Mr. Taylor. A bomb was left in his room there. The landlady says that Graffe left it there. Graffe denies it, though."

"Of course he denies it," she cried. "He didn't do it."

"Taylor saw him," asserted Farley. "Right up on the top floor he saw——"

"He lies," she exclaimed hotly. "It was in Curtiss's room—in Deems's room, that the bomb was left, and——"

"That's what you say. But how do you know?" There was a sneer in Farley's voice.

"It was in the papers," she said.

"So it was," he answered. "Only—they said the man's name was Curtiss. You called him Deems."

"But that is his real name," she retorted.

Farley stepped a little nearer to her. He had been lucky; mighty lucky. Often the insane are more shrewd in covering their tracks than the sane. But sometimes they are transparent as glass. This woman belonged to the latter class.

There was no way in which she could have known that "Curtiss" was really Deems, without having information that was guilty. And he had seen many insane people break down in his public career.

He reached into his pocket. At sight of what he brought forth the woman screamed. She tried to leap aside, but Farley was too quick for her. The handcuffs were locked about her wrists before she could gather that enormous strength that she possessed. And with the fastening of the manacles, the stolidity of her vanished. Her eyes no longer held a transient gleam of insanity; they were wholly insane. But she talked, talked fluently, boastfully—and—as events proved, truthfully.

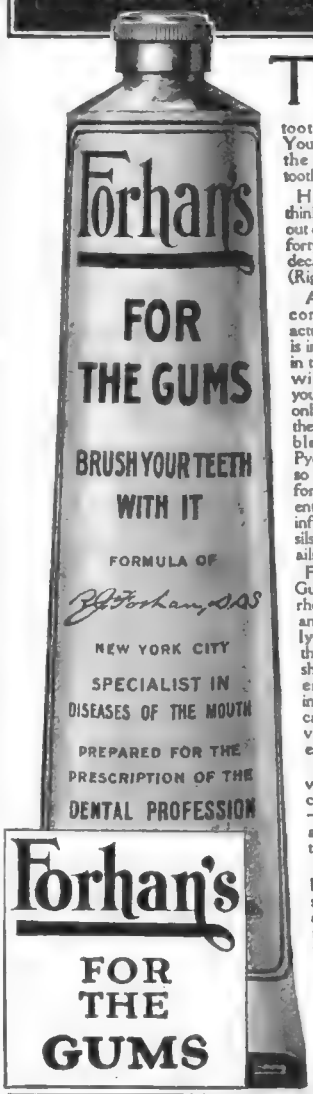
CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO
Blue Skies

FROM the restraining hands of his followers de Grecque broke loose. Policemen, uniformed policemen, revolvers in their hands, were swarming into the room. One of them was within three feet. A revenge was not so sweet to the thought of de Grecque that it made him forget what yawned inevitably before him. He had time—he knew that—to fire only once. And he turned the shot against himself. Better this way than after many days of anxious waiting.

It was the only shot fired; the rest of his men surrendered without resistance. And two hours later, in an office of the Federal Building, Deems waited for the solution of the mystery in which he had become so thoroughly involved. A high official of the Department of Justice turned to Captain Farley:

"I suppose, Captain, that it will be quite unavailing for us to hope that the woman Minna will testify?" he asked.

There is danger in tender gums



TO preserve healthy teeth the ordinary tooth-paste is futile. You must first care for the gums, on which tooth health depends.

How many people think of this? Yet four out of five people over forty suffer from gum-decay, or Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease).

At first the gums become tender, though actual gum-shrinkage is imperceptible. But in time receding gums will surely loosen your teeth, and then only a dentist can save them. The tender, bleeding gums of Pyorrhea also act as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infecting joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Forhan's (For the Gums) prevents Pyorrhea, if used in time and used consistently. This means that it prevents gum-shrinkage, gum-tenderness, gum-bleeding. So, automatically, Forhan's prevents tooth loosening.

Brush your teeth with it. It scientifically cleans the teeth—keeps them white and free from tartar.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for treatment.

30c and 60c tubes
All Druggists

FORHAN CO.
216 6th Ave., N.Y.

Send for Trial Tube Free

BECOME A LAWYER

Study At Home. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Greater opportunities now than ever. Be a leader. Lawyers earn **$3,000 to $10,000 Annually**

We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. We prepare you for bar examination in any state. Money refunded according to our Guarantee Bond if dissatisfied. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Thousands of successful students enrolled. Low cost, easy terms. Fourteen-volume Law Library free if you enroll now. Get our valuable 120-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them—NOW.

LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
Dept. 143-L Chicago, Ill.

WANTED-IDEAS

Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. **FREE**—72-page guide book, "Successful Patents;" "Stepping Stones" (containing hundreds of inventions wanted); and "Patent Promotion" (tells how to sell your rights; chief causes of failure, etc.). "Patent Buyers" publishes over 400 letters from those who desire to buy Owen Patents. Send for them. Free manufacturing facilities. Advice free.

RICHARD B. OWEN, 10 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

STOP FORGETTING

Good memory is absolutely essential to success, for **Memory is Power.** Test your memory! I will send you Free my copyrighted Memory and Concentration Test, also Free illustrated book How to Remember names, faces, studies—develop Will, Self-Confidence, Ready Speech and Thought. Write today. Address

Dickson Memory School 1758 Hearst Bldg. Chicago

WRITE A SONG — PATRIOTIC OR POPULAR. I compose Music and guarantee publication. Send words today.

THOMAS MERLIN, 251 Reaper Block, CHICAGO

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"I am afraid so," answered Farley. "She went raving crazy before I'd got her down to Headquarters. That's a common thing: a maniac will hide his or her insanity up to a certain point. If they aren't caught, they'll often lead sane-seeming lives long after they've committed their crimes. But accuse them and they break down. But we don't need her evidence. There's enough without her."

"But how did you come to discover her part in the affair?" demanded Rogan. "She was my clerk, my housekeeper—the last person I'd have suspected. Why on earth did she do it? Crazy, I know you say, but—what put it into her head?"

"She's German. You knew that, of course," Farley replied.

"I knew it, yes," admitted Rogan. "But she was so loyal——"

"I think she was, at that," conceded Farley. "She just went nutty, that's all. Heard so much bomb talk—I found out where she got them. There's a place on the East Side I've had my eye on a long time. You can hire a murderer for twenty dollars, and get a bomb for a hundred, if you're anxious to do your own killing. And one of the men that runs the place happens to be a German. She knew him a good many years. He's talked, too. She wanted the stuff. He asked no questions. He supposed she wanted it to blow up some government plant. He didn't care. The Germans aren't fussy about what damage is done, provided it's damage.

"Anyway, she got the bombs. Now, she's gone crazy. She wanted to get her boss. Not for any reason in particular, but she wanted you, Mr. Rogan. And Deems here—he was your friend. She wanted him, too. So she went to Deems's place—she carried the bomb in a big bundle of newspaper and pretended to be a washerwoman. There was a list of names outside the front door of the house Deems was stopping in. She read one of them—the name Taylor, and asked for him. The landlady let her in. She knew where Deems's room was. Heard him telling Rogan. She left the bomb and beat it. Then, she planted her second bomb when Miss Gryce came in. She thought that you were in the apartment up-stairs, Rogan. Miss Gryce left and Minna followed her out. She expected the thing to go off in a second, and she wanted to clear herself, and so she began hollering after Miss Gryce's taxi."

"She gave me the number of the taxi later," said Rogan.

"EXACTLY," said Farley. "Part of her game of innocence. She thought that that was safe enough. Didn't occur to her that the machine might be traced. And, if it was, she'd swear that Miss Gryce did it. A queer mixture of cunning and ingenuousness like every insane person."

"But, Miss Gryce, why did you go to my shop?" asked Rogan.

The girl colored. Up to now she had been silent, clinging closely to her father, avoiding even the eyes of Deems.

"Hennig the waiter told me that a Mr. Curtiss was at the Booklovers. He described him and I knew that it was Mr. Deems. At least," and her blush grew more profound, "I thought that it was. I wanted to make sure. I followed him from the Royal Restaurant, I saw him enter the shop of Heinrich Graffe. This man Graffe I knew was concerned, somehow or other, in the Booklovers' activities. I decided to investigate Mr. Deems at once. When he left his lodging-house, I entered it. The landlady let me into his rooms. I found a manuscript there that made me certain that he was a traitor. Then I went to Graffe's book-shop. I wanted to get a good look at Graffe. But he was not in.

"Later, Fallon came to me. The business that I was engaged upon was too important for me to risk any police interference. It was better to give Fallon the money he wanted. I had, practically, all the evidence that I needed against de Grecque. But the man for whom I was working was in Washington. Until he was here, prepared to spring the mine, I could not risk publicity, or any interference whatsoever. I gave Fallon the check that he demanded. And I sent a wire to the man who engaged me." She looked toward the Department of Justice official, who bowed.

"But what I want to know," boomed the heavy voice of Gryce, "is how Lydia ever got started on this thing."

THE high official smiled. "Miss Gryce was in Washington attending a ball, Mr. Gryce. She overheard the Comte de Grecque speaking to Senator Randall. It seemed like queer talk to come from a patriotic Frenchman who had been wounded in his country's service. She told me of it. We put some feelers out. We got information. We learned what de Grecque was. But we wanted to know just whom it was that he worked with and for. Miss Gryce agreed to help us."

Lydia smiled at her father. "I suppose that I must tell the rest, Father. I watched the Comte de Grecque. I knew that he had an appointment with Senator Randall's secretary. I was at a table near where they were in the Royal Restaurant. That restaurant was de Grecque's headquarters. I saw a paper pass from the secretary to de Grecque and I heard de Grecque exclaim my father's name. I followed de Grecque out. He did not notice me. And I saw another man—it was Mr. Rogan—brush against him and pick his pocket. And I remembered the pick-pocket—" she smiled at Rogan—"had also been in the restaurant. And I placed him. He had been pointed out to me as a man dismissed from the Secret Service because of charges made against him which he had been unable to disprove.

"De Grecque felt Mr. Rogan touch him. He stared at him, felt in his pocket and then followed. Mr. Rogan entered an apartment house, and de Grecque hesitated a moment. Then he, too, entered. He came out almost immediately and waited across the street. Then an ambulance came and Mr. Rogan was carried out. I telephoned a Secret Service agent in town here. He had Mr. Rogan's body examined. At least, that was the report made by the police. They said that they had examined Mr. Rogan's body and found no paper at all."

Rogan laughed. "If he'd said that he was a Secret Service agent he might have got truer information. The doctor in charge of my little case was a man I'd known years ago, before I grew a beard. I came to. I reminded him of old times. He offered to help me. He didn't believe that I was the crook the State Department thought me."

"Sh-sh," said the Department of Justice man. "That's all over now."

Rogan smiled happily. The girl continued: "I felt certain that Mr. Rogan must have given the paper to Mr. Deems. I visited his rooms in the morning——"

GRYCE shook his head amazedly. "Lydia, where did you get the nerve?"

"From you, Father," she flashed. Her father beamed. "And I found a paper there. I thought that it was the one I wanted. But it was a blank and I decided that Mr. Deems had sold out to de Grecque, or was himself treacherous—a friend of Rogan. I didn't know that Mr. Rogan was honest, and that he stumbled, half-dying, into Mr. Deems's room, and I thought that my father *had* really written a letter. Oh, if I'd known exactly what its contents purported to be, I'd have known you hadn't written it, Father," she exclaimed. "But you might have been incautious——"

"I was, my dear," said Gryce solemnly. He turned to Farley. "But you haven't told us how you located us."

"De Grecque was a mighty careful man, and he planned as capably as any criminal that ever lived," said Farley. "But he overlooked something—that Central makes a record of calls, and that they can be traced. Of course, as soon as the big story broke, I knew that I'd never really talked with Mr. Gryce. I'd talked with somebody else. But it was before Mr. Gryce's place had been raided by de Grecque's gang, so I knew that I really hadn't got Mr. Gryce's home even. But I couldn't find out in a hurry where the cut in his wires had been made—might have been any one of a dozen places, and might have been done a week or more ago under pretense of fixing the phone. But if the disconnection had not been made too long ago, I could find whoever had been talking with Mr. Gryce's house in the past few hours. Well, I had Central look them up—all the calls for his number in the last couple of days. And I began with the most recent ones. Of course, my own call was down on the list, and I hadn't really got the number. But—there were others—among them a call from the Hotel Gerald and from a house on Forty-seventh Street—why did you have that house, Miss Gryce?" he interrupted himself to ask.

"I wanted some place in which I might be safe. A refuge. I didn't know that I'd ever need it, but——"

Gryce looked sadly at her. "If only I hadn't been blind," he said.

She patted his hand.

"Well, I tried all the calls, but none of them seemed to fit. That is, I had my men investigate them. And then, there was that one from the Gerald. It was early yesterday——"

Gryce nodded. "De Grecque called me."

"Yep. I found out that a man named de Grecque had called you up. And the hotel people told me that this de Grecque, a French nobleman, had had a run-in with Mr. Gryce last night. Of course, by the time I'd got there, the newspaper was on the street—been out an hour, and they were all in a fever. And I looked up the incoming calls to de Grecque. Several of them had come from the Bryant Park house, and—there you are."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Department of Justice official nodded approvingly.

"Extremely clever work, Captain. Quick thought."

"And quick action!" exclaimed Gryce. "If the captain hadn't followed his discoveries up—we'd have been killed."

The Department of Justice official arose. It was a signal that the conference was at an end.

"This will be a speedy trial," he said. "An example is needed. I am sorry that we have not de Grecque a prisoner. An execution is more salutary in its effects upon others than a suicide. But—there are the others. Mr. Rogan, if you will report to Washington, there are duties——"

Rogan eyed him. He had a weak heart, but—one might as well die in action as in idleness.

"My dismissal——"

"Is withdrawn. Reinstatement with full pay during your *vacation*," smiled the official.

"Looks good to me," said Rogan. "And no censure for my working on a lone hand, and butting into real efficient workers like Miss Gryce?"

"No censure," smiled the official.

Rogan's eyes clouded. He turned his back. The others could see his shoulders moving up and down. But when he turned again there was no trace of the brief storm that had passed over him. He had been a man without honorable place for a long time, but—it was all forgotten. He had won back to his own again.

"Sleep," said Stephen Gryce, "is important to an oldster like myself. You young people now—have we a decent place to put up your brother Bob, Lydia?"

"My—brother Bob?" asked the girl.

"Yes. Little brother Bob Deems Gryce," grinned the publisher.

The girl bestowed upon her father one of those glances which children give to parents who are taking too great liberties. Gryce withered under it.

"Don't get mad with your daddy, girlie," he said. "You and I have been friends too short a time for a quarrel. I simply meant—you know, I told this young man that if I couldn't have him as a son-in-law I was going to have him as an adopted son, so——"

"Father!" exclaimed Lydia. But her cheeks were pink.

"Listen." Gryce was suddenly serious. "We've embarked on something big, children. Something so big that we none of us can see the end. I have been blindest of all. I have been one who had visions, who saw the triumph of right, without the battle against wrong. As if right would be worth achieving unless there were a struggle for it. And so—great changes, changes such as the wisest could not have foreseen, are ahead of us. Happiness, placid happiness such as we have known in the past, can be for none of us who are right-thinking. There must be suffering—there must be agony. And so, those who have a chance to snatch at happiness—the old order changeth. A week from now Deems may be embarked upon a new career. I hope so."

"I intend to, sir. That's why—I asked you not to mention——"

"Pooh," said Gryce. "My daughter is a brave girl. She will not hesitate to give her all. But—I would not have her hesitate to take her all. Lydia, my dear, I am a foolish old man, and presumptuous. But I have been watching you the past hour, and—my darling, the country is going to ask for Deems. It's going to ask for all its young men. I am going, this day, before I sleep, to write an editorial. I am going to uphold the proposed draft legislation and, incidentally, demand the withdrawal of Randall from the next senatorial contest. He will withdraw." The wide mouth shut grimly.

"And now, my dear, because there is unhappiness, dread, sorrow, for all of us, I tell you—postpone not your happiness. My dear, let the eyes of your father be the only eyes of ours to have been blind. And let not false pride keep your eyes closed; let not——"

Lydia stared at her father. As he spoke, higher and higher rose the color in her cheeks.

"Daddy," she said at length, "you are speaking like a preacher, and—I'd like to be thoroughly disrespectful to you."

Gryce chuckled. "I am without honor in my own household—go ahead, my dear."

"I think that you are a very tired man," she said, "and you ought to be in bed."

"God bless me, you're probably right," he said.

His shoulders were heaving as he left the room. He might have been weeping, but he probably was laughing.

Lydia turned to Deems. "If you will excuse me. Mr. Deems——"

He shook his head. He was looking after her father. "What a sane man!" he exclaimed. "How clearly he sees! Remarkable man! I wouldn't disregard his advice for anything in the world. So I suppose I'll have to ask you to marry——"

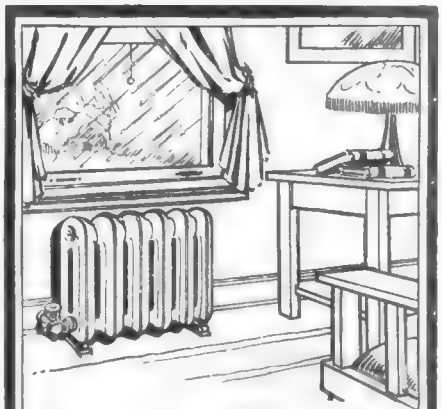
"Mr. Deems!" Her color was the red of anger now.

And then his disarming grin swept over his face. "Please, Lydia, marriage isn't solemn. Love is a laughing boy. And I want to laugh. I don't want to promise you things now. I don't want to tell you that I think you're the most remarkable woman, intellectually and as regards courage, that I have ever known. I don't want to tell you that I will lay my life down for you. I don't want to tell you that I'll be in the army in a few days, that I have no right to ask any woman to share the uncertainty of my future— I don't want to be solemn. I don't even want to make a serious proposal. I want to laugh. I want to say to you, 'Lydia Gryce, you're a bully girl, and I love you, and I think I could make you laugh a thousand times a day, and I'm an irresponsible sort of cuss, and I haven't any money to speak of, and I wouldn't take your father's, but I'll dig up enough for a three days' honeymoon, and then I'll go back to work long enough to buy my uniform and then I'll go to Plattsburg, and you'll smile when I go, and—'" He paused. "That's what I'd like to say to you, only I don't like the last part of it. The 'smile-when-I-go' part. Aside from that, that's what I'd like to say to you."

She stared at him. The color left her cheeks. Pale, her eyes shining, she met his glance.

"Well, Bob, why don't you say it, then?" she asked.

THE END



Dry Heat is Bad For Furniture

Indoor air in winter is usually too warm and always too dry. This atmosphere takes the life out of furniture—makes it harsh, dry, brittle—liable to crack and chip easily. Treatment with

3-in-One Oil

is needed to preserve and protect the wood. Put some 3-in-One on a cloth wrung out in cold water. With this go over your fine furniture—rubbing well. Don't try to cover too much surface at once. Dry and polish with a soft cloth, following the wood grain always.

This treatment thoroughly cleans and renews the finish—brings back the rich lustre of newness. No sign of 3-in-One remains on the surface to fingermark or rub off. The pores of the wood absorb every vestige of oil.

3-in-One is sold at all good stores. East of the Rocky Mountain States, 15c, 25c and 50c in bottles; also in 25c Handy Oil Cans.

FREE Generous sample of 3-in-One and Dictionary of Uses—both FREE.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.
165CYF. Broadway, New York

A39

Infantile Paralysis

These two letters and the photographs evidence the satisfactory results from treatment received at this Sanitarium by Miss Clara Gilbert, Delight, Ark. whose foot was deformed by Infantile Paralysis:

I arrived home all right and my friends were greatly surprised to see me walk flat on my foot. When I came to your Sanitarium I walked on my toe. I will gladly answer all questions with regard to my foot.

CLARA GILBERT,
Box 45, Delight, Arkansas.

I cannot praise your Sanitarium too highly for your great work. Clara's friends were surprised to see her foot straight. She has been quite a show girl since. We will gladly answer any inquiries in regard to your work for Clara.

MRS. CORDA GILBERT,
Box 45, Delight, Arkansas.

This private institution is devoted to the treatment of children and young adults afflicted with Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Curvature, Hip Disease, Wry Neck, etc. Our valuable book "Deformities and Paralysis," with Book of References, free.

The McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium
868 Aubert Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

D18

PATENTS Write for our Four Free Patent Guide Books. List of Patent Buyers who wish to purchase patents, with suggestions of inventions wanted and What to Invent. Send sketch for free opinion of patentability. We assist inventors to sell their inventions.
VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., 752 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

CASH for OLD FALSE TEETH Don't matter if broken. We pay up to $35.00 per set, also actual value for diamonds, old gold, silver and platinum. Send by parcel post, and receive cash by return mail. Will return goods if price unsatisfactory.
Mayer's Tooth Specialty, Dept. 15, 2007 S. 5th St., Phila., Pa.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

See a Pin and Pick It Up

Photo by Press Illustrating Service.

We are not at all superstitious, but we have noticed that if we "saw a pin and let it 'lay'" "bad luck we had that day" as, for instance, meeting a young lady who wanted a pin and not being able to oblige. For this British soldier the ancient rhyme should run," See a bullet; pick it up. All the day you'll have good luck." The Salvage Department of the forces of the Allies in France have bags like these hung at intervals into which stray usable bullets may be popped.

These three graces are English girls at a salvage depot unloading a barge full of redeemable stuff. Everybody seems to be in step except the two young women on the outside.

Copyright by Committee on Public Information. From Press Illustrating Service.

Copyright by Committee on Public Information. From Press Illustrating Service.

Above is a corner of the Quartermaster's Salvage Department of the A. E. F. in France. Of late these broad campaign hats have been practically discarded in favor of the overseas caps, but now that these clever Frenchwomen have mended them all up, surely some more use will be got out of them. Perhaps they'll reappear on a certain morning in a certain glorious peace march down the streets of a certain American port!

"American shoes worn out by American soldiers." That's all the overseas photographer told us about them. Have many of the men who wore them already and without any ceremony been forever mustered out? We don't know. But for the past four years "over there" the life of a pair of shoes has averaged very much longer than the lives of the men wearing them. Salvaging clothes and equipment for our fighting men: there's just one thing we're more interested in and that's salvaging the men themselves.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

GEORGE CREEL

the headlong, untamable personality of spectacular reputation whom the President appointed at the beginning of the war to be the Government's reporter to the world and the world's reporter to the Government—who built up the vast organization known as the Committee on Public Information, which has spread the news of America's part in the war over the face of the earth—who, from the first, was called censor and autocrat, and bedamned, challenged and rebelled at—will reveal to the public for the first time certain phases of the work of the Committee on Public Information during the war, in a series of three articles, the first of which, on

"The Work of the Committee in Foreign Countries"

will appear in the

FEBRUARY

Everybody's

which number will also contain —"THE I. I. I."—the first of a series of lively and illuminating stories of behind the scenes in war-time Washington—by

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

—and a brilliant personality study of Masaryk, the first president of the Czechoslovak Republic—by

WILLIAM HARD

—and an article on "Monkeying with Business"—by Everybody's Washington correspondent

WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

EVERYBODY'S GUIDE

For Those Who Seek a Place

WHEN peace comes there will still be plenty of patriotic work to be done. Our troops in France will not be able to pack up instanter and return to their homes. It will be a year or more probably before the last of them return. The immense war machine we have built up can not be stopped immediately, and this applies no less to the men abroad than to the vast army of people helping behind the lines in this country, in Washington, in the camps, in the war-work factories and in the thousand and one accessory activities. Besides the workers needed during the slowing-down process, there will be employment for a lot of people in training maimed soldiers for useful occupations and in finding places in industry and business for the sound so that they can take up again their part in the normal life of the nation.

And all this work of getting back to a peace basis is as truly patriotic as the work which has helped maintain the country on a war basis. It is our country, and if needs be that we have to fight for our right to call it our country, then there lies true patriotism, but when we have won the fight it is no lesser patriotism that urges us to help bind up our country's wounds and take up the ways of peace again. Most of this reconstruction work will call for especially trained aids. In offering special courses for such training, Columbia University says: "The Government in fulfilling its vast scheme for the reconstruction of the disabled soldiers will need in the military hospitals the services of many women specially trained in the application of massage and remedial exercises." This work is known as Physical Therapy.

There is also a call for workers in what is known as Occupation Therapy, which is now being used in institutions for the convalescent, crippled and blind. This is a form of medical treatment and must not be confused with another field for workers, that of vocational guidance and training through which disabled men are to be equipped for economic independence.

Sixty-five young women, recent graduates of the Training-School for Psychiatric Social Work at Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts, are styled "shell-shock experts." They will undertake the economic and physical reconstruction of shell-shock victims with the idea of making these unfortunate men fit once more for places in industry. It is estimated that eventually two thousand psychiatric aids can be used to advantage in this work.

These are some of the openings for trained workers in connection with after-the-war problems.

Readers seeking assistance from "Everybody's Guide" should, in their own interest, fill out the following form. It will save time and correspondence. Enclose stamped, addressed envelope.

Please address
Mr. Hoyt, Care "EVERYBODY'S GUIDE"
Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City

Name..... *Citizenship*.....

Address.....

Age..... *Color*..... *Married or Single*.....

Occupation..... *Religion*.....

Do you expect compensation?..... *Can you leave home if necessary?*.....

Can you give all your time?..... *If part only, how much?*.....

What language other than English do you know?.....

State any qualifications you have, such as knowledge of stenography or typewriting, any specific trade or profession, ability to write, or to speak in public.

.....

State what previous service of a public character you have rendered.....

.....

State military experience, if any .....

If in the draft, give status .....

.....

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The MILDEST-MANNERED MAN

(Continued from page 36)

that he was all right, getting better. The exertion of speaking made him cough, and he said the fumes had got into his lungs.

Hulda heard their voices and appeared in the front door. Eben's eyes met hers for a moment, and then the girl disappeared, and came out presently with a chair, which she set for Eben.

"It rained this afternoon. The ground is wet," she said.

He took the chair because he did not know what else to do. Thereafter, he and Olaf sat for an hour, side by side, while the night fell on the meadows below the house. Now and then Eben spoke; now and then Olaf coughed a hoarse word. Hulda came, after a while, and sat on the doorstep behind them. Eben could not see her without turning his head, and he could not bring his courage to that point. But he was always conscious of her presence there.

When he rose at last to go, Olaf called hoarsely to his daughter: "Hulda! Light him to his buggy."

"I can see," Eben said mildly; but the girl had already gone indoors, and she reappeared at once with the lighted lantern. Eben offered to take it from her, but she said quietly:

"I'll show you the way."

Eben said good night to the bandaged man and then followed Hulda around the house toward the barn. The girl strode before him with the smooth, strong gait which was her heritage. Her dress was of some white stuff, stiffly starched, with dark belt. He had a thought that he could not put into words. It was this: that the girl was a symphony, a harmony; that all about her was in accord with a single design; that her hair was exactly the right texture and color and quality; that the poise of her head and the symmetry of her body were what they should be, no more and no less. Such women are not necessarily beautiful; they might not even be attractive. An ugly woman is ugliest when she has some lovely feature or contour that contrasts with the rest. It is like a discord in music. There is something beautiful about a man or a woman who is altogether ugly. It is the beauty of a thoroughgoing piece of workmanship. One feels that whoever set out to make this man or this woman has carried out his design. Hulda had this same quality; she was like the perfect accomplishment of a well-thought plan.

THEY reached the barn, and she took the lantern to the mare's head and held it up while Eben fumbled with the halter. "I have to halter her," he explained. "She'll work loose if I snap a rope to her bridle."

The girl lifted up her hand and stroked the mare's neck firmly. "Good horse," she whispered into Bess's ear. Eben unbuckled the halter and stowed it under the seat of the buggy; he turned to the girl then, and said slowly: "I want to take you riding behind her."

Her lips twitched as though she would have smiled, but she asked soberly: "Why?"

Eben himself did not know why. "Just —I want to."

"When?"

He was so overwhelmed with the present that he could not, for a moment, remember that there was such a thing as time. He anchored himself by an effort of will in the whirling tumult of the days, chose one at random, and said, "To-morrow night."

She looked toward the house for a moment, then, "All right."

"At seven o'clock?"

A thick voice behind them made them whirl. Slag Harshmeyer stood there, lurching in the lantern light. His face was working; his eyes were bloodshot. He lifted a heavy finger and wagged it solemnly at Eben. "You—boy! You leave my girl be," he said hoarsely.

At sight and sound of Slag the girl had uttered one faint cry. Now she looked expectantly at Eben, but Eben only said mildly: "Good evening, Slag. You're back ahead of time."

The giant nodded with ponderous vision. "You bet I'm—back!" he declared. "I—got friends here. They told me—" His voice suddenly waxed into fury. "Smothering hell, boy, but you're hunting for hurts!" He waved a wild hand. "Go 'way. Don't come back. At all!"

THE girl had drawn back a little from between the two, and Eben saw that she was leaning against the barn, alert to flee. Her face was white in the dim light; her eyes were watchful. Slag turned to her, bowed deeply. "I won't let him bother you again, girl," he said gravely, and he caught Eben's arm. "Get in th' buggy. Take me for a drive," he commanded.

Eben smiled. "Very glad to," he assented. "Get in." And when Slag had climbed lumberingly over the wheel, he followed. From the seat he called softly to the girl, "At seven?"

She did not answer him with words, but she laughed, a sudden, scornful laugh that made Eben burn. Before he could speak again, Slag slashed at the mare with the whip, so that Eben had to fight to quiet her.

But in his ears was ringing the sound of that scornful laughter.

Slag lived in one of the whitewashed log cabins on the slope opposite the furnace. Eben drove that way, and he came to the path that led up to Slag's cabin, with the giant half-slumbering beside him. He stopped there, and touched Slag's arm, and said softly:

"Here. You're home!"

Slag woke with a growl, and slid heavily to the ground before he remembered who it was beside him. Once on the ground, however, he remembered; and he stood there, holding the wheel and shaking the whole vehicle with his lurches, and jeered up at Eben: "So ye were wishful to take my girl for a ride?" he mocked.

"Not your girl—no," said Eben mildly.

The big man roared. "Smothering hell! Don't lie to a grown man! I heard ye——"

"She did not tell me she was—yours——"

"Then I'm telling you," Slag jeered at him. "Shut up, with all your words. Leave her be, I say. Leave her be. Ye mind?"

"I hear you," said Eben.

The giant gave the wheel a parting wrench that all but cracked it. "Then be off with ye, while a man sleeps," he commanded.

Eben, looking back, saw the huge figure climb to the cabin and enter, and because he was wondering why Slag had come back before his time, he turned Bess up the hill toward the office. Men were at work under the shed that topped the stack, and the flames from the fires illumined the hillside, but Eben met no one. He went into the office, and without lighting the light, he fumbled about the floor till he found the board that could be raised, and beneath it located the box where it was bolted to the sills. It had not been disturbed. Reassured, Eben replaced the board, and went back to Bess and drove along the homeward road.

As he drove, the sound of mocking laughter was ringing in his ears.

He found, next morning, that Slag had not come home alone. There were two other men in his cabin; men with the mark of the towns upon them. They were big men, like Slag, but pallid and uneasy, with red-rimmed eyes. They sat on the stone that was Slag's doorstep all that day; and Eben, from the office across the valley, could see them drinking from humpshouldered bottles now and then. Slag stayed with them; he did not return to his work in the casting-shed. They spent the day at their vantage-point above the road; and once, when a country woman drove through the valley on her way to town, they shouted at her so boisterously that she whipped up her horse and fled.

The presence of these men disturbed Eben. He stayed close to the office all day, and in the late afternoon, when he set out for home, he made sure that the money was secure in the steel box beneath the floor. He would have taken it with him, but there was a chance that the men—if they meant harm—might attack him on his way. He was not afraid for himself, but there were three, each stronger than he; and he was responsible for the money.

AFTER supper he harnessed Bess and drove to the Lingstrom farm. It never occurred to him not to do so; but Hulda seemed to be immensely surprised at his appearance.

"Why—you've come then?" she exclaimed.

"Yes," he told her, faintly puzzled. "To take you driving."

She shook her head, and she smiled a little mockingly. "I'd never dare," she vowed; and he understood then, and flushed hotly. The girl watched him, still smiling scornfully, and when he did not speak, she added, "Not even with so bold a man to defend me."

Eben turned from her, as near anger as he ever came, and stood beside the buggy. "Will you—get in?" he asked mildly.

She shook her head, hands behind her. "You're so brave!" she exclaimed. "But me—I'm afraid. That is—unless you know Slag Harshmeyer is—out of the way for to-night. Is that it?"

He climbed into the seat and chucked to Bess, and the mare swept down the road. He heard the girl laugh bitterly behind him, but he did not look back.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

It was three miles to his home by the shortest road; but it was seven by the way he took that night. He urged Bess faster and faster, out of sheer hunger for the cool night air on his hot cheeks. Only, on the way home, he turned the mare along the road that led past the furnace and past Slag's cabin. There was a light in the cabin, and shouts of hoarse mirth and carousing. He shook his head in slow concern. He would bring the shotgun to the furnace in the morning.

But he did not do so. He decided that the gun would only serve as a challenge to the men, and he left it at home. When he came in sight of the furnace and the cabin, he saw one of the men lolling on the stone before the door. The man seemed to be asleep. The day was lowering, with a drizzle and flicker of rain in the air, damp and cold; nevertheless, the man remained in the open, on the doorstep, all that morning. At times, Slag and the other man came and sat beside him.

The day was Saturday, and the furnace crew would be paid that afternoon. During the day, the charcoal burners and the diggers of ore came one by one to get their dues. Lingstrom was still unable to be about, but in mid-afternoon Hulda came in his place. She had a load of charcoal; and Slag may have seen her coming, for he and his companions crossed to the furnace and were at the office door when she appeared. Slag came in with her, and watched while Eben paid her from a drawer at his side, where he had bills and coins. When Hulda went out, Slag stayed for a moment behind.

One of Slag's men stopped Hulda at the doorstep. "By God!" he cried. "Here's a beauty, Slag. A corn-fed queen." He gripped her arm, and Hulda struck him in the face. The blow angered him, and he flung both arms to seize her. Then Slag fell upon him.

Eben had waited for an instant to close the drawer where the money lay, and that instant gave Slag the chance to be first. The giant took the man by the collar and jerked him back, and while he was overbalanced, Slag struck him beneath the ear, so that he fell, and rolled over, and lay still. And Hulda, looking past Slag, saw Eben standing at his desk. She smiled bitterly.

Slag saw, and grinned. "Ye'll not expect too much of the boy," he said. "He's a bit timid where ladies are concerned, as I told ye."

HER eyes left Eben; she looked up at Slag—and smiled. "Thank you—for that," she said, so that Eben might hear. "And—will you not walk up the hill with me? I'm timid myself."

"Will I?" cried Slag exultantly. "I'll do that—and more, girl. Come."

They went away, beside her oxen, and at the shoulder of the hill they stopped and talked, laughingly, for minutes on end, while Eben watched. He had never seen Hulda so gay.

In the end the two parted there, and Slag came back down the hill to grin at Eben.

Olaf Lingstrom marked a strangeness in his daughter that afternoon. She brought him the money from the furnace, and then went silently about her tasks, and he thought that she was troubled. There was anger in her eyes, and scorn; and there was pity, too, and some more ardent glow. Olaf, in his bandages, wondered. His wife and his daughter had always puzzled him.

After supper, Hulda, moving restlessly to and fro, took at last her hat and her rubbers and long coat and went out into the night, and Olaf looked to his wife for enlightenment. "What's come to her?" he asked.

Mrs. Lingstrom faintly smiled. "She's —found her man," she said.

Lingstrom barked: "Does she tell you? Who is he?"

His wife shook her head. "She tells me nothing; but the light is in her eyes," she said.

EBEN was very busy all that day, and he stayed to pay the night men when they came to their work. Then he and Dan Lloyd left the furnace together, and walked up the road till they came to the path that led toward Eben's home. They parted there, and Eben climbed the bank and followed the path down the farther slope of the hill. He strode swiftly.

At the foot of the hill the path rounded a sandstone spur. Here a man rose to block Eben's way, and when Eben stopped still in the first shock of surprise, a wet sack descended over his head and pinned his arms. He wrenched convulsively to free himself. Then some one struck him on the head and he sagged in his captor's arms, and when they released him he fell limp and still on the muddy ground.

He came slowly back to jolting life again, and as his senses cleared, he knew that his head throbbed and thrummed like a plucked piano wire, and there was a singing in his ears, and a red-hot ache at a spot above one of them. Also, his head seemed much larger than it had ever been before. He heard shuffling footsteps, and understood, presently, that he was being carried on a man's shoulder, hanging like a dead man.

He was hanging, head down, his stomach on the jolting shoulder, and he could feel the blood ringing and pulsing and beating in his temples. When the man who bore him grumbled presently: "Smothering hell, but the pup's heavy!" he knew the man was Slag. He tried to think, to plan what he should do.

Slag, carrying him, slid down a steep bank to firmer footing, and Eben heard the roar of the furnace below them, and knew where he was. They had reached the road at that spot where he had first seen Hulda. They were hurrying down to the furnace itself.

On this downward grade, Slag carried him easily, without effort. His gait was swift; and Eben could hear the footsteps of the other two men at Slag's heels. His head was clearing; he felt that, given a chance, he could use his fists, or feet, or any weapon that might offer.

But there was no chance of action in his present posture.

They turned off the road at the level above the furnace, by the track the ore wagons had made, and after a dozen steps Slag stopped and dropped Eben carelessly to the ground, and Eben heard the big man breathing hard. Then Slag said to the others: "Tie his hands and feet—case he comes 'round."

A minute later a rope had been knotted about Eben's ankles, and his elbows had been noosed together behind his back. He was lying half on his side, his legs drawn up. When the men had secured him, the three strode away with no further word. Their footsteps receded until the roar of the furnace smothered all other sounds, and Eben, though he listened with all his ears, could hear nothing.

He lay there for what seemed to him a very long time. His bonds were firm, but they were not sufficiently tight to numb his arms and legs, and he flexed his muscles and relaxed them until he was sure they would answer any demand. It had begun to rain, and the cool beat of the water refreshed and strengthened him. It was infinitely soothing to that red-hot ache on the side of his head.

The sack that had been drawn over his head was of loose stuff; when he opened his eyes, he could see dimly through the interstices the glow of the furnace a hundred yards away. He tried to catch a glimpse of moving figures there, tried to guess what was afoot, and so at last he saw a big man—Slag, he guessed—coming toward him at a half run.

Eben twisted about until he could wrench himself to a sitting posture, and when Slag saw this, he laughed jeeringly, and cried, "Eh, boy—so ye're back with us again!"

Eben said mildly, "Yes."

Slag jerked him roughly to his feet. "Fair enough," he exclaimed. "Ye'll be able to help us in our little search now." He wrenched at Eben's arm. "Come along."

"MY FEET are tied," Eben reminded him, and Slag laughed.

"So! I'd forgot. Wait now." He stooped and loosed the knot, and swept away the rope that bound Eben's ankles, and when his feet were free, Eben said slowly. "If my arms weren't tied—and this bag over my head—I'd—you couldn't do this, Slag."

The giant buffeted Eben upon the shoulder with his open hand. "The boy's a man!" he ejaculated. "Good, Eben! Now just for that——"

A moment later Eben stood free. And Slag, whipping the sack off the other's head, stood back and raised his hands in mock despair and jeered at Eben.

"Now—strike me, ye brute!" he wailed.

Eben shook his head. "What need? This is foolishness, Slag."

The big man whipped a hand to Eben's collar and twisted it into a grip that Eben could never have loosed. "I'll have the say on that," he said briefly. "If ye'll no, strike me, come along."

He thrust Eben before him, and they went swiftly across toward the furnace, and came first to the little building that was Eben's office. The other men were here. There was no light in the place, but the glare from the furnace's fires dimly illumined it, and when Slag thrust him in the door, Eben saw that the desk had been ransacked, the drawers were scattered about the floor, the high old leather file had been wrenched open and the letters strewn on every hand, the very pictures on the walls torn down and cast aside. But his first glance told him that the loose board in the floor was unmoved, and he smiled a little, grimly, and was content.

Slag saw the smile, and Eben's mirth seemed to sweep away the last trace of the man's self-control. His hand tightened on

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Eben's collar, and he shook Eben fiercely, as a dog shakes a rat; and even while Eben's senses reeled, Slag roared at him:

"Will ye laugh, then? Well, laugh! Laugh, man. Why do ye not laugh?" And he held Eben still for an instant, and cuffed him in the face with his open hand. "Now, see the trouble ye've made us. Where is the money? Be quick with your word."

When Eben could speak he said mildly, "What money?"

Slag flung him down into the swivel-chair by the desk, and bent above him, his great hand pressing at Eben's throat. "No words, boy," he roared. "These gentlemen have come a long ways. They're in haste to be gone, and so am I. Speak, and be quick! Where is it?"

Eben shook his head. He was hoping that the men about the furnace would hear Slag, and come to aid him. He shook his head. "There's no money," he said. "I paid the men to-day."

Slag laughed harshly, and his fingers closed for an instant on Eben's throat, so that Eben gagged with a spasm of pain. "Next time," Slag told him hotly, "ye'll not breathe so quick. Where is the money hid?"

"There's none——"

The giant's hand shut off the word. Eben felt his face swell, his eyes bulge with the agony of strangling. But the grip on his throat relaxed at last; he filled his lungs with deep, hungry inhalations; and when he could speak he said mildly: "You're wrong to do this, Slag. It is—not wise."

Harshmeyer was trembling with fury; he lifted a great fist that would have crushed Eben, but one of the other men caught his arm; expostulated:

"Here—no sense in croaking him. Take him out to that fire-hole there. Roast him a little. He'll tell."

He pointed out through the window toward the shed at the top of the stack, and Slag's eyes lighted with unholy delight, and he bent and peered into Eben's face, and asked silkily: "D'ye hear? Or will ye tell?"

"There's no money here," said Eben.

Slag's face blackened, and he jerked the other to his feet, and half led, half dragged him into the open, and across through the rain to the open shed atop the stack. Eben looked to right and left, hoping for succor. There were men about—the workmen—why did they not come?

HE SAW, when he neared the shed, why the men did not come. They were tied to the corner posts there, and they were bound and gagged. One of them—Davy Morgan, it was—sagged in his bonds with a bloody head. Barring some lucky chance, Eben knew there were no other men within a mile. He could not hope for succor.

He was thinking hard. The three could never find the hidden money; he was sure of that. Therefore, for the present, his own danger was his only concern. He began to watch his chance to escape them, to dodge away into the blackness of the night.

They brought Eben, thus, into the shed above the stack, and released him, and stood back from him on either side. And Slag lifted a fist before his eyes and asked harshly: "Now—will ye speak?"

Eben looked around. At his back, ten feet away, was the red-hot sheet of iron that closed the hole in the top of the stack. Below it, the blast roared in a river of flame. He could feel the heat of it where he stood. On that side it barred his way; and beside it swung the crane, a wooden device like those iron cranes which are fitted into old fireplaces, and which was used to swing the ore-cars forward and dump them into the stack. The three men ringed him in on three sides, and behind him was the fire. Slag asked again: "Will ye tell? Where is it, boy?"

Eben shook his head mildly. "You're wrong, Slag," he said. "You can't do a thing like this."

SLAG laughed, and he stepped to one side and jerked the lever that lifted the iron lid of the stack. The glare of the boiling fires shot up at them, and flames leaped upward and flickered and danced. The heat scorched their faces, and Eben moved back to avoid it, but Slag caught his arm and held him.

"Don't run away," he jeered. "You're going closer if your mouth does not loosen. See, we'll hook you to the crane, there, and swing you into it—slow, so ye may feel the bite of the flame. Will ye have it so? Or will ye speak?"

Eben shook his head slowly, watching for his chance. "You'd not do that," he said.

One of the other men spoke harshly: "Stop th' talk, Slag. Put the hook to him. He'll open up then."

Eben looked at this man and asked mildly: "Do you feel sure?"

The man laughed. "Shut up. Swing the crane this way, Slag."

And he would have laid a hand on Eben's shoulder, but Eben interfered. He dodged beneath the other's arm, caught the man about the waist, flung him into Slag's face, and while the two grappled and fought for balance, he was past them and away into the darkness, beyond the flames' bright glare. He heard them boil out in roaring pursuit.

A pile of baking ore lay near. Eben dodged around it, and the chase swept blindly by. He turned to slip away.

He had gone fifty yards, and was secure from all discovery, when he heard a woman scream, in the blackness and the rain, on the hill behind him. And he halted, and then went swiftly back to see.

When he came in sight of the shed, the three men were there, and Slag and another gripped between them—Hulda. The girl's eyes were sweeping around the shed, staring at the bound men there; seeking. And suddenly she screamed again, and cried, "You've killed him!"

Slag encircled her with his arms and laughed. He said something Eben could not hear. Eben was running toward the stack. He heard Hulda cry: "I didn't come to see you. I came to tell him what you planned."

And Slag roared into her face: "He's safe enough—on swift heels. But you! You've come; and, by the gods, you'll stay till we're done with you."

Then the light caught Eben where he came, running; and one of the men saw him, and leaped out to meet him, shouting.

When mild men forget their mildness, it is apt to be to some purpose. Eben in that moment was hard as iron, and ruthless as the fires. The man would have grappled, but Eben moved a little to one side, with a movement swift as light, and he swung his foot up and around. His heavy shoe struck the man in the stomach; and the man screamed, and staggered back three paces, and fell, hugging himself and groaning aloud.

Eben did not pause to exult in his victory. He leaped the prostrate man, toward where Slag still circled Hulda. And Slag flung the girl away and swung to meet him.

Fortune favored Eben. In a grapple with Slag he would have had small chance; but Slag elected to strike, and his right fist shot toward Eben's face like a piston. Eben, even in that moment, smiled. He had done more than a little wrestling—friendly bouts at college or in these hills at home; and he moved his head to one side, turning at the same time, so that Slag's right arm came across the shoulder from behind, and his bent back received Slag's charging weight. He caught Slag's wrist with both hands, gave a tug, and a wrench, and a heave, and the impetus of the big man's charge did the rest. Slag rose in the air, flew over Eben's shoulder, and came down crushingly on head and shoulder on the board floor of the shed. The fall would have killed another man. It stunned even Slag, so that he lay clucking and twitching where he had fallen.

Eben saw Hulda on hands and knees, where Slag had flung her, and he shouted, "Run! Get away!"

At the same time, the third man, from behind, shot at Eben. Eben felt the whisk of the bullet along the skin of his side, and he ducked and swung around, and came up beneath the other's arm, and caught the man's pistol wrist with a wrench that tore the weapon free. It flew across the boarded floor, and slid over the edge to fall forty feet to the roof of the casting-shed below. The man jerked loose from Eben's grip, and struck so that Eben staggered under the blow. They fell apart, and Eben, shaking his head to clear it after the blow, knew that he had a fight upon his hands. The man knew how to use his fists, and he was big, powerful.

OVER his shoulder Eben caught a glimpse of Slag still prostrate. The other man was a groaning, helpless heap. Hulda was standing, clinging to the corner post of the shed. He shouted to her again: "Run, girl."

Then his opponent was upon him, and Eben gave ground and began to dodge and duck and use every device he knew to escape the immediate decision which the other sought to force. He fought to tire out this last antagonist, and gave ground steadily, hitting back only when he could do so without danger of a finishing counter-blow.

The man understood Eben's tactics, and he grinned mercilessly, and began to drive Eben back toward the open mouth of the stack and the leaping flames. Eben felt their heat upon his shoulders, and he tried again and again to slip to one side, to circle. But the other man was before him, forcing him back and back.

In the end, he was forced to stand, and because he had more confidence in wrestling than in fisticuffs, he chose to duck the other's blow and grip the man about the middle. And the man cried out triumphantly, and with his greater bulk crushed Eben to the floor. They rolled there in a

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

desperate struggle, and their momentum carried them a little away from the fire. The other man swung himself atop; his hand sought Eben's throat.

And then both men were frozen for an instant, motionless and still, by a sound that filled the air about them, a sound like the bellow of a stricken bull.

Eben was the first to recover himself, first to take advantage of the other's paralysis of surprise. He whipped one arm up and gripped his antagonist's neck, and jerked him down, and at the same time he flung his own body to one side, so that before the other man could recover himself, Eben had gained the ascendancy. He was atop, he pinned the man, and looked across the shed and saw Slag, stumbling to his feet, bellowing with blind, mad rage.

For an instant Slag stood there, head bent low beneath his shoulders, swaying drunkenly from side to side. The big man was terribly unsteady from his fall; his head wove to right and left, as though he were half blind. And then he saw Eben, kneeling upon the other man's elbows, silhouetted against the leaping flames from the stack.

Slag cried out hoarsely, cried out and lurched forward, and charged with the momentum of an avalanche across the shed; and Hulda, watching, thought he must inevitably sweep Eben back into the flaming stack, and she screamed.

Eben leaped to his feet, the other man still prostrate on the floor. Eben leaped to his feet, and Slag came on. And as the giant's clutching hands were outstretched to seize him, Eben dodged desperately to one side. He dodged and swung around, and poised to meet Slag's next attack.

But it did not come. Instead, before their staring eyes, there was enacted the last tragic chapter of Slag Harshmeyer's epic life.

The big man, rushing at Eben, half blind from the shock of his first overthrow, had failed to see the man upon the floor, and when Eben dodged, Slag's plunging feet struck this man's side, and Slag stumbled over him, over-balanced, half falling.

Fighting to catch himself, he took two steps, three steps forward, toward the flaming stack. And then he fell.

The momentum of his own big body carried him, as he fell, forward to the very lip of the hot mouth of the stack. His movements seemed terribly slow; the instant was as long as eternity. It was, to those who watched, hours that he stumbled there. They stared, with cracking lips.

He fell forward, and his head and half his body were in the flames; he slid ahead, a foot, six inches, three——

And then his body seemed to gather speed— It was gone.

There was no sound, no scream, no cry. It was as though the Fates had set their seal on his rude lips before the end. He fell in silence, disappeared; and the flames that were smothered for an instant by his body, leaped up again in a fierce, exultant dance.

Below, in the stack, the great fires boiled. And the man on the floor, who had fought with Eben, sat up stiffly, his eyes protruding, and his mouth opened wide as though he would have screamed, but no sound came. He clambered awkwardly to his feet, and turned, and with outstretched hands, like one who is blind, he ran desperately away into the night.

Eben walked across to where Hulda stood. They looked at each other for a long moment, without speaking. Then Hulda—smiled.

Said Eben: "What brought you here? You told him—'twas to give me warning."

She nodded slowly. "He bragged to me, so that I guessed what he meant to do," she said.

"Nevertheless," Eben insisted, "you need not yourself have come. Why did you come?"

"You were always so—so mild, and gentle, that I—I feared for you," she told him; and added swiftly, softly: "You're—a—terribly mild man, Eben."

Eben studied her. "And I've seen in your eyes," he said, "that you've little use for—mildness."

There was a question in his words—and in his eyes. And Hulda told him steadily: "I'm thinking I could—find a use, Eben, man."

After some minutes, old Davy Morgan, sagging in his bonds, called dryly across the shed, "When you're quite finished with —each other—ye might untie me, Eben."

And Eben explained repentantly, while his knife slit the ropes, "I'd clean forgot you, Davy."

"Aye," said Davy Morgan. "Aye, I'd marked that, Eben."

The Back Streets of Baltimore

THERE it was in the morning paper: Killed in action, in France, John McLernon, trumpeter, of the Marine Corps. I traveled four miles from what the guide-book calls "the more inviting portion of Baltimore" to East Baltimore, where the people live who have been building our ships; making our munitions. They live in row after row of little "attached" wooden two-story houses all exactly alike.

In the window of number two hundred and forty-seven, was the service flag with its gold star. The star was flanked by two others, still blue. The McLernons had known for ten days. And for a month before that they had feared. Because Johnny had stopped writing. Not that they blamed him for that. He had not written to say that he was well, because he was dead. On the table was the paper telling the news —two months late.

"Sweetheart," called Mr. McLernon to Mrs. McLernon in the kitchen. "Here is a visitor come about Johnny." The McLernons had entered into the happier period of their sorrow, if there is such a thing, when others were sharing their grief, when the newspapers were printing Johnny's picture and saying how he had "made the supreme sacrifice."

Mrs. McLernon was slim and had charming manners. She, like her husband, came from Belfast. She had worked hard and brought up their four sons while her man followed the sea in the old wooden navy (Mr. McLernon had fought with Dewey—and Schley). Now her nineteen-year-old son Johnny was buried on foreign soil these two months, and she woke every morning with fear in her heart for the two others, Ernest and James.

"I didn't want Johnny to enlist," said Mrs. McLernon. "I thought two boys were enough. I wanted Johnny to be an electrician and besides"—a look of the old Ireland that believes in signs came into her face—"*I had a feelin'*. I asked him to wait. And for my sake—Johnny was always a good boy—he waited. He waited a day and then he joined up. And he was killed on the anniversary of the day he joined, the same month, the same day! He always wanted to be a trumpeter. He used to read about the bugle-boys calling the troops into action."

"They don't call the troops into action with a trumpet any more," I said.

"No," said Mr. McLernon, "but they blow for reveille and for mess and colors down and for taps and for taps again over the grave of a dead comrade. It's very fine, being a trumpeter. A trumpeter stays right with the commanding officer."

"And goes with him, first, over the top?"

"Oh, yes," said the trumpeter's father.

"Johnny was always a good boy," said Mrs. McLernon softly.

I went out into the street that was like the aisle of an interminable sleeping-car with the cross streets for platforms between, and walked blocks and blocks and as far as I walked and as far as I could see in every direction there were service flags on nearly every house. And a gold star on nearly every flag. The boys from the back streets of Baltimore went into the Marines. And the Marines are the first to fight. ANNE HERENDEEN.

Johnny McLernon—just one of the Marines.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He Will Come Back a Better Man!

Uncle Sam is giving him a newer and better equipment, in mind and body—fitting him for a bigger, finer life

WHEN that boy of yours comes marching home a Victorious Crusader he will be a very different person from the lad you bravely sent away with a kiss, a tear and a smile.

He will be strong in body, quick and sure in action, alert and keen in mind, firm and resolute in character, calm and even-tempered.

Self-control and self-reliance—ability to think and act in emergencies—coolness and courage in time of stress and danger—such will be the product of his training and experience.

Neatness, precision in detail without fuss and worry, promptness, reliability, scrupulous integrity, thoughtfulness and courtesy—these things come from army comradeship and discipline.

A broad-shouldered, deep-chested, square-jawed YOUNG MAN with flashing eyes and a happy smile—that's who will throw himself into your arms when "Johnny Comes Marching Home Again."

That's who is coming back to live his life in happiness with you.

And in his hands—and yours lies the future of America.

Help him, keep him happy NOW—by cheerful, newsy letters—for your sake—and for Uncle Sam.

COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION, *8 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C.*

GEORGE CREEL, *Chairman*
THE SECRETARY OF STATE

THE SECRETARY OF WAR
THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

Contributed through Division of Advertising

ADVERTISING TO VICTORY

U. S. Gov. Committee on Public Information

This space is contributed for the Winning of the War by

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, New York, N. Y.

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN